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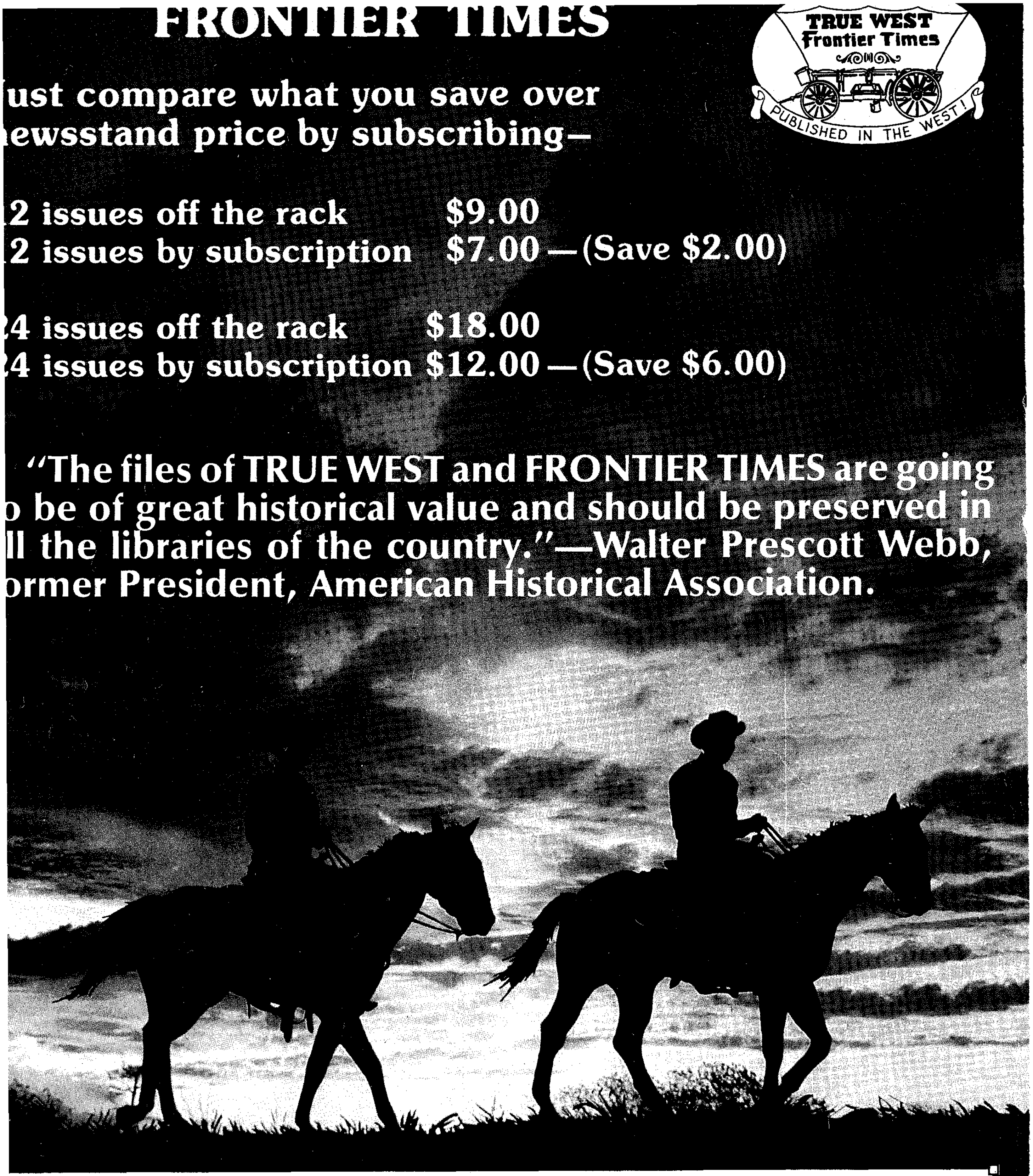

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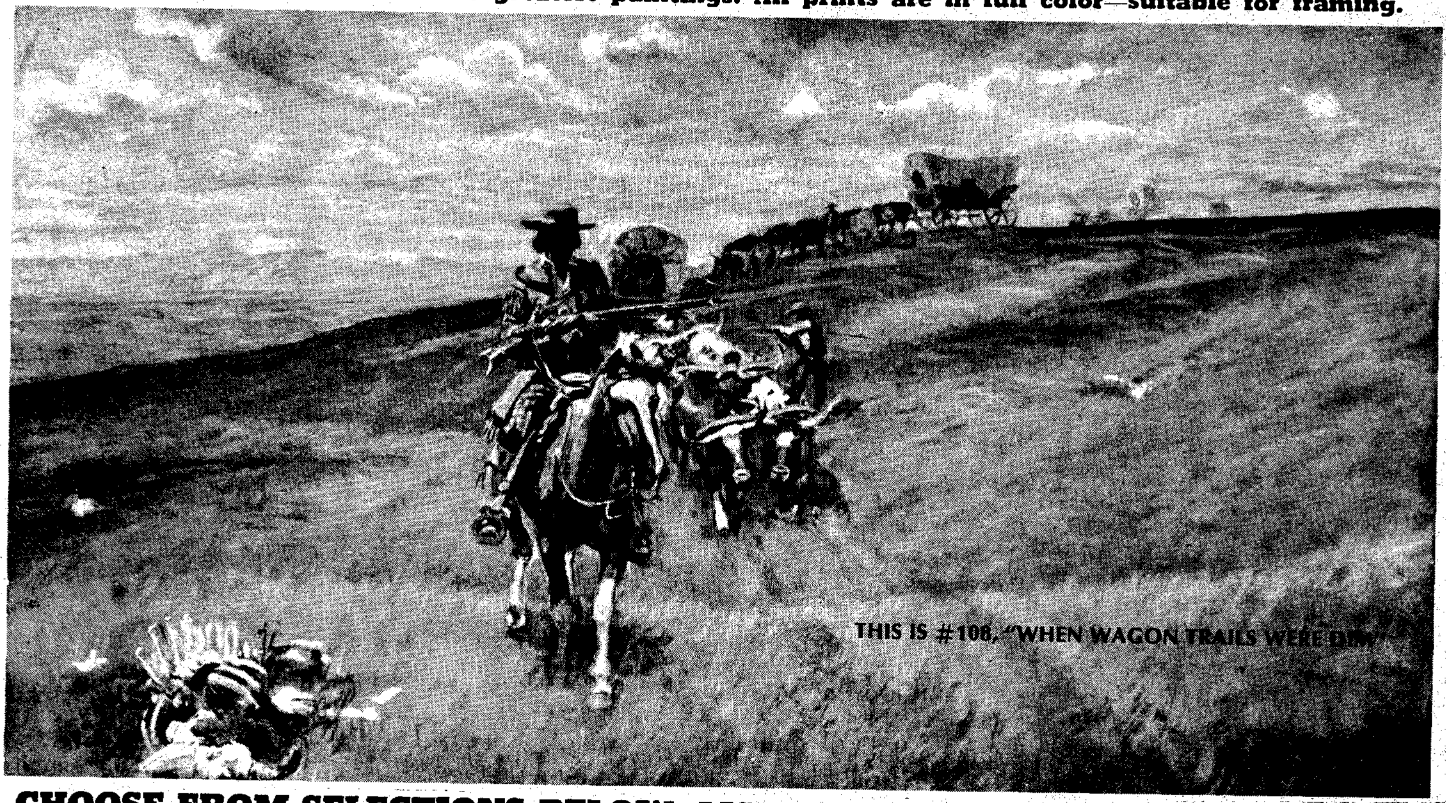

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2—A Tight Dally & Loose Latigo, 13½x9½
3—A Loose Cinch, 11x8
4—A Wounded Grizzly, 8½x11
5—Buffalo Hunt (spears), 11x7½
6—Boss of the Trail Herd, 8x10½
7—Bronc to Breakfast, 15x8½
8—Blackfeet Burning Crow Buffalo Range, 11½x8
9—Bucking Bronco, 8x11½
10—Better Than Bacon, 11x8½
11—On the Move, 13½x9½
12—Buffalo Hunt (arrows), 12½x8½
13—On the Trail, 11x7½
14—The Pony Raid, 10½x8
15—At Close Quarters, 11x8½
16—Capturing the Grizzly, 15x8½
17—Cinch Ring, 15x8½
18—Caught with the Goods, 14x9½
19—Cowboy Life, 10x14
20—Call of the Law, 13½x9½
21—Carson's Men, 14x9½
22—Return of the Warriors, 13½x9½
23—Piegan Indian, 9x12
24—Renegades Return, 16x11½
25—Chief Joseph, 8x11
26—Deadline on the Range, 14x9½
27—Disputed Trail, 11x14
28—Dangerous Cripple, 14x9½
29—In The Wake of The Buffalo Runners, 10x8
30—Early American, 13½x9½
31—Elk in Lake McDonald, 11x8½
32—First Furrow, 8x12
33—First Wagon Tracks, 15x8½
34—Finding the Trail, 13½x9½
35—Heads or Tails, 15x8½
36—Heading the Right Way, 13½x9½
37—The Cattle Drive, 13½x9½
38—Women of the Plains, 8x6
39—Invocation To The Sun, 13½x9½
40—Indian Love Call, 13½x9½
41—Jerked Down, 15x8½
42—The Jerkline, 14x9½
43—Loops & Swift Horses Are Surer Than Lead, 10½x7
44—Last of the Herd, 15x8½
45—Last Chance or Bust, 12½x9
46—Mad Cow, 12x8
47—Wagons Westward, 13½x9½
48—The Challenge, 10½x6½
49—When Arrows Spell Death, 9x7
50—Old Fashioned Stage Coach, 10x7
51—At the End of the Rope, 10½x7
52—Prospectors, 10½x8
53—Planning the Attack, 14x10
54—Pipe of Peace, 14x7
55—Who Killed the Bear?, 10½x7
56—Queen's War Hounds, 14x9½
57—Rainy Morning in a Cow Camp, 11x8½
58—Roping a Grizzly, 11x8½
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80—Two of a Kind Win, 13½x9½
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82—When Tracks Spell Meat, 13½x9½
83—When the Nose of a Horse Beats the Eyes of a Man, 13½x9½
84—When Ignorance is Bliss, 11x14
85—Wild Horse Hunters (cowboys), 14x9
86—Wild Horse Hunters (Indians), 12½x8
87—Whose Meat?, 13½x9½
88—Wagon Boss, 16x9½
89—When Mules Wear Diamonds, 13½x9½
90—A Crow Chief, 7x9
91—Innocent Allies, 14x9½
92—Where Ignorance is Bliss, 10½x6 (Cartoon)
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99—Mourning Her Warrior Dead, 11x8½
100—When Horses Turn Back There's Danger Ahead, 14x9½
101—The Buffalo Hunt (1898), 13½x9½
102—Cowboy Sport, 13½x9½
103—A Desperate Stand, 13½x9½
104—Rider of the Rough String, 13½x9½
105—Prairie Express, 13½x9½
106—The Fire Boat, 10½x8
107—Our Warriors Return, 13½x9½
108—When Wagon Trails Were Dim, 13½x9½
109—In Without Knocking, 14x10
110—Critical Moment, 8x6
111—Land of Good Hunting, 10½x8
112—Meat's Not Meat Until It's In The Pan, 13½x9½

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A Joe Small Publication

August-September, 1976
Volume 50, No. 5
New Series No. 103

True Stories of the West!

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Cover Painting by Joe Grandee
"Expectin' Trouble"

FRONTIER TIMES is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3338, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78764. 75¢ per copy, $7.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $8.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas and at additional entry Dallas, Texas. Copyright 1976 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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About the cover artist—

GRANDEE WORK NETS $35,000

BY CHARLES HAWKES

Photograph and story
Courtesy the Arlington (Texas) **Citizen-Journal**
Issue of September 24, 1975

STEPHEN WYNN of Las Vegas flew in to the Dallas-Fort Worth Airport Monday in his private plane, came to Arlington in one of Nowell Motors' "Classic" Model A Ford reproductions, and made a purchase at the Joe Grandee Gallery and Museum of the Old West on South Center Street.

Wynn, chairman of the board and majority stockholder of the internationally-known Golden Nugget Casino in Las Vegas, selected Grandee's painting, "Hood's Texas Brigade at the Battle of Gettysburg," which carries a price tag of $35,000.

He also commissioned the Arlington, Texas artist to begin work on another painting, an Old West gambling and mining town scene at a price of $25,000.

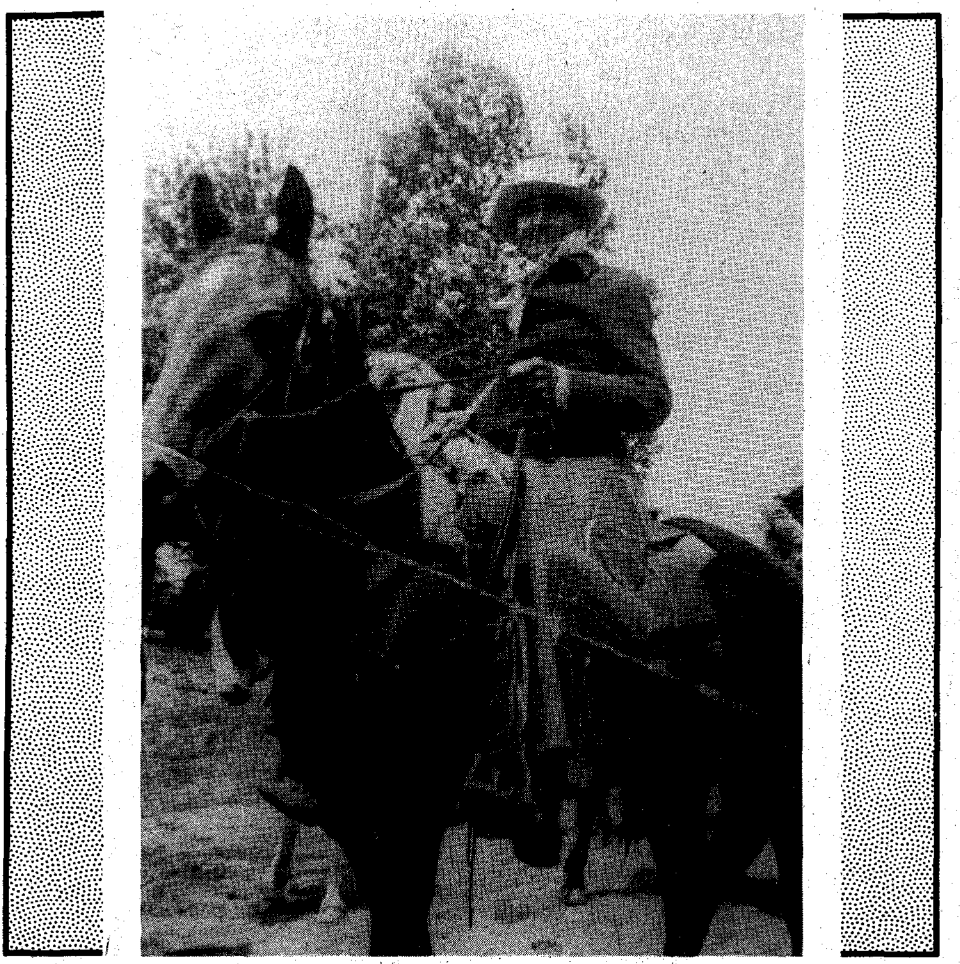
Wynn, after inspecting a number of originals and prints at the gallery, expressed amazement at Grandee's ability and extremely fine rendering.

"I doubt that there is any other living artist who could ask for and get $35,000 for a single painting such as this," Wynn, who is redecorating the Golden Nugget with a number of Western paintings, said.

He said he and Grandee are also working out a plan to offer prints of "Hood's Brigade" and other Grandee paintings to customers of the Nevada casino.

"You can just imagine someone having a print of this painting in his home and telling his friends, 'That's exactly the same painting hanging in the Golden Nugget in Las Vegas'," Wynn said at an informal reception in his honor at the gallery.

FRONTIER POST



Can anyone solve Mrs. McGarry's riddle about this man?

E. A. Earnest Edd Taylor

E. A. Earnest Edd Taylor was known by this name after 1900. Does anyone know him or recognize him by any other name? He was born about 1868 in Kimble County, Texas. It is believed that he was the son of Creed Taylor, but so far there is no proof of this.

After her husband's death, Mrs. E. A. Earnest Edd Taylor said she felt that this was not his true name, but whatever his reason for changing, she knew it would be a good one.

Taylor was a small man, five feet, six inches tall, weighing 145 pounds. He had dark curly hair and a dark complexion.

Before 1900 Taylor worked for the Charles Goodnight Ranch at Clarendon, Texas, for Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show at Oklahoma City, and also for Clyde Beatty. I understand Clyde Beatty was with Buffalo Bill in Oklahoma City in 1900, and Taylor may have worked with him then. Does anyone recognize this photograph? If so, please write.—Mrs. Leona McGarry, R #1, Box 64, Boswell, Oklahoma 74727

Humpy Briggs and Richard Bolt

Just a note to let you know two good chuckwagon cooks have left us. Earlier in the year Humpy Briggs, an old-time cook eighty-seven years old, passed away. He cooked at all the big spreads in Cottle, King and Motley Counties in Texas for years.

Richard Willis Bolt did likewise. He died at sixty-three in a Crosbyton, Texas hospital. He was born September 30, 1912 at Swearingen, Texas. He was pastor of a Missionary Baptist Church for six years and worked for several ranches around Paducah. He had been a chuckwagon cook since he was fourteen years old.—Willie G. Schooler, 1420 No. Tustin Avenue #41, Orange, California 92667

Cooper Feud of Missouri

You might be interested in a feud that happened when I was a boy in the early '20s or maybe 1919. They called it the Cooper feud. There was a large clan of Coopers—grandfather, sons and cousins. I don't know exactly how many were killed but it was quite a few. It made the Hatfields and McCoys look small.

All of this happened in the old Zados and Oak Ridge Community of Stoddard County, Missouri. Bloomfield is the county seat of Stoddard County. I remember one night after dark a wagonload of the Coopers had gone to church. It had started raining—pouring down—and the Coopers were the only ones there. So they drove back to our place and came in out of the rain, or so they said. They were all wet and they stayed and stayed. Finally my father asked them to stay until morning which they were glad to do. Dad and my brothers helped them put up their team and Mother made pallets all over the house. The next morning they left early. I don't think they stayed for breakfast. They had about three or four miles to their home but some time before noon we heard they had been ambushed just before they got there. We thought that was the reason they wanted to stay overnight as they were thinking there would be trouble. Many were killed that morning and there were more killings before and after this.

If anyone can tell me more about this trouble, I would like to know.—Freeman Swindell, 1212 N. Benson, Altus, Oklahoma 73521

Indian Fighter

I was delighted and amazed when I picked up the May issue of *Frontier Times* today and saw your article entitled, "We're A-Goin' to Fight the Indians" by Lee E. Echols.

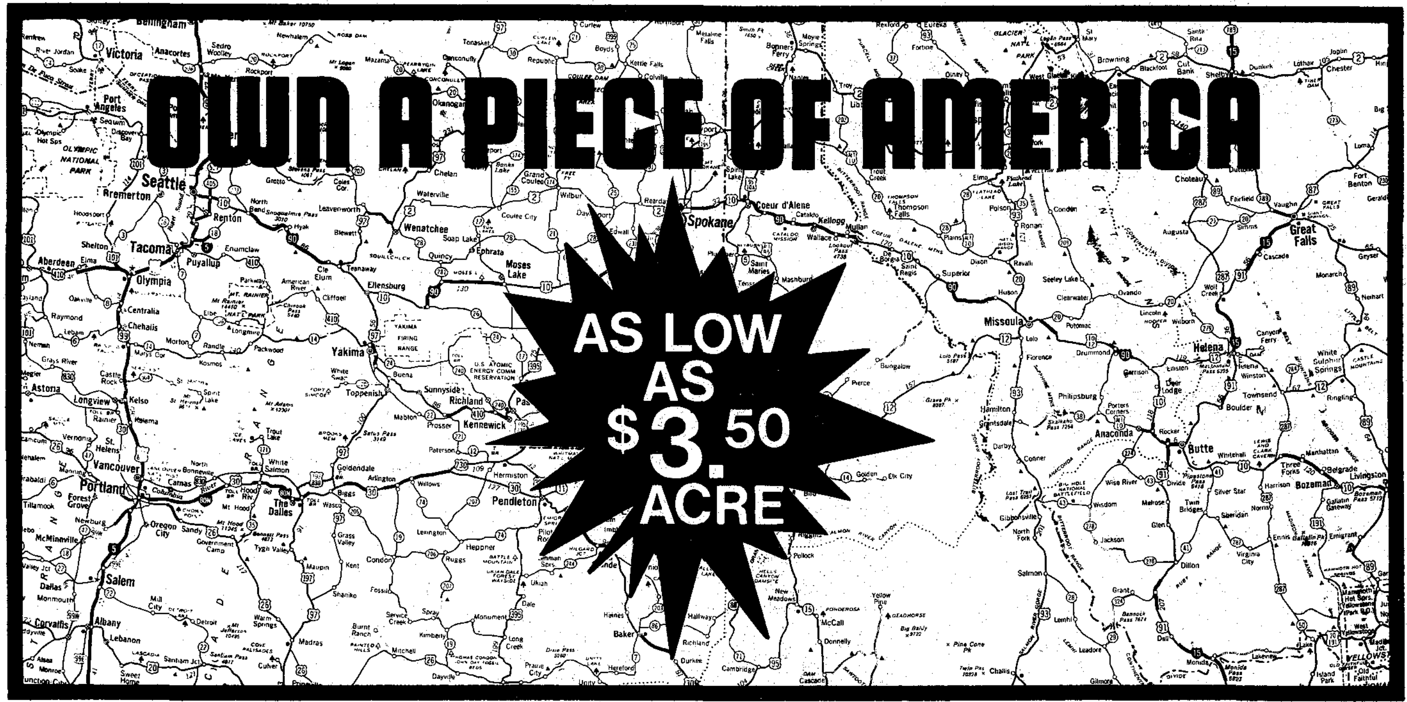
Frank Niles was my grandfather. My mother, Beaulah Niles Friesner, was the youngest of thirteen children produced by the union of Frank Niles and Edna Parrot.—Jessie Pepperling, 59859 Navajo Road, Bend, Oregon 97701

Words for Washington, D. C.

I'm just an old broke down cowboy, but I swing a pretty wide loop. When it comes to my environment, my impact is something you can see and feel and you better believe it is real. I attended a meeting the other night where them two words started out as the main subject: environment and impact. But it wasn't quite enough so they added another word, environmental—and another, environmentalist. Now added to them words it came out environmental impact statement. These words kept milling around in my mind, but I could not recognize any meaning. So, as I have done many times before I went to the book of Webster for a possible definition. I believe that too many people are hearing words who really do not know their meaning, but accepting them for granted. I am proud of this great nation. I am part Indian which makes me feel my heritage as an American is well founded.

Now, the dictionary shows that impact means collision, the forcible contact of a moving body with another at rest and environment, the act of surrounding, the state of being environed. I will add, our Western environment is at rest and peaceful and any impact from Washington's moving force is not recommended. I suggest that these officials clean up their own environment in Washington, D. C., where visitors are warned by the

(Continued on page 37)



Seem too good to be true? Not really. For example, the following carefully researched listings are just a few of the many new Government land offerings appearing in past issues of **GOVERNMENT LANDS DIGEST.**

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Where Are These Properties? - - - Government Land Sales are everywhere . . . . Large wooded tracts, farms, lakefront lots, mountain sites, even business and city properties. They range from small residential lots to sprawling family retreats of several hundred acres. Throughout the coming months Government Land Sales will occur in nearly every State including Hawaii and Alaska. Whether it's a secluded wilderness site from a Federal office or a lakefront cottage lot that is being sold for non-payment of taxes — opportunities abound!

Does Government Lands Digest Own Any Of These Properties? None Whatsoever! **Government Lands Digest** is not in the land speculation business nor are we real estate brokers. All purchases are made direct from the *Government office involved.* There Are No Middlemen. Our sole function is to inform you what Government lands are available and the minimum price for which they can be bought. We receive no sale commissions nor do we profit from any purchase you might make. Thus, we make no attempt to "push" the land at you with exaggerated claims or high pressure tactics.

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The land still is plentiful and the prices low because the vast majority of the American public is completely unaware of the many opportunities that exist today in Government land. By taking a few minutes to read this you have already taken the first step toward joining a select, well-informed group. Many Americans' dream of owning their own land, but few realize that literally MILLIONS of Acres are available from Federal, State and local Government agencies for almost every conceivable use . . . . farming, business, homesites, hunting, fishing, etc.

Are All Government Land Sales Good Buys? Sometimes Government offices release properties for sale that the **Government Lands Digest** considers as undesirable land. While such properties are usually listed, we are careful to advise you of their various shortcomings. It is the practice of our editorial staff to keep you supplied with accurate information that you can convert into big savings for today and even larger profits for tomorrow.

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GHOST RIDER

BY JAMES M. ROBINSON

Photos Courtesy Author

Top: George languished in Fort Pierre's primitive jail after the door (inset) "clanged shut" on him. Below: Stanley County Courthouse, next to the jail (arrow).

OF ALL the long-term residents of South Dakota's somber Sioux Falls Penitentiary no stock-thief enjoyed more colorful notoriety than William "Buffalo" George. Because he was such good copy some papers often took a humorous, even friendly, attitude toward Buff's doings. He must have felt amusement if he chanced to read in the Fort Pierre *Times:*

"What a catastrophe it will be for both rustlers and officials when 'Buffalo' George eventually lays aside his rope and hits the long trail over the Great Divide. Every critter butchered or stolen within a radius of 1,000 miles is laid at his door."

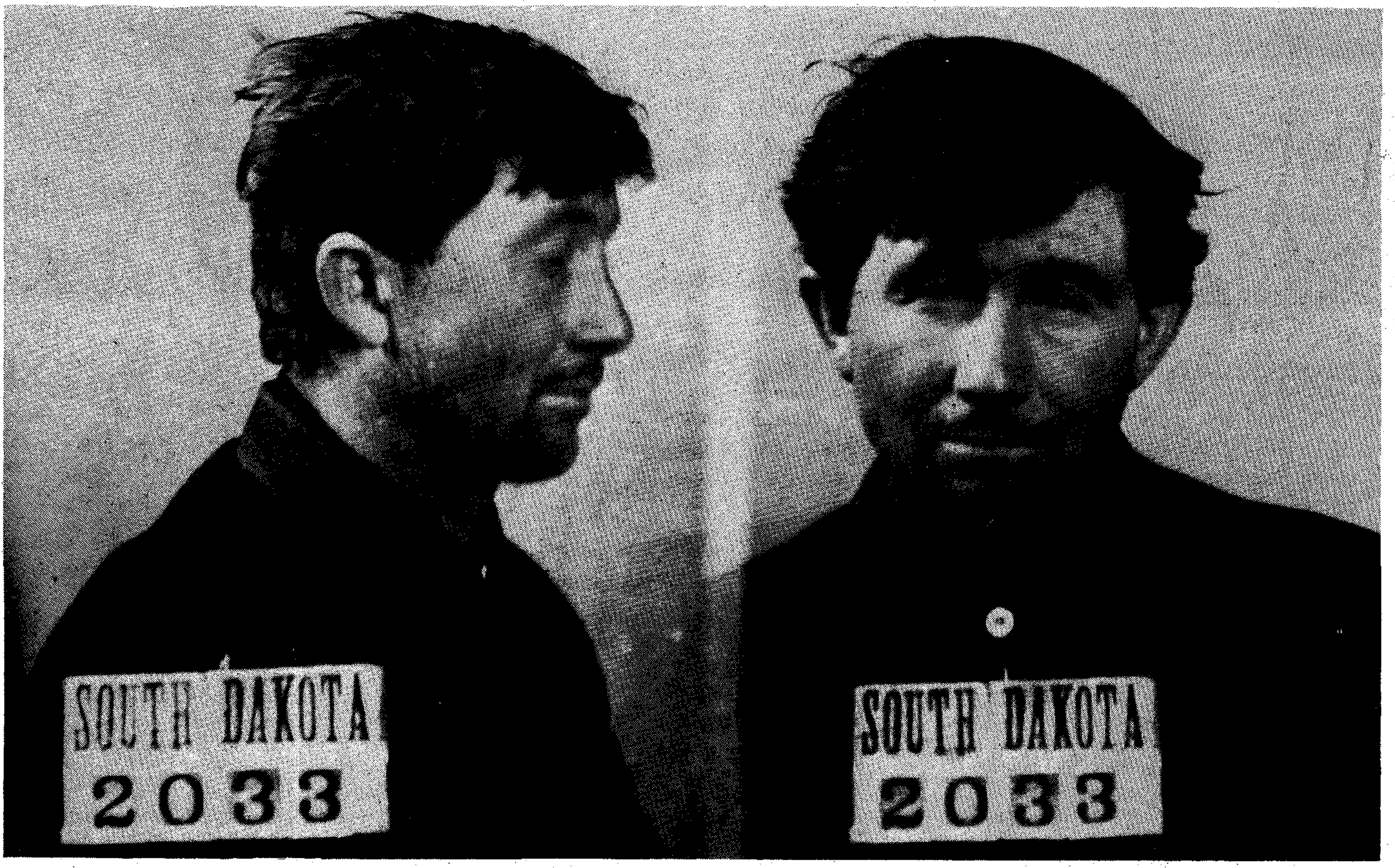
After he had been paroled to Stanley Philip in 1920, one of Buff's philosophical comments was, "I've been barber at the penitentiary in Sioux Falls, and scraped hogs at the Morrell packing plant, also located in Sioux Falls. I prefer the hogs—they're cleaner."

Words of advice from Buff, learned during his twenty-three year stay in the pen were: "Never plead guilty, even if the judge and each member of the jury saw you commit the crime. The Parole Board is tough on prisoners who have pled guilty." The inference is that once a prisoner admitted guilt, the Board had no qualms in letting him continue to rot in jail.

Had Robert Louis Stevenson been living in South Dakota instead of Bournemouth, England, where he was writing his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" stories, he would have had access to some interesting local sidelights to crime. Those of us who knew Buff in his daytime "Dr. Jekyll" role found him a good friend, always patient and competent when working under the most trying conditions. He seemed to be the answer to any ranch owner's need for a reliable foreman. But at night, especially when the weather turned bad, a change in mood would come over him. Darkness and rain brought out the criminal "Mr. Hyde," with the wild urge to ride out on the prairie and steal. Readers of the lurid newspaper accounts of Buff's latest "scrape" never understood that he could be two distinct men. They believed that he was all bad.

During Buff's thirty-odd years of South Dakota residence, twenty-three were wasted within prison walls. Buff started his outlaw career in western South Dakota. After having stolen some horses or cattle, driven them cross-country and sold them, he felt that an excit-

Photo from the files of the Sioux Falls, South Dakota Penitentiary;
Courtesy Governor Richard F. Kneip, Acting Warden Hern Solem, and Historian Carl T. Fischer



Taken at age 34. This 1908 picture of Buff George shows the early strains from jail cells and handcuffs.

You could say "Buff" George traveled by the stars.
For instance, a star on a lawman's vest usually turned him toward Bad River!

ON THE PRAIRIE

ing contest had been won. Judging by the newspaper reports of the period, many of his contests were lost.

From crude buildings in dense brush along White River in Lyman County, Buff and his pals rode out. Toward the north, beyond the west bank of the Missouri River, they explored through Stanley and Armstrong Counties. East of the Missouri, they harassed farmers from Fort Thompson north through Buffalo, Hughes and Sully Counties. Wherever they rode they noticed gates that could be opened at night letting stock onto the roadway. Soon the gang would have honest people's horses or cattle a hundred miles away, by relays.

MY OWN arrival in the wild and wonderful "west-river" cowboy country was accidental, just a lucky happening. I did not know that the Trans-Missouri region's most famous stockman had been Scotty Philip, who had built up a great cattle and buffalo empire. His career was cut short at age fifty-three. At that time, in 1911, his cattle numbered over 20,000; horses, 800; and buffaloes, near 500. I did not even know that the cowboys west of the Missouri had a certain contempt for the drudging farmers on the "wrong" side of the river. No cowboys, Indians or outlaws had been seen east of the Missouri.

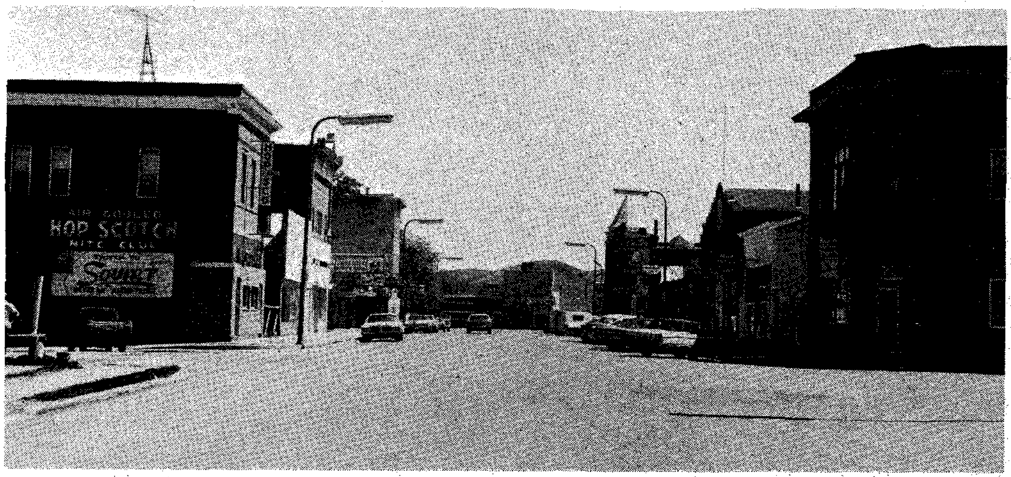
Autos, mostly Fords, Dodges and Buicks, crossed on the flat-decked paddle-wheel ferries whose captains sat in little wheel houses. Most popular of the ferries was the *Scotty Philip*. Most popular of the ferry-boat captains was Ed Senachal.

A motor launch carried passengers between shores. We passengers walked down the steep east bank at Pierre and stepped into the waiting launch. Its little two-cylinder engine went chucka-chucka-chucka-chuck as the launch angled its unsteady way westward across the currents. We wondered where the river would take us if the engine stopped. The fare was fifty cents.

On the Fort Pierre side, past the upper point of tree-covered La Framboise Island, a movable walkway with side rails had been put across low ground to the wooded shore. In May "Old Muddy" was no longer the roaring torrent of early spring flood-time. Its receding backwash had left a smooth blanket of fresh brown mud covering everything on each shore.

Cattlemen have always felt that God made the land on the west bank right side up and that no sodbuster should turn it over. Many have tried, and still do, but precarious rainfall beyond the Missouri has always made it a gamble with Nature. Those who come in years of good rain, like 1920, believe that this region is equal to Iowa.

Walking up the main street of Fort Pierre, with its false-front stores, I was very much a stranger. Fort Pierre was, and still is, a frontier town. Its center is little changed in appearance since the old days. Passengers crossing on the ferry left behind the prosaic Midwest-


AIR COOLED
HOP SCOTCH
NITE CLUB

Above: Deadwood Street, Fort Pierre in 1970. Right: Sunday on a roundup, north of the White River, in the days of Buff George. Circa 1900.

type of farmers.

Not knowing which way to turn I discovered a blacksmith's shop off Deadwood Street. Blacksmiths were friendly folk and knew everyone for miles around. After watching the blacksmith shoe a rancher's horse, I was able to talk to him. He told me to go out to the Scotty Philip ranch to find work.

"Buff George is the foreman out there," he said. "He was in this morning and needs a hand at the Buffalo Pasture." I headed north six miles, afoot, to ask for a job. Away from the muddy river the world of grass and trees was very green. Unknowingly, I was walking where Scotty Philip had ridden between his Buffalo Pasture and Fort Pierre for ten years before his untimely death.

MY KNOCK at the Philip ranch house went unanswered. I walked out to the nearby barn and corral. Hearing voices behind the barn I started to go back there when a loud gunshot sounded. Two figures rounded the corner of the barn. One was replacing an empty cartridge in his six-shooter. There was no way to know whether a man or an animal had been shot.

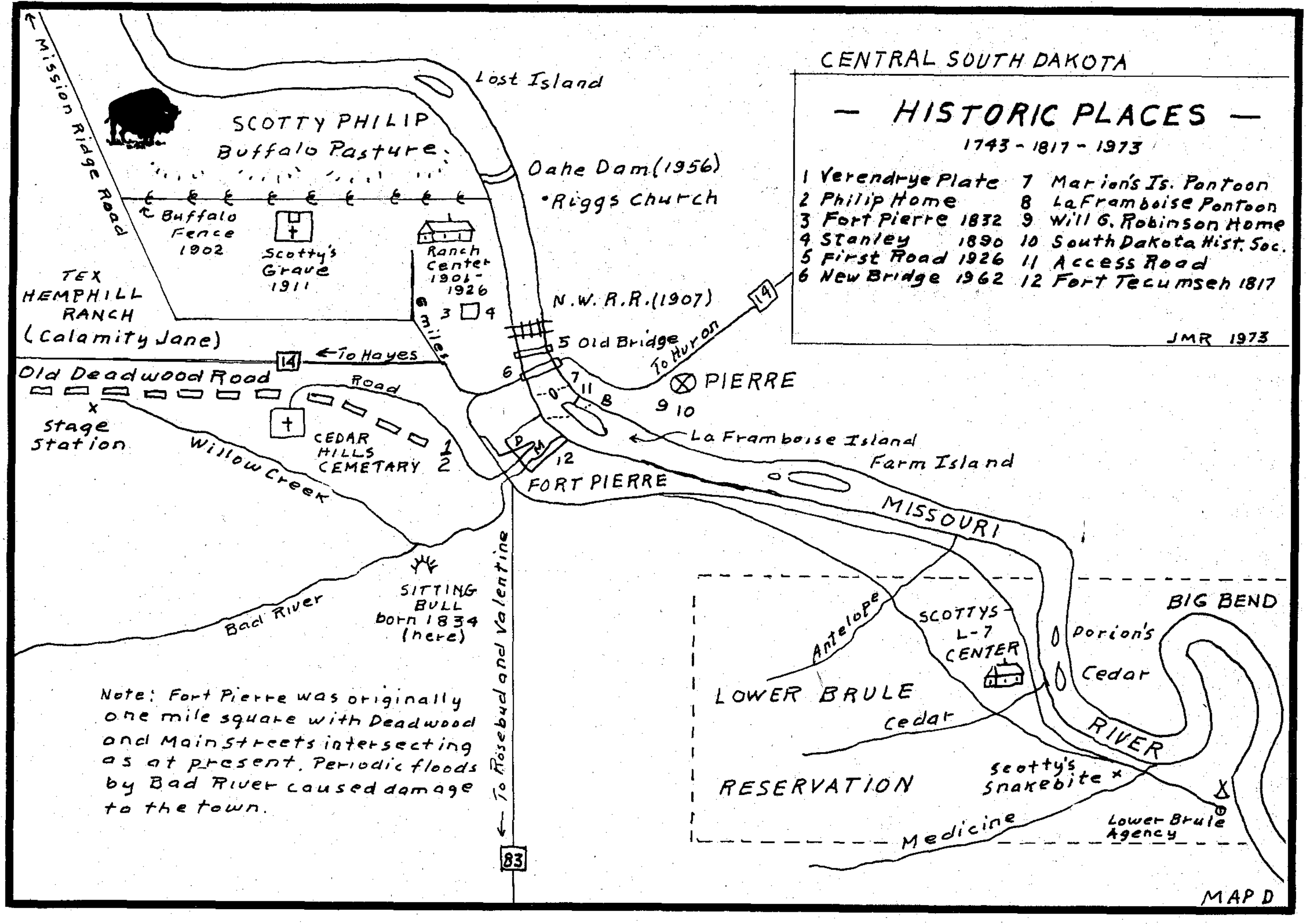
The two introduced themselves and explained that they had ended the suffering of a sick horse. One was Buff George, the other Tex Crockett.

"My name is Jim Robinson," I said. "I need a job."

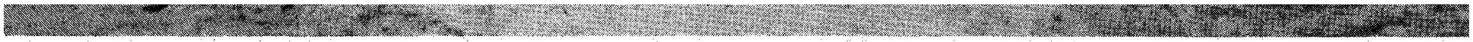
"Can you drive horses?" Buff asked.

"I was raised on a farm," I answered.

"Then harness up those two horses in the corral and drag the dead horse down into the woods by the river."


CENTRAL SOUTH DAKOTA
— HISTORIC PLACES —
1743 - 1817 - 1973
1 Verendrye Plate
2 Philip Home
3 Fort Pierre 1832
4 Stanley 1890
5 First Road 1926
6 New Bridge 1962
7 Marion's Is. Pontoon
8 LaFramboise Pontoon
9 Will G. Robinson Home
10 South Dakota Hist. Soc.
11 Access Road
12 Fort Tecumseh 1817
JMR 1973
Mission Ridge Road
Lost Island
SCOTTY PHILIP
Buffalo Pasture
Oahe Dam (1956)
•Riggs Church
Buffalo Fence 1902
Scotty's Grave 1911
Ranch Center 1901-1926
3 miles
TEX HEMPHILL RANCH
(Calamity Jane)
N.W.R.R.(1907)
14
5 Old Bridge
To Huron
To Hayes
Old Deadwood Road
Road
PIERRE
Stage Station
CEDAR HILLS CEMETARY
Willow Creek
La Framboise Island
Farm Island
FORT PIERRE
MISSOURI
SITTING BULL born 1834 (here)
Bad River
To Rosebud and Valentine
83
BIG BEND
Antelope
SCOTTYS L-7 CENTER
Dorion's
Cedar
LOWER BRULE
Cedar
RIVER
RESERVATION
Scotty's Snakebite
Medicine
Lower Brule Agency
MAP D

Note: Fort Pierre was originally one mile square with Deadwood and Main Streets intersecting as at present. Periodic floods by Bad River caused damage to the town.



Buff George was a man of fifty, with greying black hair, medium in height and strongly built. He was quiet and soft-spoken. His companion with the gun, Tex Crockett, was wiry, slim and graceful. As he reloaded his weapon, I noticed that his movements were smooth and efficient. He wasted neither words nor motions.

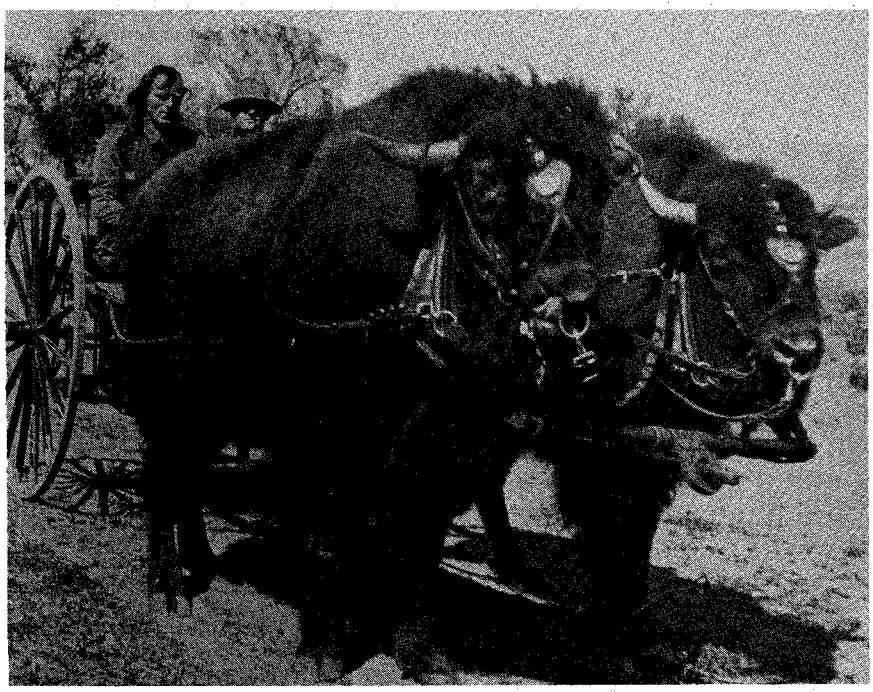
Buff and Tex put a chain around the dead horse's heels, then fastened it to a doubletree and hooked on two singletrees. But horses are instinctively afraid of their dead. My best efforts could not get the team near enough to the deceased to hook the tugs to the singletrees. They would only snort, look wild-eyed and shy away. Buff solved the problem neatly by blindfolding them.

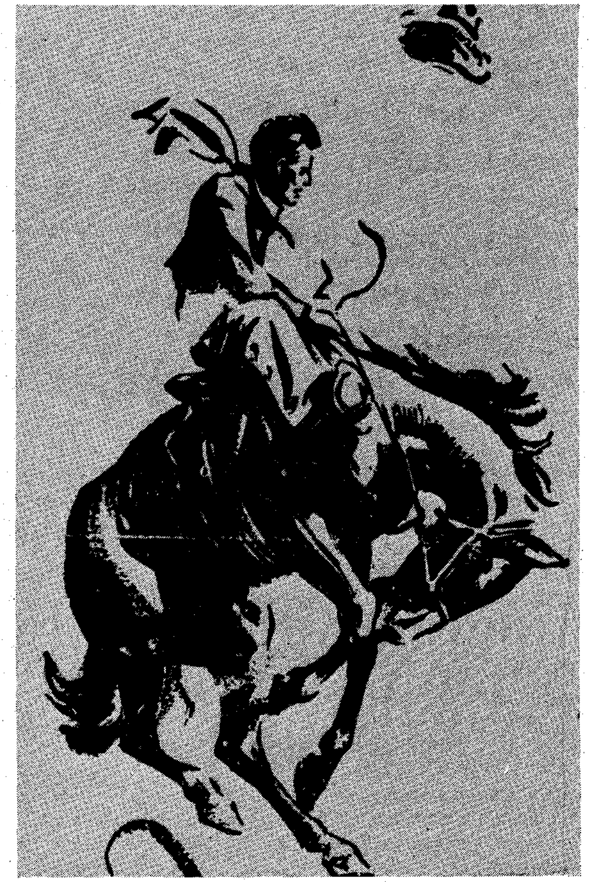
Working together in this simple task of disposing of the dead horse somehow produced the magic which started a lasting friendship between us. Buff offered me $80 per month and I accepted. The going pay for hands was about $40.

Back at the ranch house a group of rodeo riders joined us. They had been practicing their various skills out at the big east corral in preparation for the upcoming annual events. Tex Crockett and Scotty Philip's son, Stanley, were getting together a string of bucking horses for Frontier Days.

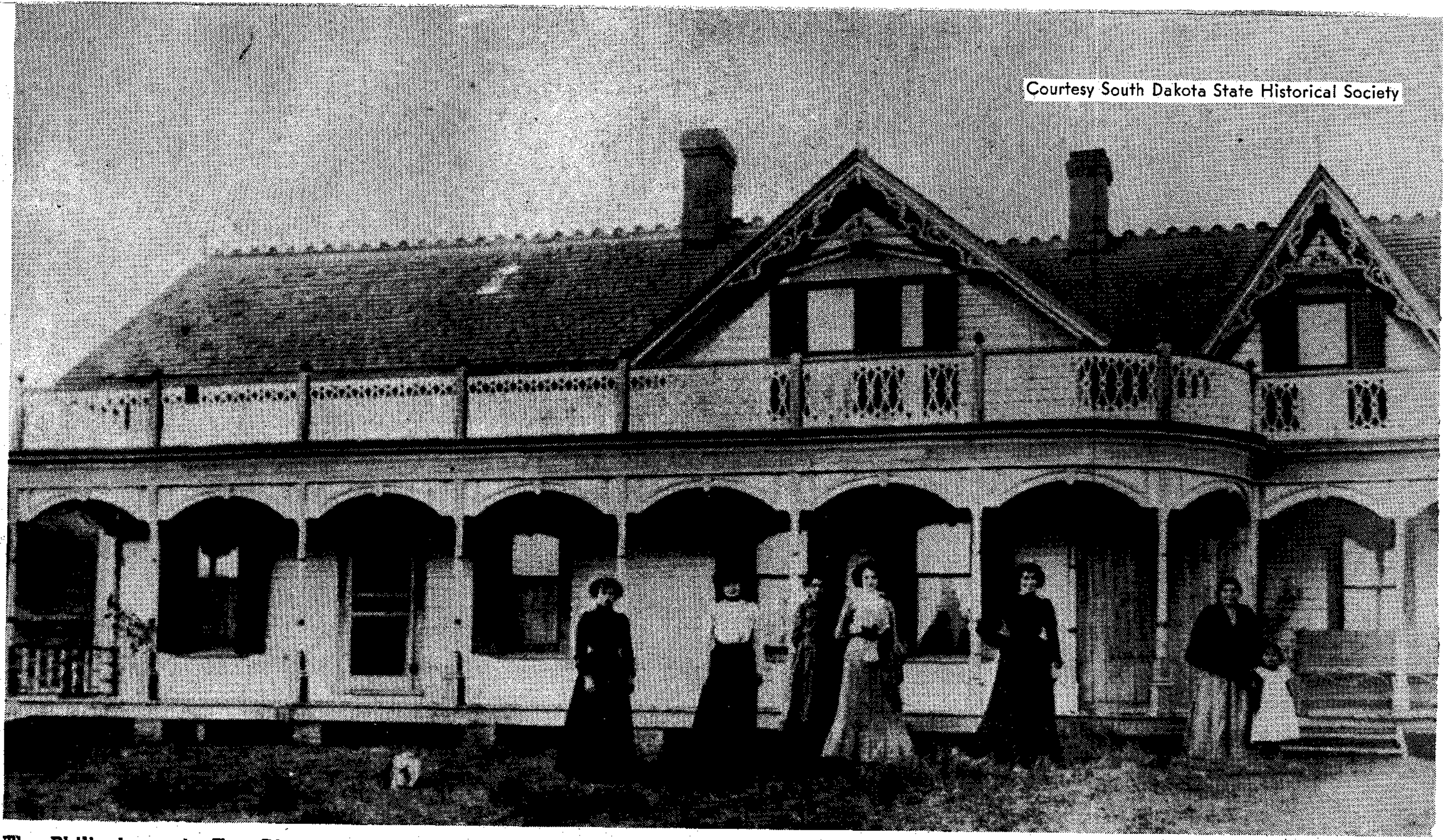
At supper I sensed that there was something wrong with the appearance of my clothes. Buff George made the first move to correct this by finding me an old beaver Stetson. It was out of shape but much better than my new velour. Shorty Garrett, who later broke both legs, found a pair of cowboy boots, with heels that could be walked on, and luckily of my size. A fine pair of leather chaps came from a rider whose name is lost. Each half of the chaps was cut from top quality leather off the back of some cow-critter. They were wonderful protection in rain or through brush. The whole thing had been spontaneous and in a generous

Left: Region around Fort Pierre and the Scotty Philip Buffalo Pasture. Right: Tex Crockett, shown as a bronc rider by an artist, lived with George and the author at Buffalo Pasture in 1920. Below: Bob Yokum, on the right, with a buffalo team.





Both photos Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society


Courtesy South Dakota State Historical Society

The Philip home in Fort Pierre, at the time Buff and the author worked for the Philip family. It was dismantled in 1970.

spirit of good-natured fun. It was my 19th birthday party.

All of the crew approved of my changed appearance when the transformation was completed. Farmers, in their opinion, should be kept east of the Missouri, and "west-river" men should have a cow-country look.

DULL EVENINGS at the ranchhouse were enlivened by rather unusual activities. On this particular evening, Scotty Philip's sons, Stanley and Rod, were out from Fort Pierre on a visit. Stanley was a big man who looked the part of a cowboy in his fine Western clothes. Rod showed his Indian heritage more and usually looked on silently. Both were living the good life at the time on money borrowed from Scotty's estate. To entertain the Philip brothers, it was suddenly decided to have a wrestling match.

Back in 1879 Scotty Philip, then twenty-one, had written to his brother George: "You say you could throw me but I don't know. It takes a good man to do that if I do say so myself. I weigh 194 so you better not threaten me." This early-day custom of wrestling any competitor was popular in the 1920s.

The evening's informal program started with a few preliminary matches. Almost at the feet of the dozen or so cowboy spectators, the wrestlers grappled in an animal-like test for survival. Lamps dimly lit the dramatic scene as they writhed and thrashed around, panting and grunting. A pair of contestants would exhaust every resource of brute strength and cunning.

For the "main event" of the evening, Scotty's son Stanley and Buff George were egged on to test each other. Stanley was thirty years old. Buff's age was near twice as great, but he was built like a badger.

Hardly had the two squared off when Buff, with quick catlike movements, got Stanley off balance. Stanley found himself flat on his back, shoulders solidly touching—helpless. The watchers had fresh appreciation of Buff's extraordinary strength. The reason why Buff never needed to raise his voice or argue was clear. During the months I worked for Buff and "Grandma" Philip, he never said an unkind word to anyone. On no other occasion was he ever challenged. In the rough cattle world following the 1890s, the Scotty Philip operations used tough men like Buff George.

After the wrestling match, the subject of Buff's bullet wounds was raised and he was prevailed on to remove most of his clothes. There were seven bullet holes, as I remember, all .30-30, dark blue and authentic. Resulting from at least three incidents, they had just healed up themselves without being sewed up by a doctor. Most impressive was the near incredible one which entered in front, passed heart, lungs and stomach, to emerge near his spine.

Tex Crockett, a Will Rogers type, entertained us. He was a friend of Stanley Philip. They were in partnership on the bucking horse string operation going on at the big corral. Tex's two big trunks by his bed held the ropes and other paraphernalia of the circus performer. He was proud to have learned his profession with the circus instead of as a nursemaid to cows. He would twirl his ropes with great skill, jumping in and out of them as he ran them up and down, himself inside the loops. It helped to pass the evenings.

The picture of Tex atop the outlaw bronc "South Dakota" is a classic anywhere that Western art is exhibited. Holding his broad-brimmed hat high with his right hand, spurs forward of the shoulders as he started to rake from neck to flank, he displayed for the moment perfect form. (Confidentially, he told us that a few jumps later he was lying in the dirt.)

There was another old trunk in the ranch house which nobody explained. It was filled with perfect otter skins. Whether these illegal furs had once belonged to Scotty was not learned. When not working at my paid job, I minded my own business, just observing and making notes. Later these skins were seized by the State and sold at auction.

The professional riders enjoyed reliving contests in many famous places. Their experiences over most of North America were very real and exciting. Near home they had ridden at White River, Belle Fourche, Eagle Butte and Fort Pierre. Happenings at famous events ranged from Pendleton, Cheyenne and Calgary to Madison Square Garden. Buff George and I just listened.

When the conversation at the ranchhouse turned to Scotty and the great west-river roundups, there was a feeling that everyone held him in the highest esteem. Though Scotty had never aspired to being a contest rider, he would take a horse from the roundup string and if it tried to set him afoot he would resist the inconvenience good-naturedly while his men looked on with approval. Most of the many men who worked at the Buffalo Pasture in 1920-21 had known Scotty. They had ridden with him and knew him as a quiet man of rare genius.

After everyone had left, Buff George showed me around the headquarters area. Out at the corral he assigned me a regular horse to ride. His name was Alazan (*sorrel*) and carried the historic NSS brand of the Cheyenne River Narcisse

Both photos, Courtesy South Dakota Historical Society

Above: Grandma Philip, Scotty's window of nine years, nominally ran his declining empire in 1920. Right: Scotty Philip, "Buffalo King, most famous stockman in the Trans-Missouri Region," who died at 53 from a stroke.

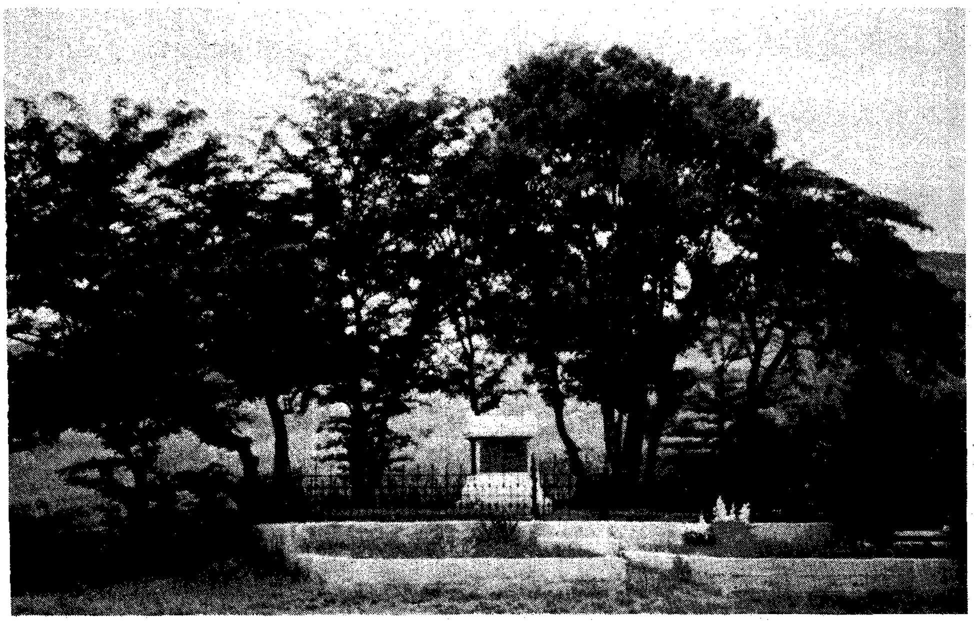
Narcelle outfit. I climbed the ladder to the haymow and poked some hay down for Alazan.

Back in the porch-encircled ranchhouse, Buff picked a room next to his own for me. My first impression was that Buff was a fine man and nothing afterwards ever changed it. That he had recently been paroled from the penitentiary at Sioux Falls, on the petition of Stanley Philip who offered him the job of foreman, I learned later. He had been one of Scotty's finest riders, ready for a tough job, and determined to finish it.

AFTER breakfast next morning, Buff and I set out to see the ranch and check the buffalo fence circling 16,000 acres. Saddling up Alazan and Buff's big spotted roan, we started. His part-Arabian horse was gotten for him by Stanley Philip. Buff was proud of him. Horse and rider blended nicely into the prairie background at night.

Hardly had we left the corral, riding eastward along the buffalo fence, when I encountered my very first rattlesnake. Buff had stopped to look at a damaged section of Scotty's massive buffalo fence.

George and the author rode past Scotty Philip's 1911 grave almost daily.

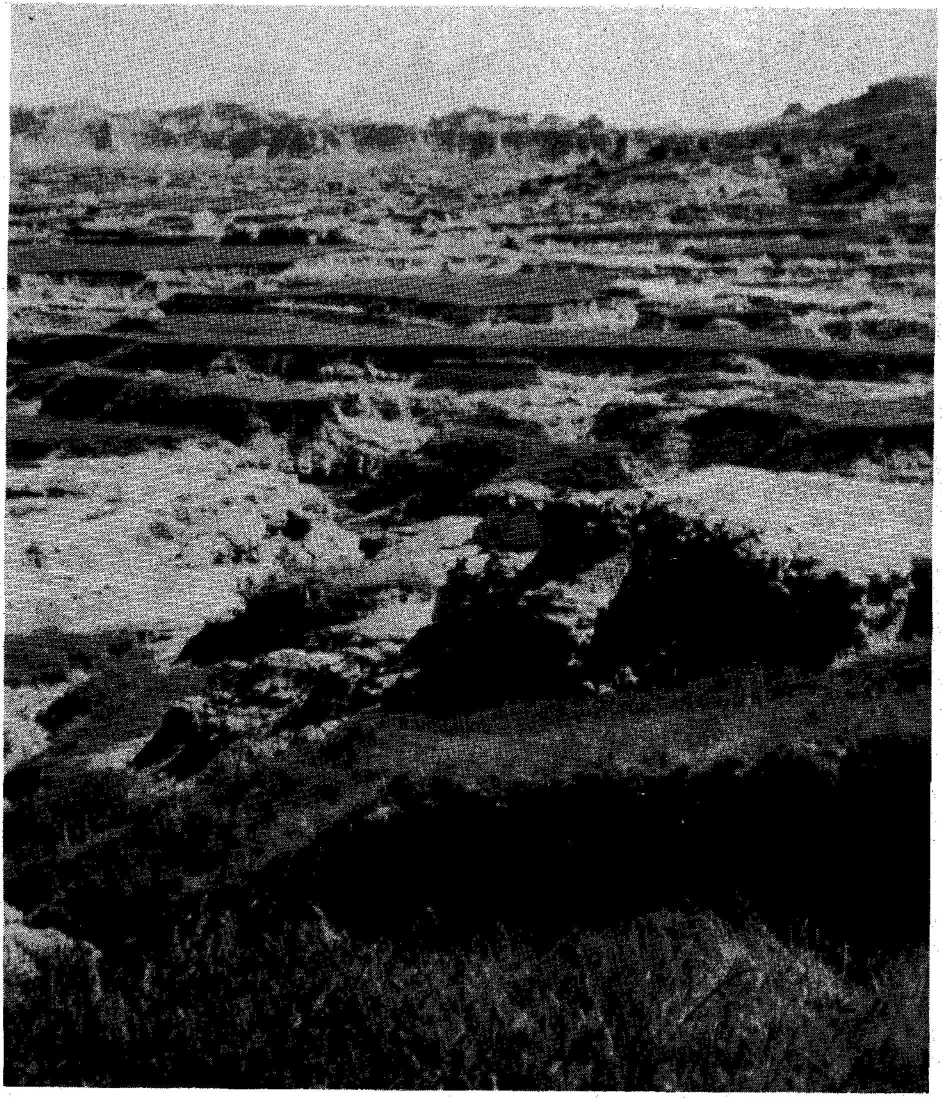


Riding ahead I suddenly heard a warning buzz from the ground on the right. At the same instant Alazan jumped sideways and started to run.

Cowboys have been unseated and fallen directly on top of a rattler when this has happened. Sometimes they have been fatally bitten. But Buff had adjusted my saddle cinch and stirrups just right. I was lucky to be aboard. Tying Alazan to the fence, I walked back to the coiled snake which was very excited, whipping his tail and hissing. I searched around, found a dead willow limb and beat him to death. When Buff came up he didn't seem much impressed by the dead rattler, but to me it had been one of the thrilling episodes of my life.

Small animals and birds, on which the rattlers fed, were plentiful in the bottomlands near the river. They migrated down from the dry bluffs to be near water. (There was a persistent rumor that Scotty had been snakebit three times. His best-known encounter was down on Medicine Creek where he almost met death from the fangs of a big rattler.) Buff said he usually killed rattlers, especially near the ranch house where they were numerous.

Farther on up the fence we saw a buffalo calf on the outside of the fence, its mother on the inside. Other buffaloes were watching from a distance. The problem was to get the calf inside the pasture fence. I rode back to open a gate and Buff worked the mother along the fence toward us. Here the calf ran through the gate to rejoin its mother and the herd. It is very difficult to drive any lone buffalo away from the herd. Scotty's buffalo herd was at its greatest size in 1920.



Badlands northwest of White River, the western limit of Buff George's depredations.

Nearly 1,000 fat, healthy animals were contentedly eating the rich buffalo grass, within Scotty's fence, probably the most publicized fence in the world. Five years later they would be gone. Fortunately, other men of vision bought some for breeding stock and their herds prospered as the original Dupree-Philip herd had.

After riding miles of fence we returned to the corral. It had been a great day with my new boss. Though very sore from riding, there was a good feeling that Buff George was my friend, a competent foreman for the Philip family, and in many ways a superior human being. No gossip heard later ever changed this. Buff and I lived in the same house, ate together, worked and rode together for several months in the summer of 1920. He taught by example—not talk. Of all the many hours riding together, I never remember his ever discussing how to ride a horse—we just rode. Since my father had died when I was five, Buff became, to a degree, his counterpart. Few people had a chance to know the real Buff George better than I.

EVERY MORNING before daylight, Buff would be up and moving about the ranch kitchen. Before starting to cook, he always washed up and combed his hair—a habit he had formed as a boy in Virginia. In an hour or so everyone present could gather around the big table for a good breakfast. Coffee, eggs with ham or bacon, hotcakes and cooked cereal were all standard fare. Buff was a good cook. Even the overfed contest performers never had cause to complain.

While Buff cooked breakfast, my job was to go to the corral, saddle my horse kept overnight, and round up enough horses for riding and the day's field work. Twenty or more were needed to choose from. About sixty-five horses ran among the buffaloes.

Half-wild horses hated to be forced into captivity, even for a few hours of honest work. There was no food to entice them into the corral. It is also instinctive for horses to resist being driven downhill. Always they seek to escape uphill where they can observe the pursuer. One morning I returned without any horses. "I couldn't make them come in," I said.

Buff replied quietly, "If I couldn't bring them in, I would still be out there trying." He climbed on my horse and returned in an hour with the horses.

On another morning heavy rain had made a quagmire of the corral. Gumbo mud clung to the feet of both horses and riders. Out in the Buffalo Pasture it was firmer but slippery. Alazan and I had a good bunch of horses headed for the corral when they decided to escape up a draw. On a dead run to head them, Alazan slipped and went down.

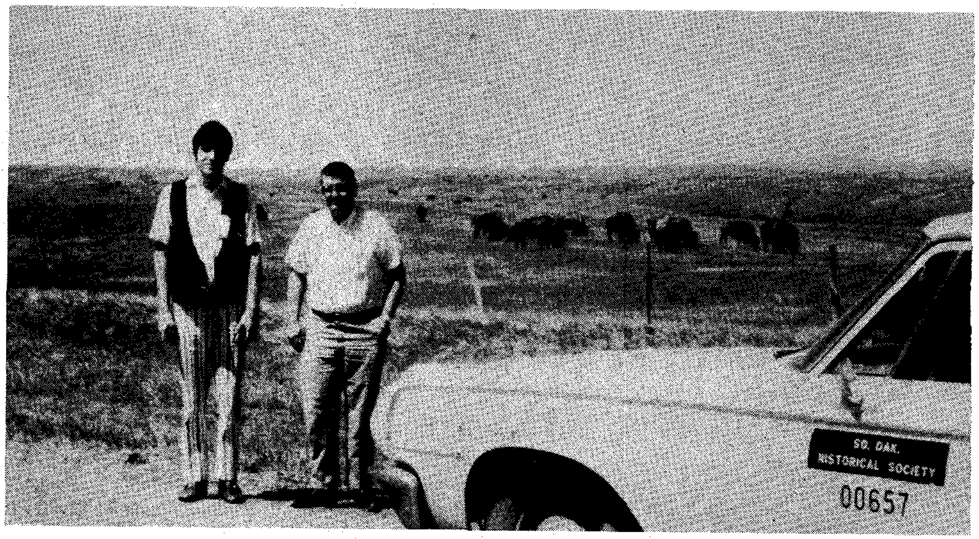
Picking ourselves up, we stood and looked at each other, several feet apart. Then Alazan decided not to cooperate. With head turned sideways to avoid stepping on his bridle reins, he headed for home. If I moved faster to reach for the reins, he increased his speed just enough to keep them beyond my grasp.

Except for the responsibility of delivering, by breakfast time, enough horses for the day's needs those daily rides would have been pure pleasure. Riding over the green rolling hills in the new morning should hardly be given the nasty name of "work." Out among the buffaloes there was a feeling of remoteness. Civilization seemed far away.

The friendly ranchhouse nestling at the foot of the bluffs by the river was a welcome sight to a returning rider. The Missouri itself, and the east bank beyond, was as unspoiled as it had been twenty years before when Scotty had built the fence for his buffaloes.

After breakfast, Buff and I would each pick out two or four horses for the day's farm work. We were supposed to be seriously raising crops for stock feed. To avoid feeding the horses we used them

Right: The author in a recent photograph. Below: Kenneth R. Stewart, Historian, and Charlie Ronish, Coroner, at Houck range, west of the old Scotty Philip Buffalo Pasture, in 1971.



The Buffalo Pasture house where George and the author lived in 1920. Hazel and Emma Philip, shown wearing Mexican hats.

for half a day only and at noon changed broncs. Bringing them in at random from the range we only discovered how wild they wanted to act when we attempted to harness them.

Buff had broken hundreds of railroad construction horses at $2 a head while the Milwaukee Railroad was extending its tracks from Chamberlain to Rapid City where it arrived in 1907. Buff liked to believe that, with his help, useful ways could be taught to any knothead. Always quiet and firmly gentle with them, knowing that they were usually more scared than mean, he was quick to gain their confidence and trust.

Below the ranch house, above the timber belt, we planted the crops. Mostly sowed oats and planted squaw corn. This Indian corn grew earstalks directly up from the ground. Even in years of drought it made some kind of crop. The kernels were of many colors and the ears made a very pretty display when hung up in bunches by the husks for next year's seed.

This ancient variety of corn had been grown by the Mandan and Arikara Indians on this same ground. The squaws, old men and children tilled the plots which were reported by George Catlin, the famous artist, to have been of about five acres and laid out regularly. In these neat patches they had raised corn, beans, sunflowers, squash and tobacco. Buff and I, working together, followed in the footsteps of the primitives as we farmed these historic Missouri River valley lands.

OUR artesian well water tasted like sea water. One of the first jobs Buff initiated me into was hauling a big wooden barrel of good Missouri River drinking water. Harnessing a team to the Stoughton wagon, we put the empty barrel in the wagon, with two tiers of sideboards, and headed for the Missouri.

On the way to the riverbank we drove along Scotty's pipeline down to his abandoned pumping plant. Inside the pump building river-vandals had smashed the fine new Fairbanks Morse engine that Scotty had bought from Fred Rowe Hardware in Fort Pierre. The 100-horse engine had driven a pump through steel cables. They were an innovation to replace the conventional leather belt. The river water was to have been forced uphill to a reservoir near the ranch house where it would flow downward to wet Scotty's alfalfa fields. It had stood silent for nine years—since Scotty's sudden death in 1911.

At the riverbank Buff swung the horses in a half-circle and then backed the wagon straight into the Missouri. When the water came flush with the wagon bed he stopped the team and I filled the barrel, using a bucket. All went well and next morning we had fifty gallons of clear water. Two inches of mud

(Continued on page 58)

THE OLD MAN'S DIME

A story of one of the most valuable coins the San Francisco Mint ever produced...

BY FORD GREEN

Illustrations from the Author's Collection

BETWEEN 1892 and 1916 there were 54,294,936 Barber-type dimes struck at San Francisco, but in 1894 they made only twenty, of which less than ten have been located. Each of the missing fourteen is worth a fortune. Was one found in far-away Manila?

The late afternoon sky was lowering and a fine rain was falling. I was just leaning back to wiggle my toes and think, when my door knocker jarred the whole office. A forgery laboratory has to be ready for any kind of character who comes along. Through the barred opening of the door I saw the Gaelic face of someone who had been here before—a character named Roy McGregor. Over the years I had come to associate him with Sir Walter Scott's 18th century rogue, Rob Roy McGregor, after whom he must have been named. He had traveled the earth, five oceans and seven seas. Where had he come from now, and what did he want?

I was prepared for almost anything he could drag out for me to photograph and try to authenticate for him. But there was no bag in sight so my hopes rose.

Where had he been?

Manila.

Was the trip profitable?

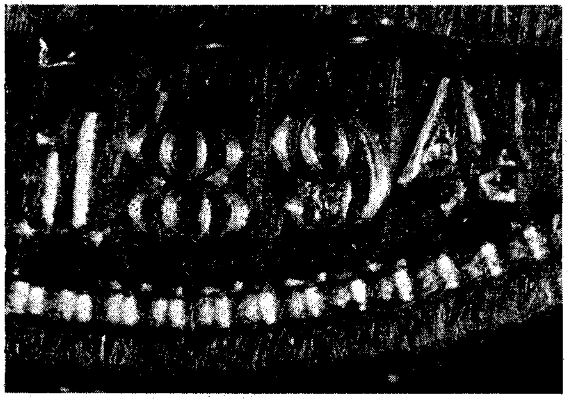
Yes; bought a good lot of scrap steel and trucks.

Fine.

And then it came out. He had a dime. An 1894-S dime.

IN 1894 the dies for some new dimes were delivered to the San Francisco Mint. They lay in the die safe until the fiscal year was ended, June 30.

J. S. Wall and Robert Barnett, cashier and chief clerk, respectively, discovered the allotment of silver coinage lacked 40 cents to make even dollars and two dol-



Obverse of the Manila dime (opposite page) with the date (above) and mint mark (below). Reverse of the coin (right).

lars to make an even thousand for the year's report.

The men notified John P. Daggett, the superintendent, who called in Charles M. Gorham, the coiner. Gorham took the dies from the safe and got twenty-four dime blanks. This would create no problem, for in the next six months they would strike plenty more dimes, probably a couple of tons of them, as this was the country's heaviest time of silver coinage.

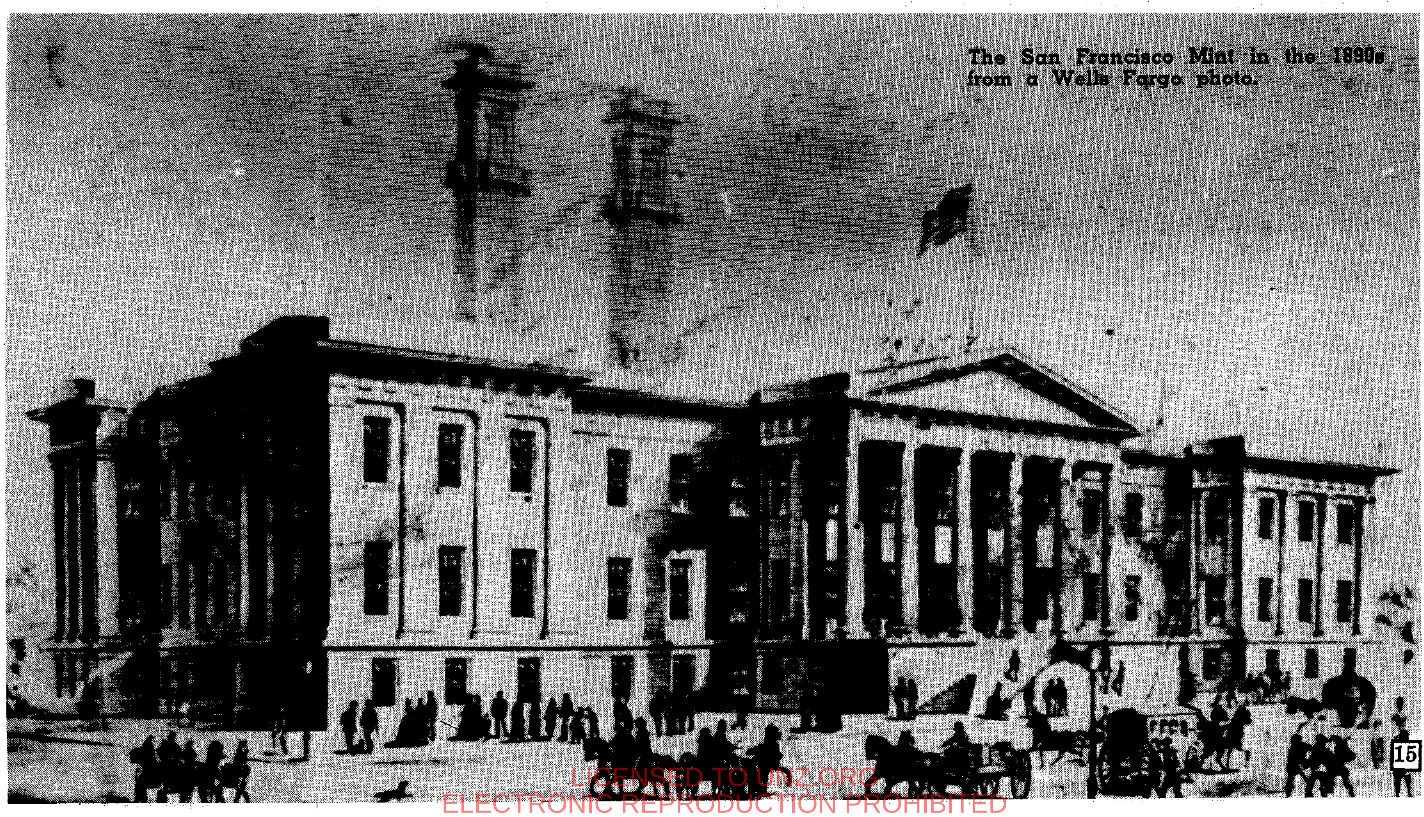
Twenty-four 1894-S dimes were turned over to the cashier and entered on the 1894 coinage records. Now the records balanced nicely, and nobody thought any more about it for more than twenty-five years.

By the end of World War I, a couple of these rare coins had shown up, creating a storm beyond any hurricane that anyone in the coin world had seen before.

Twenty-four dimes? Yes, the mint had duly recorded them. Where had they been distributed? Who knows, and who at the mint cared, since the accounts had balanced? Maybe they had been put in with the thousands of 1893 dimes, or again, they could have been in with the zillions of 1895s. Where did the bag go that contained them? Who knows?

There had been 2,491,401 1893-dimes struck, 1,120,000 1895-dimes struck, and maybe some of the 99,710 1892-dimes could have been lying around to get mixed up with them. Or, they might have been held and mixed with the 575,056 1896-dimes or the 1,342,844 in 1897 or

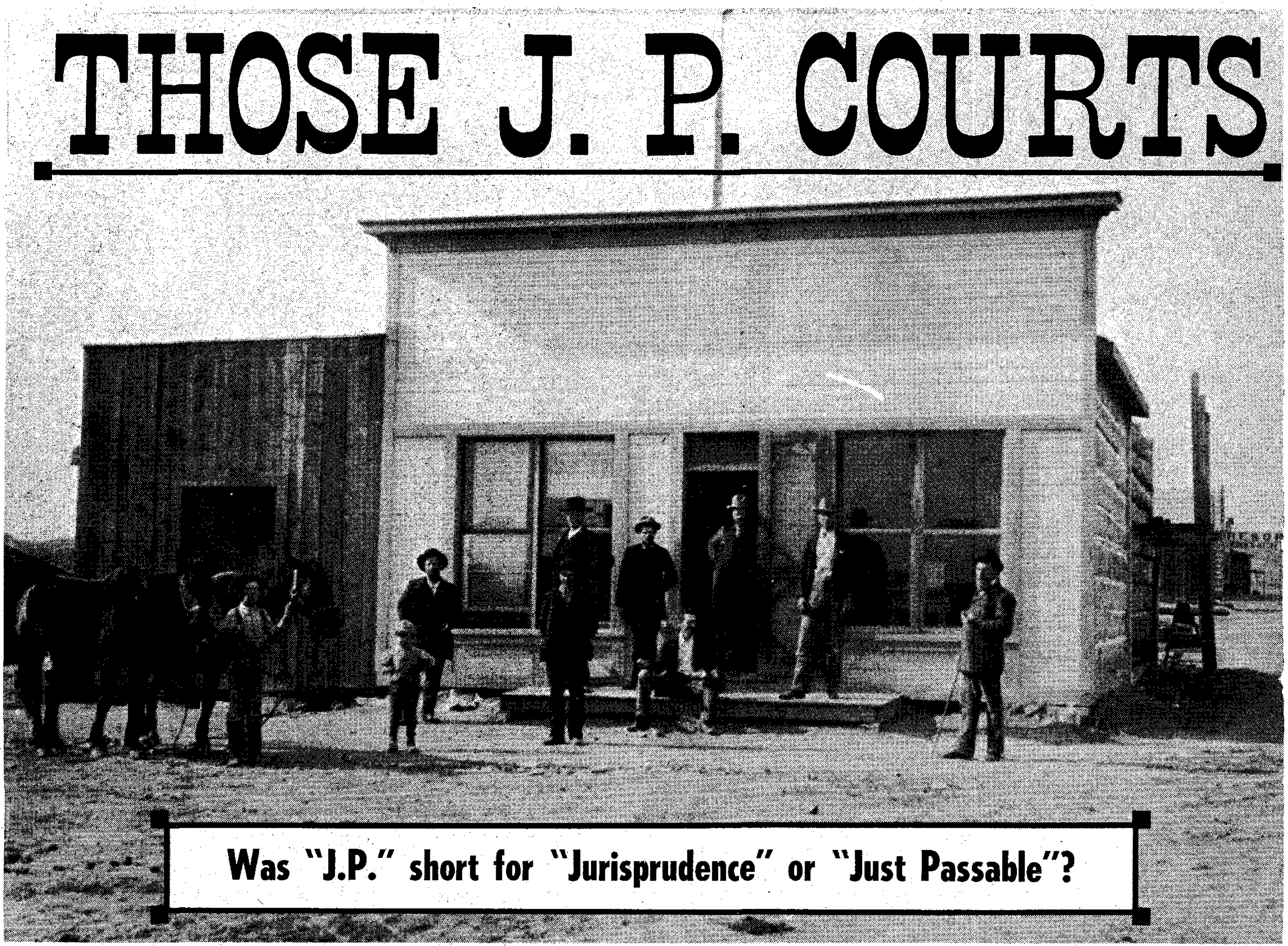
(Continued on page 36)



The San Francisco Mint in the 1890s from a Wells Fargo photo.

Courtesy Mrs. Lucy Hoover

THOSE J. P. COURTS



Was "J.P." short for "Jurisprudence" or "Just Passable"?

A mercantile establishment was a handy place to hold court, and such a group of citizens could be sworn in as jurymen at a moment's notice.

BY VERA SABAN

Photos Courtesy Author

BIG Jack Gorman, known to be tough and mean, a real badman, galloped into the little town of Hyattville, Wyoming one day in 1888. He was gunning for Dan Bayne, blacksmith and ex-freighter. Gorman was told by the men lounging before the saloon that Bayne could be found at a ranch a couple miles below town. Gorman headed down Paintrock Creek but it so happened that Bayne was nearing town, coming up the other side of the tree-lined stream. Arriving there, Bayne was told of the gun-slinger who was hunting him. Forewarned and forearmed, Bayne loped back down the creek to find his enemy. At the ranch a pistol duel took place, with Bayne the victor.

When the case was brought before the local justice of the peace, Bayne was found not guilty. The canny justice also decreed that all possessions of the dead man be sold for burial expenses—horse, saddle, boots, and gun. Still short fifteen cents, they took the socks from his feet to balance the books. And in the record there is this notation, "and good riddance." Such a summary dispensing of justice was repeated thousands of times in the early days of the West.

As the land was settled, most citizens agreed there must be some attempt at law and order. They acquired a marshal or a sheriff to go out and get his man, and a justice of the peace to listen to the evidence, consider the case, and render a decision.

Of course the really notorious lawbreakers—the horse thieves, train robbers, road agents, and murderers—had their day in a higher court, if the vigilantes didn't take care of them first. But run-of-the-mill cases brought the offender before a justice of the peace.

Usually a highly respected citizen—a successful rancher, a merchant, a lawyer, or even a well-known saloonkeeper—would fill this role. Others were educated but restless men who had hied themselves westward for one reason or another. More often, however, the justice of the peace could hardly read or write. Yet even the latter were generally astute, conversant in the ways of humanity, men who replaced their lack of book learning with common sense.

Although there are records of unreasonable or totally wrong sentences, most justices were honest, and most decrees fair. And it didn't take those old-timers long to gauge the facts and arrive at a verdict. In some cases a frontier judge found it wise to be armed. When objections to a rendered verdict were too strenuous he simply produced his pistol as a reminder that his decision would hold.

A justice could hold court with serenity and ease most any place—in a store, a saloon, a schoolhouse, a home, or under a tree. Any available spot, indoor or out, would serve. And a session could be as informal as any vigilante committee hearing.

Cases came under numerous headings. There were offenses and misdemeanors, improper noise and disturbance, and offensive language. Often a town would have an ordinance against collecting in crowds for unlawful purposes. Saloon and hotel keepers were required to keep order in their places of business or face a stiff fine of ten to fifty dollars. Anyone carrying a deadly weapon—pistols, knives, daggers—could be brought before the justice and fined. There were even laws against speeding. Horses were not to be ridden or driven at an immoderate rate in streets or alleys.

Frontier history tells of many big hold-ups by notorious gangs, but petty thievery wasn't very common. There was a code of honesty among the ordinary people of the early West, so the justice

Early-day hotels, such as the Leavitt Hotel, served as seats of the law.

Courtesy **The Greybull Standard**

had remarkably few cases involving theft.

One of his duties was the performance of marriage ceremonies. He could accomplish this in five minutes time, but the knot was usually secure.

With most broken ordinances coming under the category of disturbing the peace, drunkenness was usually involved. Fines could run from five to twenty-five dollars. Drunken cowhands who livened up the town with their six-shooters, or had a rough and tumble settling of differences in the open where no conscientious officer could ignore it, might find themselves paying a toll for their celebrating.

The overly exuberant cowhand, in town for a spree and fined in justice court, didn't take the matter too seriously. By the time next month's pay-day came he would have forgotten it. For he thought, like the carefree puncher of the Chisholm Trail, "Oh, I got drunk and he fined me ten, so I borrowed a twenty and got drunk again."

At times there was a goodly portion of drinking right in the courts themselves, especially if the justice was called out at night. If a case bored him, one judge of early San Francisco would frankly announce, "The court's dry. The court's adjourned. Let's take a drink." Many a case was decided by an inebriated judge, for an inebriated prisoner, with an inebriated lawyer. And perhaps some jury members weren't in too good a condition, either.

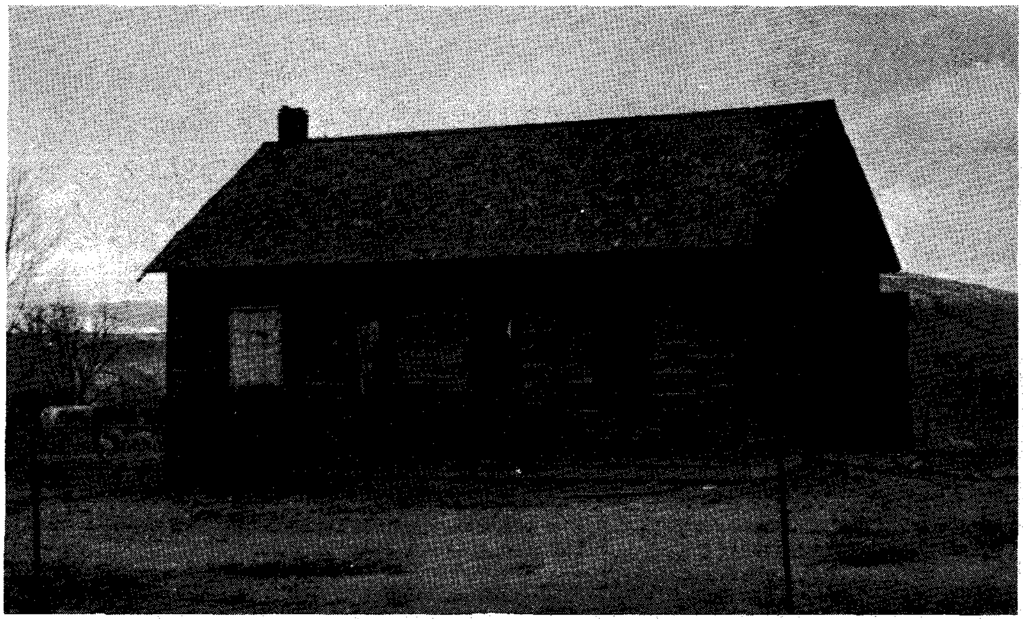
THE legal growing pains of a future metropolis like San Francisco were little different from those of the little village that eventually would become just a fair-sized town, or one which would become a ghost town.

Those first steps had to be taken. Early day Worland, Wyoming, eager to get going, acquired a town marshal, J. D. McIntyre, and a justice of the peace, Tom Daggett, before the town had any ordinances to enforce. But that was soon remedied with a law that just about covered everything—"to keep the peace of Worland and to provide for violations thereof."

Since the marshal of Worland was also town barber it was convenient for Justice Daggett to hold court in the barber shop. There were advantages—another saving to the city, no time lost in giving haircuts, and Daggett, editor of the local paper, would collect some news items while doing his duty as J. P.

One spring evening when the Big Horn River was high and rushing, some cowboys from the Pitchfork Ranch forded the river to Worland, bent on a night on the town. After a good deal of celebrating, culminating with the fracture of some city ordinances, they swam their horses back and camped for the remainder of the night, feeling safe from the law. But Marshal McIntyre had a big buckskin who was mighty adept at fording wild streams. The disgruntled punchers found themselves under arrest and forced to again cross the river and receive their

Justice Court was held in any available building, such as this country store.



Abandoned schoolhouses could tell many a tale of court cases decided within their walls.

just punishment. In the barber shop, Johnny-on-the-spot Justice Daggett fined each of them five dollars and drinks for the house. Justice Daggett was also fond of his cups, it is said.

Daggett, from the East, was a well-educated man, as was Otto Franc, who had been a count in his native Germany. Franc was appointed justice of the peace when the settlements of the Big Horn Basin of Wyoming consisted of but a few big cow outfits. His Pitchfork Ranch was one of them. From there, Justice Franc rode many miles to weigh the evidence and arrive at a sage decision concerning some local dispute.

When the waddies of the Pitchfork wanted to whoop-er-up they loped into nearby Arland, little more than a saloon and dance hall. At a dance on Christmas night in 1887 Vic Arland killed Big Nose Johnson. Arland was taken to Otto Franc for a trial but somehow the course of justice hit a snag. Liquor was plentiful, the object of the meeting was sidetracked, and Arland never faced trial. Justice Franc was not a heavy drinker himself, so perhaps, in his wisdom, he planned it that way. After all, Arland and his place of business were important to the community. And, anyway, local opinion didn't place Big Nose Johnson very high on the totem pole—nobody liked him. And many an early justice of the peace had discovered the inadvisability of making an unpopular verdict.

BUT SOME made their own rules and wielded the power of their office to make them stick. There was Colonel Luke Murrin, the first mayor of Cheyenne, that Hell-on-Wheels town of the railroad building era. He apparently doubled as justice of the peace, appointing himself, perhaps. It is told that he added twenty-five cents to each fine he imposed. His was dry work, he opined, and he needed that extra quarter to cover the expense of the stimulants necessary for efficient administration of justice. He had another set rule—all persons who shot at someone within the city limits were invariably fined ten dollars by Mayor Murrin. This regulation held whether they hit their target or not.

Another town in need of the law from the day of its founding was Old Town Thermopolis, Wyoming. Situated across the river from Andersonville, hang-out of the Hole-in-the-Wall Gang, Thermopolis didn't trust its neighbors, so the citizens welcomed the sense of security that the election of a justice of the peace gave them. Two Irishmen, O'Reilly and Magill, took turns at the honors. Court, held in any convenient place, with the judge perhaps straddling an apple box, afforded the residents free entertainment.

When a tenderfoot appeared, outfitted in what he deemed was the proper regalia for a cowboy, he tried to adopt a behavior that would prove that he was a no-holds-barred puncher. In high-heeled boots, chaps, and fancy spurs, with a revolver strapped around his middle, he entered into the spirit of the West by shooting up a dance. But the law was there, and he was arrested and had to appear in court the next morning before Justice Magill, priest turned cowboy. O'Reilly was counsel for the defendant, and the little shack where court was held was filled with spectators.

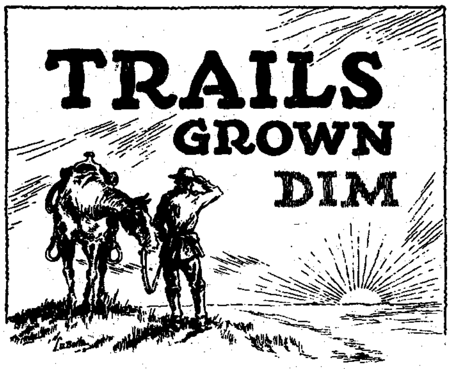
Following the evidence, O'Reilly and Magill had some arguments. O'Reilly, his Irish temper flaring, made an error in wording and declared that all justice "should be tempered with severity." Amid the guffaws of the audience, Magill gravely agreed, finding the would-be tough cowboy guilty as charged. Not only did Justice Magill fine him fifty dollars but he confiscated all his cowboy paraphernalia.

Early day Sheridan was a rancher's town, slow and easy when compared with the riotous railroad towns. There was little business for the justice, with but one person arrested during the town's first two years. The legal procedure in that case was short and simple. The of-

(Continued on page 44)

As a town began to grow up, the office of justice of the peace took on more dignity.

Courtesy Ernie Yadon



TRAILS GROWN DIM

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

William Owen Bates

William Owen Bates, my grandfather, was last known to be around the Anson, Stamford and Albany sections of West Texas. He pulled up stakes and was supposedly operating a saloon located in Eddy, New Mexico—now Carlsbad. We have the record of his brother, Jim, but would appreciate knowing if my grandfather is buried in White City or Carlsbad or any other information.—Mrs. M. H. Cline, 439 S. Bonham, San Benito, Texas 78586

Whitlow-Hudgins

Ann W. Whitlow Hudgins (Hutchins or Hutchison) was born about 1828 and was the daughter of Solomon Whitlow, Jr. and Nancy McDaniel who were married in Caswell County, North Carolina in 1822. Ann had one brother, William T. Whitlow.

She was married to John Hudgins and living in Murfreesboro, Tennessee in 1848 when her father deeded her husband 100 acres of land in Livingston County, Kentucky, adjoining lands of Andrew Leeper and others. It is not known whether they stayed in Tennessee, moved to Kentucky or continued still farther West.

Ann was descended from William Whitlow whose will was recorded in Goochland County, Virginia in 1768 and from his son, Nathan, who married Diana Hicks in Virginia in 1756. One of their sons, Solomon Whitlow, Sr., born in 1762, married Susanna Farrar in Granville County, North Carolina in 1789. Their son, Solomon Whitlow, Jr., born in 1800, was the father of Ann W. Whitlow Hudgins.

I am a great-granddaughter of the second marriage in 1832 of Solomon Whitlow, Jr., to Mary D. Moore. My grandfather was John Norwood Whitlow, born in 1835. He was a veteran of the CSA and wounded at the battle of Spottsylvania Courthouse in Virginia. He died in 1900. Two brothers, my great-uncles Pleasant A. (or J.) and James Solomon Whitlow were also veterans of CSA. My father, Robert Norwood Whitlow, was born in 1878 and died in 1949.

I would like very much to make contact with descendants of either Ann or any other Whitlows with the lineage mentioned as I have never known any Whitlow relatives besides my bachelor uncle, George, now dead, and my immediate family.—Jeannine Whitlow Keaton, P. O. Box 96, Leasburg, North Carolina 27291

Jordan-Phillips-Boren-Watkins-Porter

Who were the parents, what were birthplaces, dates of birth and death, etc. of Obie D. (Obadiah) Jordan and his family? He is buried at Regency Cemetery, San Saba County, Texas. His wife was Ludie Burk, Burks, or Burkes. She is buried in Mt. Olivet Cemetery, Fort Worth, Texas and I need the dates, etc. on her. Their children were James H., born October 27, 1866, died July 19, 1954, buried Afton, Wyoming; Thomas Benton, my granddaddy; Sidney O., buried Bowser Cemetery, San Saba County, Texas; Twins Walter and Jennie; Mary Elizabeth (Lizzie Jordan Durst); and Dane N.

I need the full name, etc. of Jake Phillips of Tennessee. He was the father of Meridith Phillips, born Memphis, Tennessee, 1845?-July 31, 1915. He is buried at Sturgeon Cemetery, Archer County, Texas. Meridith was married to Medora Ellen Boren, born Poplar Bluff, Missouri (1863?). She died March 31, 1921 and is also buried at Sturgeon Cemetery. Martha Jane Porter and James Boren were Medora's parents.

F. Gerald Watkins was born in Corsicana, Texas and had two sisters. He was married to Sadie Mae Jordan in Wichita Falls, Texas in 1922. I'll appreciate further information on any of these people.—Mary Lee Watkins Winters, P. O. Box 852, Mertzon, Texas 76941

Clint Lung

My grandfather was Clint Lung, a U. S. marshal in the Southwest in the late 1800s. He had three sons that I know of, and I think he had two brothers. I believe they were of German ancestry. My father's name was John Brandt Lung. He died in 1938 in Corinne, Oklahoma. I would greatly appreciate any information concerning my grandfather.—Mrs. Frankie O'Connell, Fairview Route, Box 1083, Coquille, Oregon 97423

Slaughter-Miers

My grandfather's name was John Lafayette Slaughter, birthdate unknown. He lived and died in Pear Valley, McCulloch County, Texas. His father was James Marion Slaughter, raised and married in Houston, Mississippi. My grandfather's wife's last name was Miers.

My great-great-great-grandfather was a captain with General Sam Houston at the battle of San Jacinto. His name was Benjamin Bryant, later a major with Sam Houston when the latter was President of Texas. He and his wife are buried in the State Cemetery in Austin, next to Governor Jim Ferguson. I would appreciate more information.—T. D. Slaughter, Box 1046, Angleton, Texas 77515 or Billy D. Slaughter, 125 Alto Vista, Del Rio, Texas 78840

Toms-Culver

I am seeking the names of ancestors of the Toms family who lived in Bienville Parish, Louisiana in 1850. Edward H. and Polly A. T. Toms had six children: Emily; Thomas J.; Edward H.; Mary J.; Emoranda; and Loretta B.

Thomas J. Toms was my great-great-grandfather who disappeared in Tennessee during 1864. He left a wife, Sarah W. Clark Toms, and two sons in Louisiana from which quite a large family has generated. It is thought that some of our distant Toms relatives were living in Arkansas but I have not located them.

Also, I have been desperately trying to find my Culver relatives who are descendants of Harriet Smith and Charles Henry Culver, Sr. They lived in Steuben County, New York in 1850. Their children were Sarah J.; Clarissa A.; Charles H. G. Jr.; Clarence; Emma and Solon K.

Charles Culver, Jr. lived in Ohio during the 1880s and 1890s when he moved to Ionia, Michigan and possibly died there after 1917. Solon K. lived in Louisiana from the 1870s until his death in 1923. Possible northern names connected with this family are Barry, Mays, Van Valkenburg, Granger and Bancroft. All letters will be answered and any help appreciated.—Mrs. Mary C. Willis, 601 Tyler Street, Jonesboro, Louisiana 71251

Hinkle

Little has been printed on music of the old West. What has been printed would indicate music had a large part in the entertainment of the old pioneers. There has been a problem that needs solving for a book I am writing.

Lewis Gideon Hinkle, born 1832, moved to Saint Joseph, Missouri in 1850. He was a maker of the three-string Appalachian dulcimer. About 1876 his nephew, Lewis Napoleon Hinkle, left Mason County, West Virginia and lived with his uncle in Saint Joseph for at least one year and taught school there. In that year he learned to make dulcimers. On his return to West Virginia he made Appalachian dulcimers until his death.

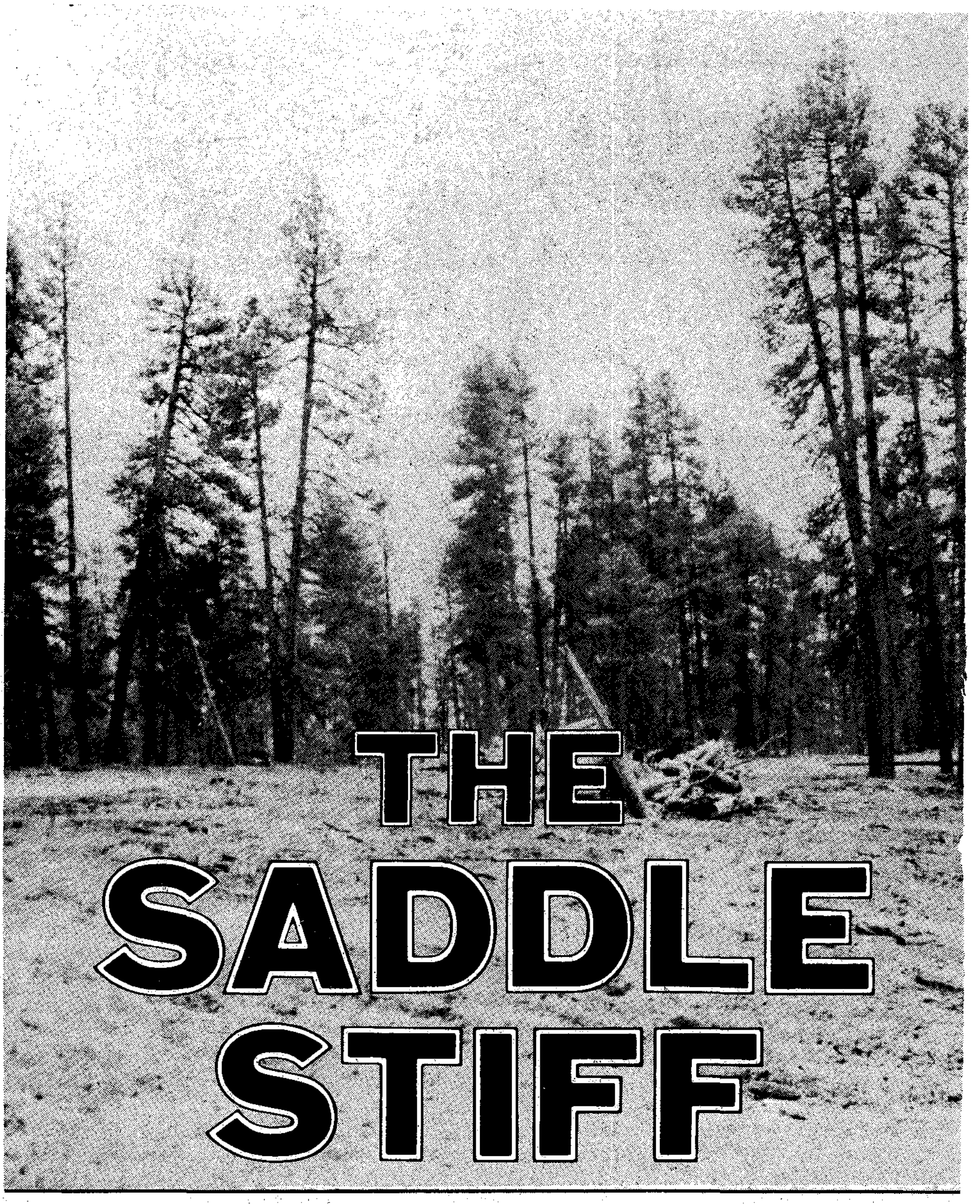
The trail of the uncle, Lewis Gideon Hinkle, has been lost. There is one family tradition that he went farther west and continued to make instruments.

I would like to know about his life after he went to Missouri, his instruments and anything relating to his family. This type of dulcimer is of American origin and Lewis Hinkle was certainly one of the early makers. Any information relating to him is of extreme importance.—H. E. Matheny, 13550 Hill Ave., N.W., Uniontown, Ohio 44685

Wiley-Scuddy-Hull-Ferguson

My grandfather James Louis Wiley, lived in Coryell County, Texas. He died in 1887 and is buried at Water Valley, Texas on the Hall Ranch. He was a Union soldier. He had relatives in Snider, Texas and Roswell, New Mexico named Wiley and Scuddy; and Hull and Fergu-

(Continued on page 47)



THE SADDLE STIFF

A one-man trading post should have been easier pickings!

BY MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author

PINE SPRINGS was a new trading post twelve miles north of old Houck in the Navajo Indian Reservation. When I went there as trader, the owner warned that it was on an old outlaw trail through that part of Arizona into New Mexico.

"You'll be there alone," he said, "and you'd better watch it for a few miscreants still use it to escape officers of one state or the other."

But a seventeen-year-old youth coming eighteen was hardly likely to imagine any precautions were necessary, so I was caught flat-footed with never an idea in the world of danger one sunny October morning.

No piñon nut pickers had come in yet, though the night before they had been around until after one o'clock. Expecting them at any time, I sat on the stone step of the store entrance looking east into the pine and heavy juniper forest.

The mysterious rider must have been watching me sunning for some time before I grew aware of him and his horse behind a screen of limbs. He was so well hidden that I couldn't tell whether he was an Indian or a white man. But no Indian would be hiding to reconnoiter the post unless he suspected his mother-in-law might be there. There was a tribal taboo against meeting her face to face.

The rider emerged slowly from the brushy timber—a white man. He approached at a bare walk, a medium-sized cowboy with strawberry-colored hair under a floppy-brimmed hat that must have come off the discard pile. His slick chaps were badly worn and his shirt was tattered.

The horse was slab-sided, marked with dried lather, and was obviously jaded. The saddle and bridle were old, of poor make, and the whole outfit was hardly worth ten dollars. This horse and rider were so beat it struck me that they had come a long way and probably in a considerable hurry.

Halting nearby the cowboy considered me briefly before sliding to the ground and dropping his bridle reins. He looked spindly in his run-over-at-the-heel boots, the most harmless man imaginable. I took him for a chuck line rider, 'way down on his luck.

Halting before me as I stood up he asked in a kind of uncertain voice, "You reckon I could get the makin's here?"

"Come on in," I said. "We carry all kinds of tobacco. But no cigarets. The Indians around here won't buy them."

"Thanky."

ENTERING behind me he looked around quickly and went to the free tobacco box on the counter. In those early trading post days a lidless cigar box was kept handy with tobacco, papers and kitchen matches for Navajo customers.

The door into the rear living quarters stood wide open beyond the cross counter where hardware items were shelved. A couple of saddles were suspended from the ceiling on short ropes.

While rolling a very thick cigaret, all

Top: An old outlaw trail ran past the trading post east into New Mexico. Below: Navajos harvesting the piñon nut crop that was sold at Pine Springs.

the loose tobacco he could cram into it and still lick the paper together, he kept listening toward that door. He did not look directly at it and tried to appear not to be waiting to hear some sound in the living quarters, but his head was cocked at a slant and one ear was bent in that direction.

Of course there was no one in there to make any noise, the post being a one-man operation. Every time the Navajos saw me doing my own cooking they asked why I didn't get a squaw.

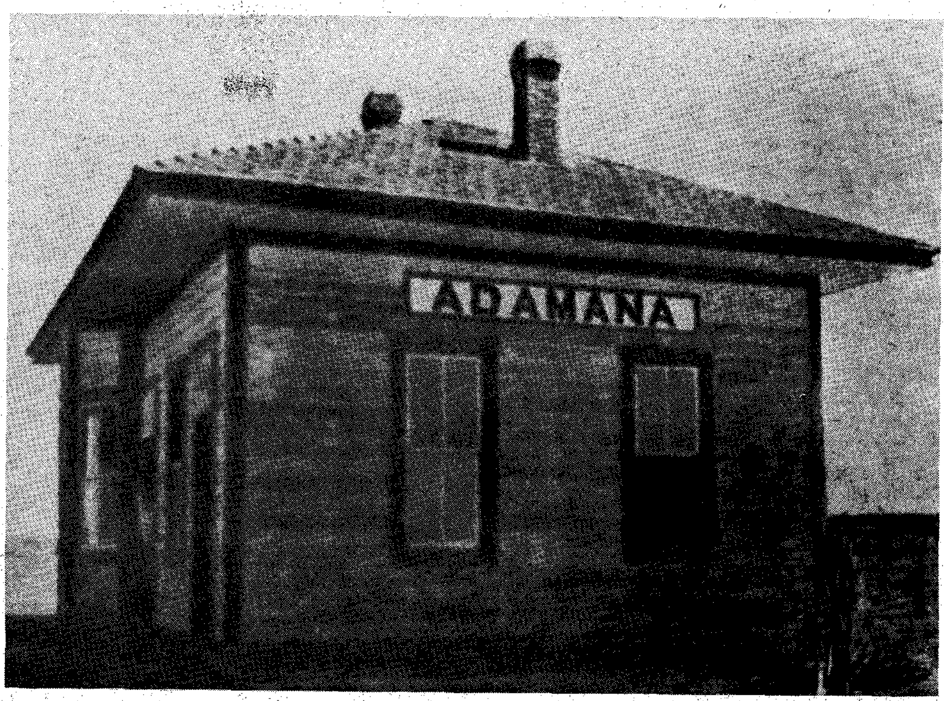
The cowboy's behavior caused me to examine him a little closer from behind the plank counter. My first discovery was that he packed a short-barreled revolver *in his right* chaps pocket, the leather-patch stitched-on type. He had carried a gun in the pocket so long that the leather had shrunk tight around it like a glove. Unlike the Navajos and most cowboys he did not stuff a piece of rag in over the gun to keep out dust.

Instead of being a chuck line rider, this inoffensive appearing cowboy was more likely on the dodge. He had come down the old outlaw trail from New Mexico, the state border being only about fifteen miles due east. Still, I wasn't particularly alarmed. Any minute now a large number of Navajos would be arriving at the post to trade. They were already overdue.

Just to make conversation I asked him, "Have you been riding far?" The roll behind his saddle, although thin, indicated that he might be carrying a little grub.

His steely blue eyes narrowed on me as he drawled, "Well, not too far. Just passing through to the Adamana country where I got a job waiting for me."

He mentioned the area down around the Petrified Forest and that made sense. At least he knew it was cattle country.



The cowboy claimed he was going to Adamana to get a job punching cattle.

TRYING to draw him out in further conversation proved futile. This cowboy was mighty close-mouthed.

The trader I relieved had departed in a considerable hurry. He spoke practically no Navajo and was scared of the long-haired men, a serious enough drawback. Worse yet, he had tried to make up to the young Indian girls. Encountering a lot of trouble, he finally departed for the railroad at Houck on the Rio Puerco River between sundown and sunup.

The trader must have had a phobia about Indians for he had armed the post store beneath the counters with automatic .45 caliber Colt's and leaded wagon wheel spokes. The automatics were in leather holsters nailed to the two-by-four counter supports. The clubs with thongs run through the small end hung to nails driven into the timbers. There was one of these weapons every three feet. In case of trouble he would always be within reach of a club or an automatic.

After taking over as trader I had planned to remove the weapons for it might give my Navajo customers the wrong impression if they saw those automatics and loaded clubs. They would imagine that I was also a scared white man, as they referred to the trader who fled Pine Springs. For the moment, however, I was glad they were still there. They were the main reason the scroungy cowboy didn't frighten me.

After smoking the first free cigaret like a man long starved for tobacco the cowboy rolled a second, just as big and fat. He also stealthily pocketed nearly all the matches in the cigar box.

Keeping an eye on him all the while, I listened at the front door expecting to hear the clatter of arriving Navajos, or maybe a wagon bringing sacks of piñon nuts to barter. There was a good crop that year and the community was living high.

(Continued on page 43)

Right: Navajo cowboys watched for the return of the young hardcase. Below: Navajo women, who owned sheep and cattle, were the main customers at the trading post.

William Silas Roberts

Lula Northcutt Roberts

WILL ROBERTS OF THE PANHANDLE

BY DEE WOODS

Photos Courtesy Author

He had a good life. How could any boy go wrong who didn't read his first newspaper till he was eighteen years old!

IN a Pampa, Texas hotel a group of men sat leisurely, swapping stories and waiting for the dining room to open for lunch. William Silas Roberts, in town on business in connection with some oil leases, entered the lobby, spotted the group and walked over.

Colonel Jesse Wynn was speaking. "The best rider I ever saw," Wynn said, "was a boy on a roan pony. I needed horses for my mail route as well as for the ranch so I took a colored man with me to Whitney, a town in Hill County. A Mr. Winters had about the biggest horse ranch in the state there. That boy on the roan pony helped drive those horses all the way to the Panhandle. Don't remember his name."

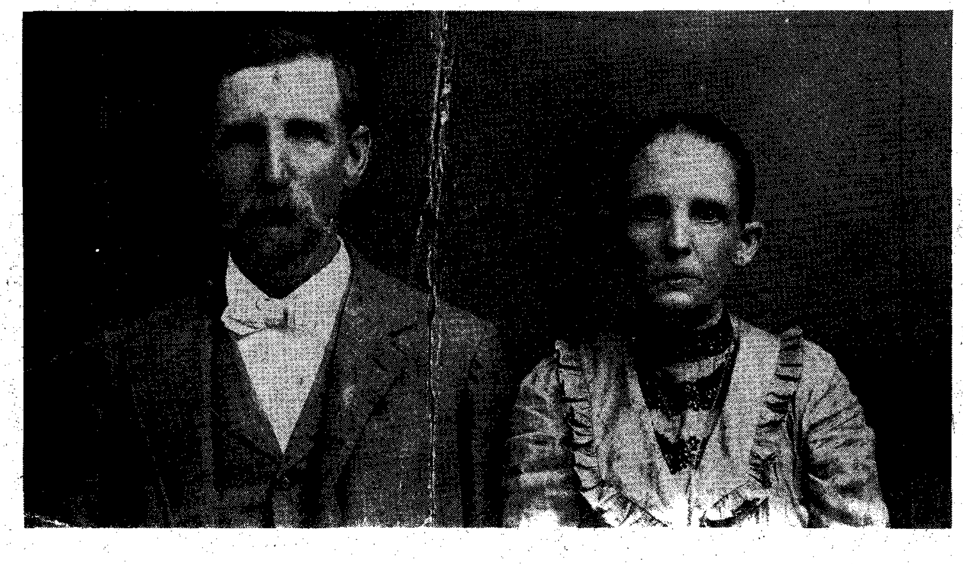
Roberts spoke up, "You called me 'Will,' Colonel Wynn. I was the boy on the roan pony."

The horses had been a wild lot; most of them were mustangs, Colonel Wynn recalled. When close to a hundred had been penned, fifteen of them got out. The men were not going to bother about the runaways, so Will had taken it upon himself to catch them. He ran them five miles before he could herd and bring back fourteen of the fifteen. By the time Wynn, the Negro, and Will got the herd to the Panhandle the horses were more or less gentled and a number were broken to ride. At the time of this drive to the Wynn ranch Will Roberts was only fifteen years old.

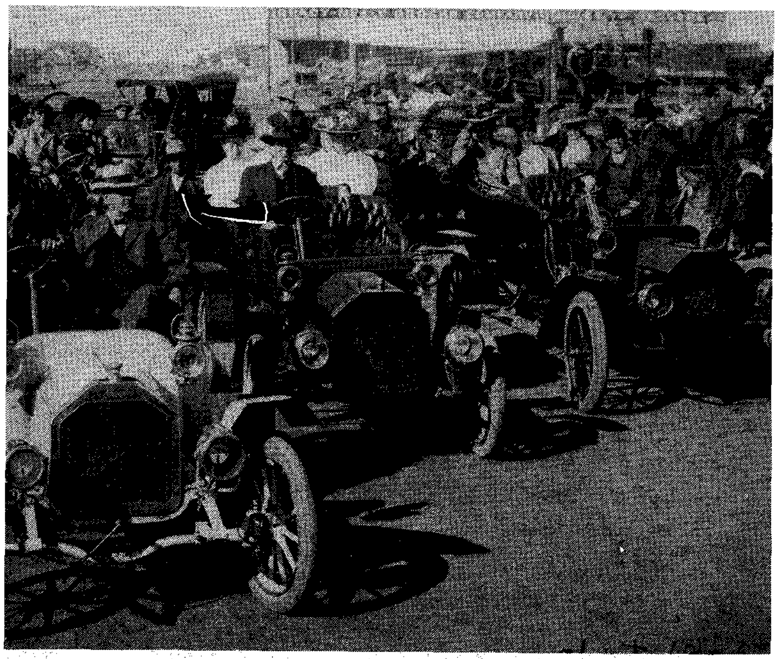
Will's grandfather, John Daniel Roberts, brought his family from Illinois to Navarro County, Texas in 1848 along with two cousins, Aaron and "Turkey" Roberts, and a man named Stroud. Turkey later moved on to New Mexico. Aaron and his family settled in Navarro and Dallas Counties. Will's father, Jesse, was only two years old when the move was made from Illinois.

Among the Confederate soldiers stationed on Galveston Island during the Civil War Jesse Roberts was known as the one who could out-run and out-lift any other man on the island. In later years when Old Fiddlers Contests were popular, he held the title of Champion Old Fiddler of the World for a decade.

After the war ended, Jesse married Epsa Williams of Corinth, Mississippi. Will was born in 1866 in Hill County, Texas. Before he was two years old he had learned to swim in Towash Creek.



Left: Will's parents, Jesse and Epsa Roberts.



Below: Office of Will Roberts at the corner of 5th and Polk Streets in Amarillo. His brother-in-law, E. O. Northcutt, now a retired District Judge, far left.

The stream had a pretty sandy bottom and the little boy played in the water in his shirt-tail. His mother would be washing clothes under some large elm trees on the creek bank. Will was never afraid of water because he was used to it.

Benches in the first school Will attended were made of split logs with

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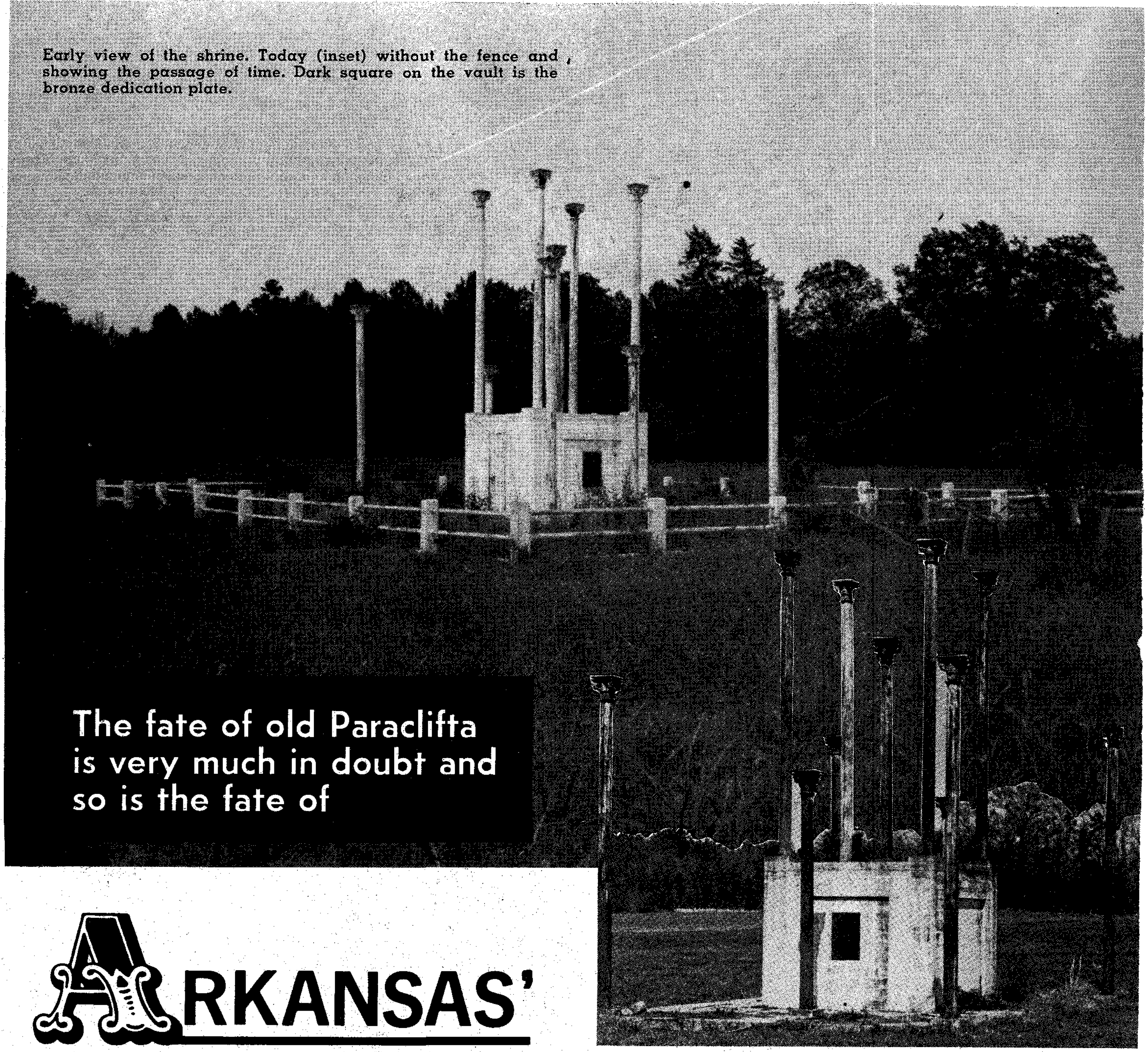


Early view of the shrine. Today (inset) without the fence and showing the passage of time. Dark square on the vault is the bronze dedication plate.

The fate of old Paraclifta is very much in doubt and so is the fate of

ARKANSAS' SEALED TIME CAPSULE

BY HAROLD MABRY

Photos Courtesy Author

Text From **Profiles of the Past**
by Harold Mabry
Reprinted With Permission

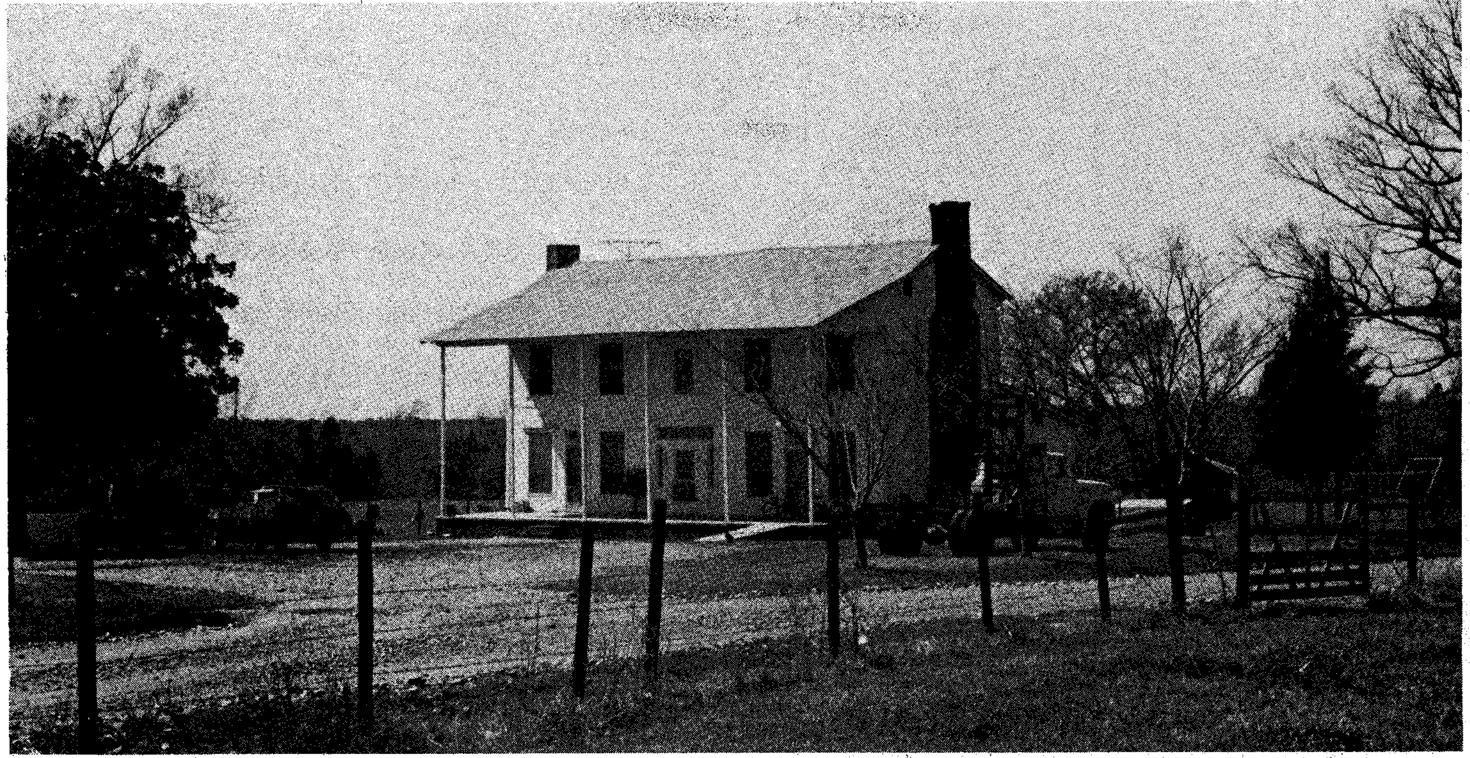
ON the site of old Paraclifta, ghost town county seat of Sevier County, Arkansas, is a monument that prompts many questions from visitors. The basic theme of this shrine is a simplified "time capsule."

Will Steel, to whom the credit for the conception of this monument is given, stated, "This shrine has been erected to preserve the records of families now living, as well as those who lived in the past, and it has been built to last for a thousand years."

On July 4, 1947 a meeting was held at the old Gilliam-Norwood home (the only remaining building of old Paraclifta) to make plans for the shrine. More than 300 descendants of early-day settlers attended this reunion. By 1949 the shrine had been completed and early family histories and artifacts had been gathered, and wire recordings made of speeches and statements of members of old families and dignitaries of a five-county area at a luncheon in Texarkana, Arkansas.

Surrey Gilliam, chairman of the Paraclifta Monument Association, presided at the dedication on November 2, 1950. The wire recordings were placed in the vault where they were to remain for twenty-five years, along with family histories and other items.

However, six years later the remaining sponsors decided to hold an opening of the vault and on May 27, 1956 the wire recordings were again played and additional material was doubtless en-



The Norwood house as it is today: minus its Old South colonial columns, upstairs porch, and gingerbread trim.

closed. Judge Wesley Howard of Texarkana was master of ceremonies. Speakers were civic leaders from Texarkana, Mena, De Queen, Nashville, and other Arkansas towns. Over 100 people attended and swapped reminiscences. Since that time the vault has remained sealed and so far as is generally known, no attempt to schedule another opening has been made, since most, if not all, of the original sponsors have died and apparently left no provision for the perpetuation of a controlling board or committee of the Memorial Association.

It is said the vault door was salvaged from the old jail at Mena, Arkansas, and the Grecian-style columns once graced a building at Texarkana, Arkansas.

Much has been written about Paraclifta, most of it wrapped in an aura of Old South charm and nostalgia. Perhaps this should be, because this segment of Sevier County's history closely resembles the popular conception of the old antebellum South, with its stories of fabulous social functions, the customs of "dressing for dinner" and of the family who would go calling in the family coach (complete with Negro coachman) and upon arrival, before they alighted, would be preceded by a footman who rolled out a red carpet to the gate.

SEVIER COUNTY was formed October 17, 1828, eight years before Arkansas became a state. Its territory was taken from the counties of Hempstead and Miller. It was then a vast area comprised of what is now Sevier, Polk, Little River and Howard Counties.

Bounded on the south by the Red River and on the west by the Choctaw Nation, it was sixty-five miles wide from east to west in some places.

A temporary seat of justice was established at the home of Joseph English. A second act was passed by the Territorial Legislature on October 22, 1828, appointing a board of commissioners: George T. Boring, Joseph Ladd, James Holman, David Clark and Levi Davis. They were assigned to permanently locate the county seat. After considering all possible sites they chose one which was later known as Paraclifta.

The first courthouse was built of logs at a cost of $150. The second was built

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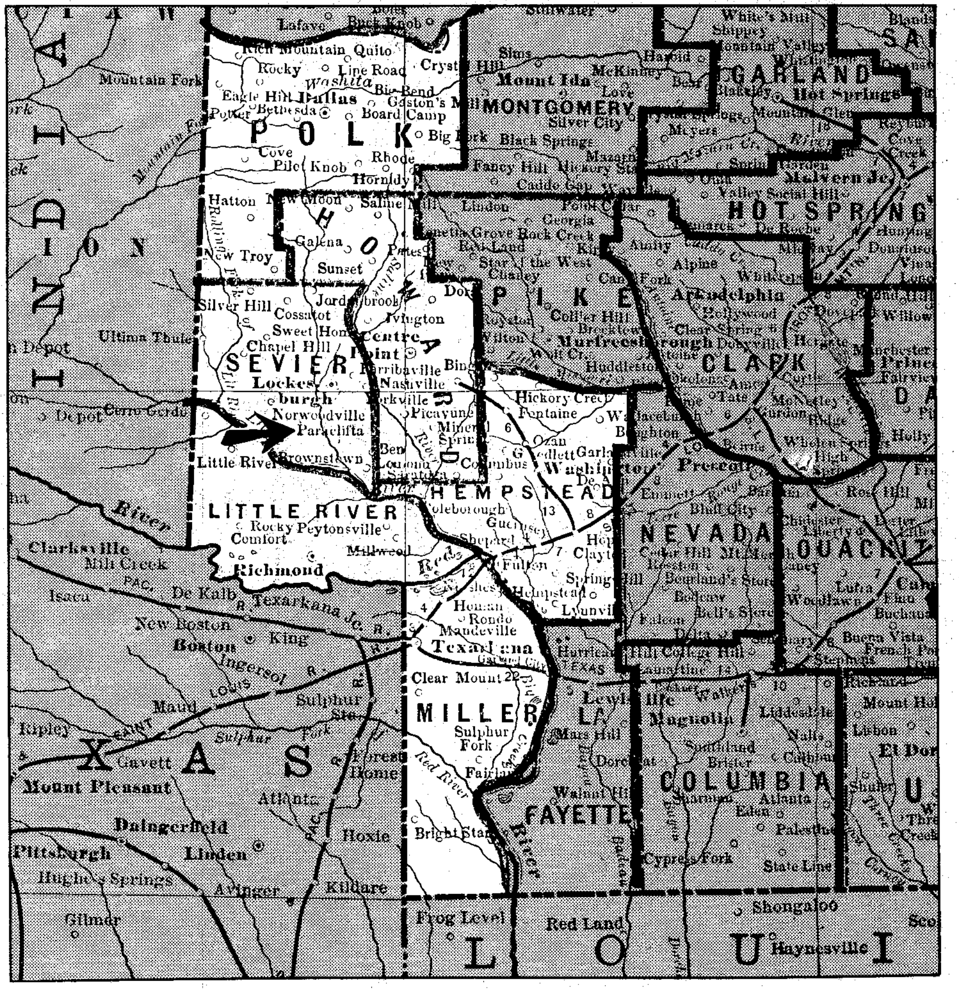


Paraclifta (arrow) and the counties involved lie in the southwest corner of Arkansas.

Map from **Cram's Family Atlas of the World**, 1888

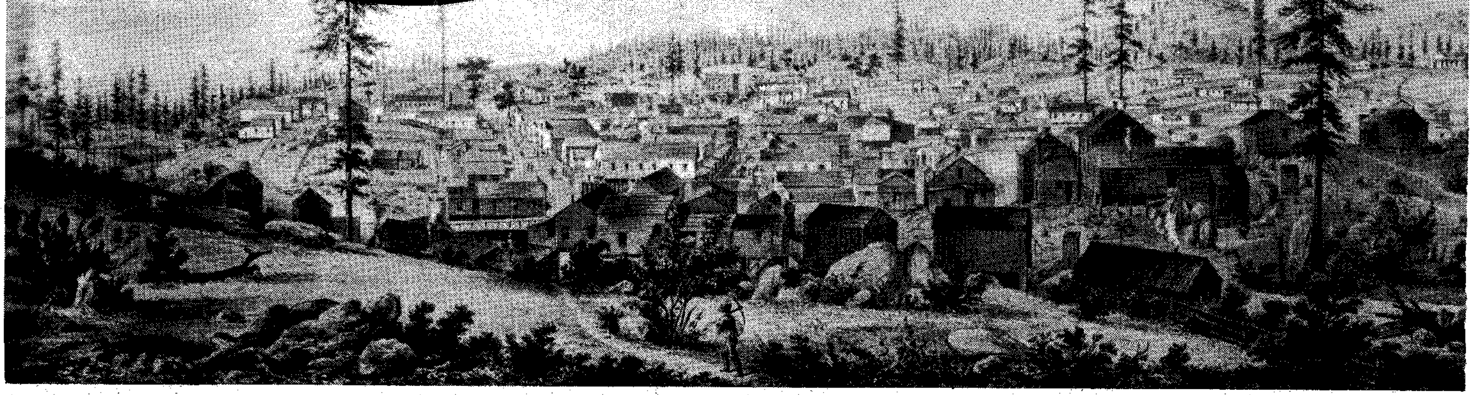
Courtesy Bancroft Library

"...a drunkard...a libertine...I knew no better," confessed our best known Shakespearean actor. "In a wild and almost barbarous country boys became old men in vice very speedily..."

BY STEPHANIE COOPER SHULSINGER

Photos Courtesy Author

WHAT THE G



Top left: Edwin Booth as Hamlet. Above: Nevada City, California, circa 1856.

Courtesy California State Library

As the house lights dimmed in San Francisco Hall on April 25, 1853, a restless mob of miners, traders, and assorted adventurers quieted down and watched the stage. The curtain was going up Act I, Scene 1 of "Hamlet."

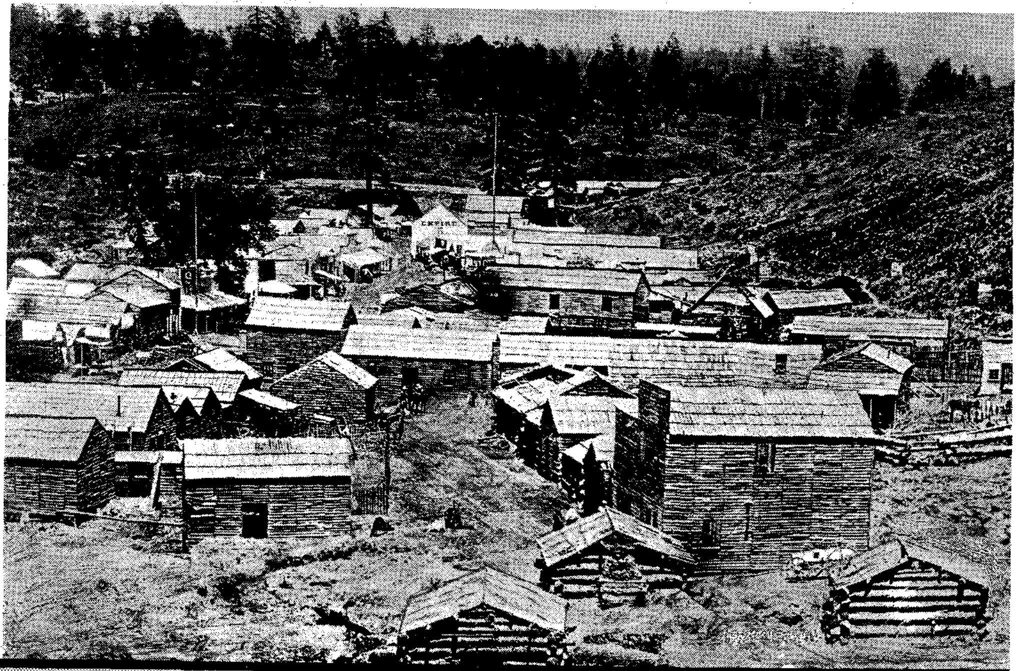
Shakespeare's plays had been shown in more elegant theatres than this humble building. It was fairly new but the walls were already stained with tobacco juice, and lack of regular cleaning assured a nourishing meal for the rats that infested every corner of San Francisco. But there was something special about this particular performance, which had been widely billed in advance. Edwin Booth, a son of the late Junius Brutus Booth, the famous actor, was to star as Hamlet for the first time, and as Booth the Younger was already a great favorite with San Francisco theatre-goers, the house was packed with his fans, unaware that they were about to witness the beginning of a great era in American theatre.

Perhaps something of it came across when Booth's slight figure drifted across the stage, a slender wisp of a lad in a black velvet doublet, with a pale, melancholy face dominated by eloquent brown eyes and delicately framed by dark, curly hair.

So young a Hamlet! Edwin Booth at the age of nineteen was attempting a role that many older and more experienced actors shied away from, but through it he was to find his life's work,

LD CAMPS DID TO EDWIN BOOTH

Courtesy Western History Collection, Oklahoma Historical Society



Right: Hangtown, 1850, showing the Empire Theatre (arrow) at the center.

the key to fame and fortune, and the key also to failure and despair.

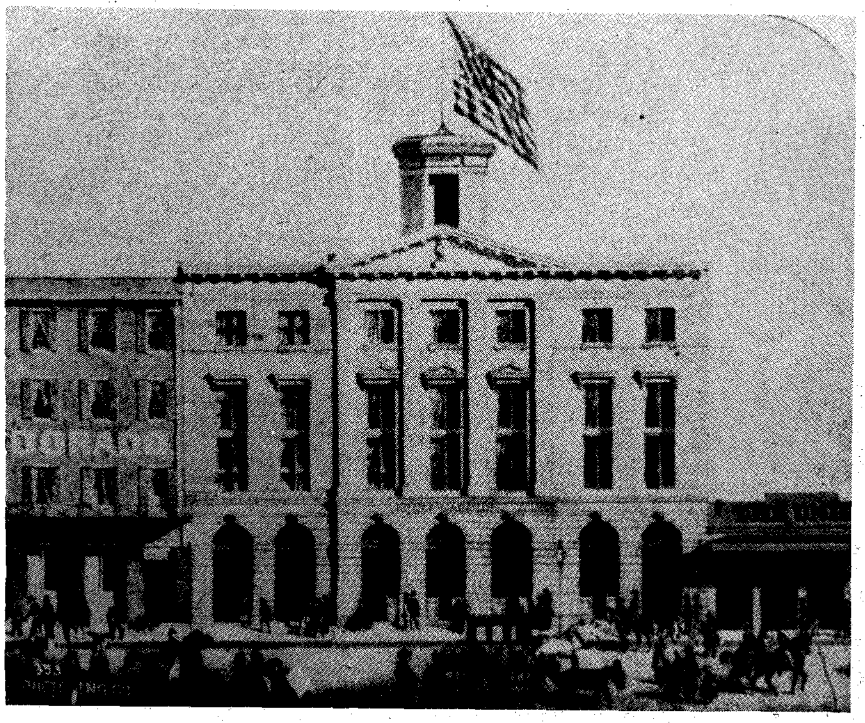
EDWIN had spent many years preparing for this moment; it was a part of his heritage, although it was never really planned that way. Born on a farm near Baltimore on November 13, 1833 to Junius and Mary Ann Booth, he was one of ten children of an unconventional theatrical family. "Unconventional" is a polite word. Junius was a bigamist, who had never legally married Edwin's mother. Only after his first wife stormed over from Britain with his only legitimate child did Junius Booth obtain a divorce and marry Mary Ann, generating a scandal that none of his children ever lived down.

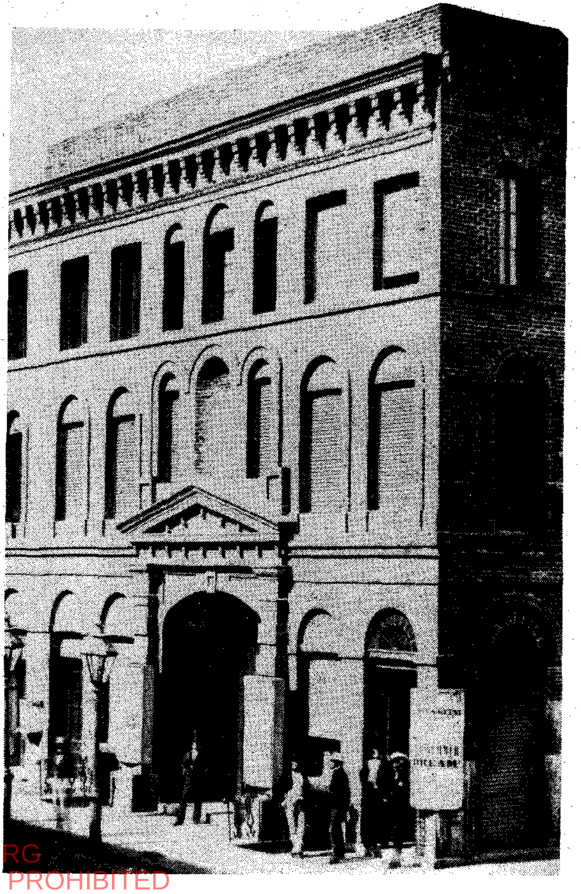
Everything depended on Papa's success as an actor—and his ability to stay sober, which he often failed to do. As a result, the Booth family life was somewhat haphazard, with a diet that often went from chicken one day to feathers the next.

Junius insisted that his children must never be actors, but unfortunately—or fortunately—he never arranged to train them for anything else. For Edwin it would have been impossible to escape a theatrical career. At the age of only thirteen he was sent off by his mother as a sort of baby-sitter for Junius, who was becoming increasingly erratic and undependable. Edwin had scarcely any schooling, but he learned every line and inflection of his father's distinguished repertoire: Iago, Richard III, Hamlet, Shylock, Falstaff and many other great roles, and at the age of fourteen he was pushed onto a stage to play a minor part.

When Junius decided to tour California and try to separate entertainment-hungry miners from their gold, he took Edwin along as his companion. They arrived in San Francisco by way of Panama on July

Booth performed in both the American Theatre, Sacramento (right); and Jenny Lind Theatre, San Francisco (below). Both photos, Courtesy Bancroft Library





28, 1852, and Junius celebrated by staying out all night with a bibulous friend, leaving his teenaged son on the loose in a wild town. Edwin's brother Junius, Jr., called "June," was there, managing a local theatre, but as he was living with a woman other than the wife he had left back East, his influence could hardly have been the best for a sensitive, emotional boy of eighteen, who was three thousand miles from home. Young Edwin was soon launched on a typically riotous career of his own.

Junius Booth performed in California for only three months, growing weary of the game as the houses shrank and the take proved disappointing. He decided to return East, but this time Edwin refused to accompany him, preferring to strike out alone. The wild and free life he had found in California was much more fun than the weary business of shepherding his father. They exchanged some hot words, but it ended on a friendly note, and Edwin watched with mixed emotions as flamboyant Junius Booth sailed away.

AFTER staying for a while with June and his "wife," Edwin got a job touring the mines with a traveling theatre company. Before he left, June wished him luck and gave him this advice:

"Put a slug [a $50 gold piece] in the bottom of your trunk, forget you have it, and when things are at their worst bring out your slug."

The company stopped first at Sacramento, then went on to Marysville, after which there was an uneasy stagecoach ride through open country infested by such bandits as Joaquin Murrieta. The company played in all sorts of camps and all kinds of "theatres" from an occasional genuine playhouse, with footlights and a hand-painted curtain, to saloons, barns, or abandoned buildings where the patrons sat on the floor. Some people traveled many miles to see a show, and knew every line of the play by heart. If they liked it they showered the actors with gold; if they didn't, a quick retreat from town could be a matter of life or death.

The towns Booth played in on this tour were some of the biggest gold camps in the Mother Lode, such places as Nevada City, Grass Valley, Rough and Ready, and Downieville. It was in Downieville that it began to snow—and snow, and snow. Not wanting to be stranded in such a remote place, the actors struggled over a long, twisting trail south to Grass Valley, but here, too, they found heavy drifts, and with food supplies running short the miners were in no mood for entertainment. Edwin pried his gold slug out of his trunk, but it only bought the company one meal. Glumly they learned the hard way that gold didn't guarantee food.

The actors decided they'd better try to push on to Nevada City, but here they found themselves really stranded, in a community that was facing possible starvation. Edwin already had quite enough on his mind when an old friend of his father's trudged into town with disastrous news: Junius Booth was dead. He had succumbed to a fever on the way home.

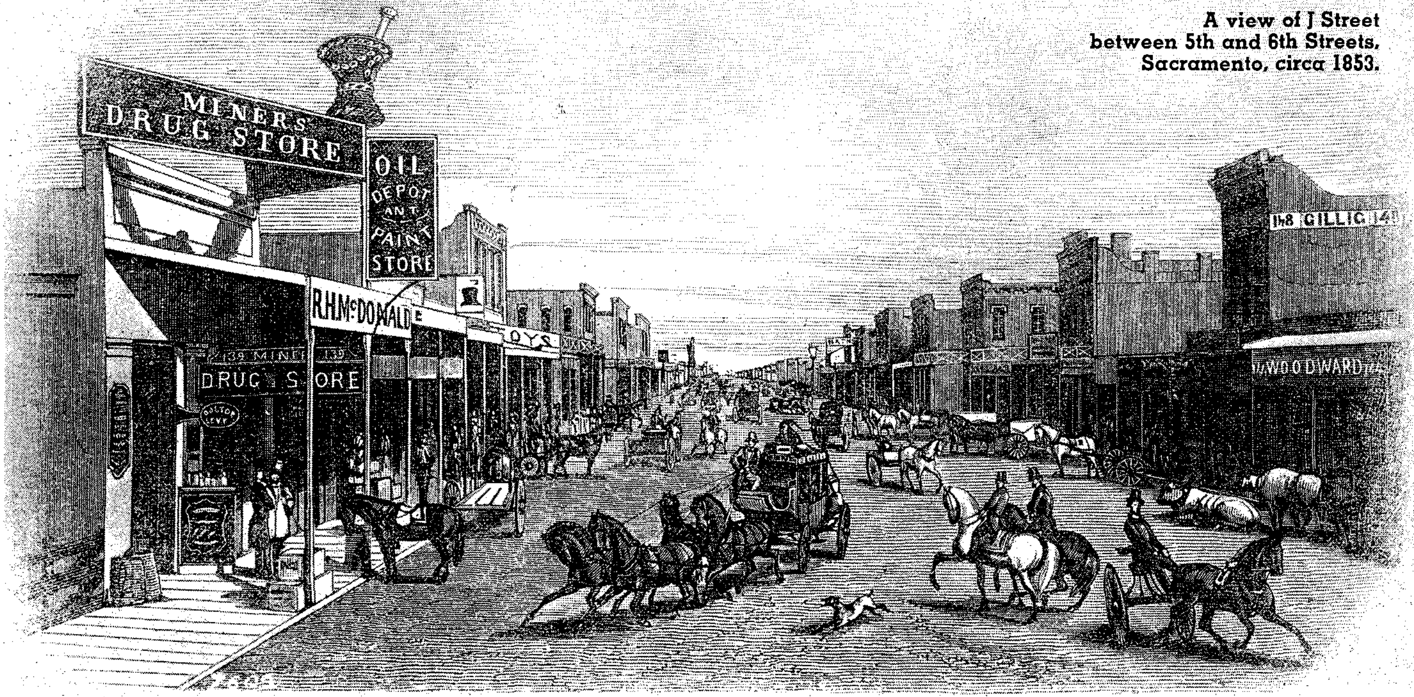
That such was a common occurrence when traveling through the fever-ridden swamps of Panama didn't soften the misery and guilt that overwhelmed young Edwin, who wailed over and over again, "I should have gone with him!" He was inconsolable despite the kindly efforts of the other actors, and in desperation joined a group of men who were determined to hike through the heavy drifts to Marysville, fifty miles away.

Miraculously they made it in two days, and soon Edwin was in San Francisco again, reading letters from his mother advising her sons not to come home. Their father had been buried; there was nothing they could do.

Edwin Booth Courtesy Bancroft Library

That's how it happened that a handsome young actor, wearing a black serape thrown dramatically over a red shirt, could be seen dashing on horseback toward rehearsals in San Francisco. Edwin Booth, every bit as colorful as his father and perhaps more talented, became a favorite performer and all-around character. Working for his brother June, he was cast in anything that could reach a stage: operetta, farce, romantic comedy,

(Continued on page 45)



A view of J Street between 5th and 6th Streets, Sacramento, circa 1853.

Courtesy Title Insurance and Trust Company, Los Angeles

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

WESTERNERS WRITE

The Prairie Scout—Volume III ($15.00) issued by the Kansas Corral of the Westerners maintains the high standard set in their previous two. Gary Roberts writes about Billy Brooks, gunman, sometimes peace officer and sometimes horse thief; Robert G. Athearn is represented by "Black Exodus: The Migration of 1879"—probably 25,000 blacks arrived in Kansas in that one year; Thomas W. Lucke writes on Fort Larned; Stan Haig on "The March of the Nineteenth Kansas"—Tokeaka to Camp Supply in November 1868; Rev. Blaine Burkey on "And Within an Hour: The Record of a Scalping"—during the Indian troubles of 1868; Charles L. Hall on the "Implications of Kiva Architecture" and Chester Bruce provides the highlight of this volume for this reviewer with an excellent essay on "Birger Sandzen, Kansas' Distinguished Swedish-American Artist," enhanced with seven illustrations by Sandzen and a photo of him. A special feature of the book is a frontispiece in full color. "Gunfight" by N. C. Wyeth. Recommended.

TEXAS HISTORY SIDELIGHTS

Maverick Tales; True Stories of Early Texas (Winchester Press, $8.95) by J. D. Rittenhouse is a colorful and welcome addition to the vast number of books about that state's history. J. D. Rittenhouse owned and operated the well-known Stagecoach Press, New Mexico's only private handpress devoted to printing Southwestern Americana. Many awards were won by Stagecoach Press and many of its published items are scarce and expensive. For *Maverick Tales*, Rittenhouse claims to have traveled well over 100,000 miles. In so doing, he researched the original sources for some of the most interesting, yet least publicized, incidents in Texas' colorful past. Stories about the prisoners of Perote, Confederate battles in Mexico, the great explorer La Salle who died in a Texas canebrake, the Texas navy, the Comancheros, and the slaughter of the buffalo are told from first-hand sources. The book is refreshing both in its style and content, especially the variety of actions which other authors ignored or hadn't learned about. The bibliography itself constitutes a sizeable contribution. This one is a must for Texas buffs or for something different and interesting about the early frontier.

SOUTH PASS GOLD

South Pass 1868—James Chisholm's Journal of the Wyoming Gold Rush (University of Nebraska Press, $2.95) introduced and edited by Lola M. Homsher, Director, Wyoming State Archives and Historical Department, gives the first historic account of Wyoming's gold rush near famous South Pass. Long used by the Indians, the pass was first discovered by whites October 22, 1812 when Robert Stuart and his party of returning Astorians found it on their way East. Trappers used the pass after 1824 and from then on, it carried more animal- and foot-powered traffic than any other U. S. transcontinental route.

Gold was first discovered in the South Pass region in 1842 but mining activities did not proceed until the 1850s. Most of the cattle and horses from Eastern sources followed the overland route westward and forked northwest, west and south over the Oregon, Utah, California and Spanish Trails to the Pacific Coast and intermediate goals. We are fortunate that the *Chicago Tribune* editor sent James Chisholm to the South Pass gold fields to report the facts for his newspaper. Those interested in adventure will enjoy his classic report on Cheyenne, a new terminus town at the end of the U. P. rails where he remained snowbound for several months. Here railroaders, soldiers, Indians, cowboys, ruffians, prostitutes and confidence men survived a roughhouse existence where there was no law, and disorder was the only order. Vigilante brand of law flourished and citizens awakened in the morning to see new vigilante victims hanging from improvised scaffolds. The reporter spent several months in the South Pass gold camps writing the mining news which was tame compared with Cheyenne, the Babylon on Crow Creek. Ghost towns were appearing where first hopes proved false. While considerable gold was taken from the area, the whole operation was a low-key adventure. A perceptive, fluent man, Chisholm made valuable observations about the topography, vegetation, wildlife, Indians, cattle and horse ranchers. He met the last of the fur trappers as well as the first homesteaders who foresaw a great future for the Wind River Valley. The author never met Chief Washakie, but reports at length about his kind acts to whites and his own Shoshones. High credits are due Lola Homsher for her brilliant work as editor.

GREAT WESTERNER

Charles F. Lummis was a remarkable man—writer, photographer, explorer, promoter, editor and publisher, patron of the arts, founder of the Southwest Museum and the number one "Westerner" of his day. *Charles F. Lummis, The Man and His West* (University of Oklahoma Press, $17.50) was written by his daughter Turbese Lummis Fiske and his son Keith. Mrs. Fiske did most of the research and was working on the manuscript at the time of her death in 1967—her youngest brother Keith finished the book. It is a fitting memorial to the man—the many quotations from his journals, diaries, correspondence and published works permit Lummis to speak for himself. All in all, it was a family undertaking that was quite objective—no attempt was made to deify their father by Turbese and Keith. Of special interest are the color plates and facsimiles from the House Book at the Loomis home, El Alisal. The watercolors are by Ed Borein, Charles M. Russell and Thomas Moran. Drawing and inscriptions by Ernest Thompson Seton, Alexander F. Harmer, Carl Oscar Borg, Borein (2), Frederic Remington, Joe DeYong, and Maynard Dixon are in black and white. A number of well known writers signed or inscribed the House Book: Joaquin Miller, Edward Bok, W. A. White, Stewart Edward White, John Muir, Carl Sandburg, Gene Rhodes, John Burroughs, Henry Herbert Knibbs, and Will Rogers. Numerous photos, many by Lummis or of him, further enhance an excellent book. Strongly recommended.

GREAT WESTERN MOVIES

Jon Tuska's *The Filming of the West* (Doubleday, $14.95) is the story of the filming of one hundred of the best Western movies of all time. The author looked at 8,000 western movies in the process of choosing the hundred. Broncho Bill Anderson, William S. Hart, Tim McCoy, Buck Jones, Ken Maynard, Tom Mix, Gene Autrey, Bill Boyd, George O'Brien, and John Wayne are among the select hundred. This is a big handsome volume with numerous illustrations—photos of stars, directors, plus stills from the films. It is an important history of one of the major segments of the film industry and deserves a wide audience. Strongly recommended.

IN THE NAME OF CIVILIZATION

Forked Tongues and Broken Treaties (Caxton, $9.95) was edited by Dr. Donald E. Worcester of the History faculty of Texas Christian University. In a series of well-done chapters, a number of his former students and associates examine the treaties and agreements with the Indians. Each chapter deals with those signed with a single tribe. Dr. Arthur H. DeRosier, Jr., Professor of History at the University of Mississippi, wrote the chapters on the "deals" made with the Choctaws, Cherokees, and Creeks. Dr. DeRosier also wrote the final chapter "The Past Continues: Indian Relocation in the 1950's." Dr. Emmett M. Essin III, Associate Professor of History at East Tennessee State University—The Southern Cheyennes; Valerie Sherer Mathes of the

(Continued on page 55)

Life was more interesting if your nearest neighbors happened to be

Jake and Spider Jensen

BY NOEL ROUTSON

Photos Courtesy Author

THE JENSEN BROTHERS, Eric and Jake, along with their sister Olga, were Russian Finns. They sailed over from the Old Country around 1886 and landed at Fort Bragg, California. The two brothers never married, but Olga later married in Fort Bragg and had a son, who may still be there.

While coming over on the boat the brothers became interested in gambling, and for several years afterwards they made their living by the use of cards. They were always honest gamblers and lived by their keen judgment and skill.

From Fort Bragg they drifted to the mining camps of Idaho, and around 1900 arrived in the Buffalo Hump gold camps of Central Idaho, along the Clearwater and Salmon Rivers. While there they did some gambling and located several gold quartz claims.

Eric told me that one night in Grangeville they were having a poker game and it wound up between Eric and a prospector from Thunder Mountain. The final big pot between these two went for high stakes. Both players had put in all their winnings, which amounted to about $500 cash, plus Eric threw in a bear hide and the prospector from Thunder Mountain entered a quit claim deed for a quartz claim he had just found on Crooked Creek, a tributary of the Salmon. At the showdown Eric won with three little fours against two pair. Five hundred dollars was a lot of money back then.

Later the brothers sold their claims in Buffalo Hump and traveled by horseback to their claim on Crooked Creek. The vein turned out to be very rich and afforded them a living for the rest of their lives.

They started their new venture by doing extensive trapping during the winter months and forest service work in the summer. This way they were able to buy a one-stamp quartz mill and start milling ore.

The Jensens happened to be one of our nearest neighbors, and following is one of the many stories that involved our acquaintance with them during my childhood.

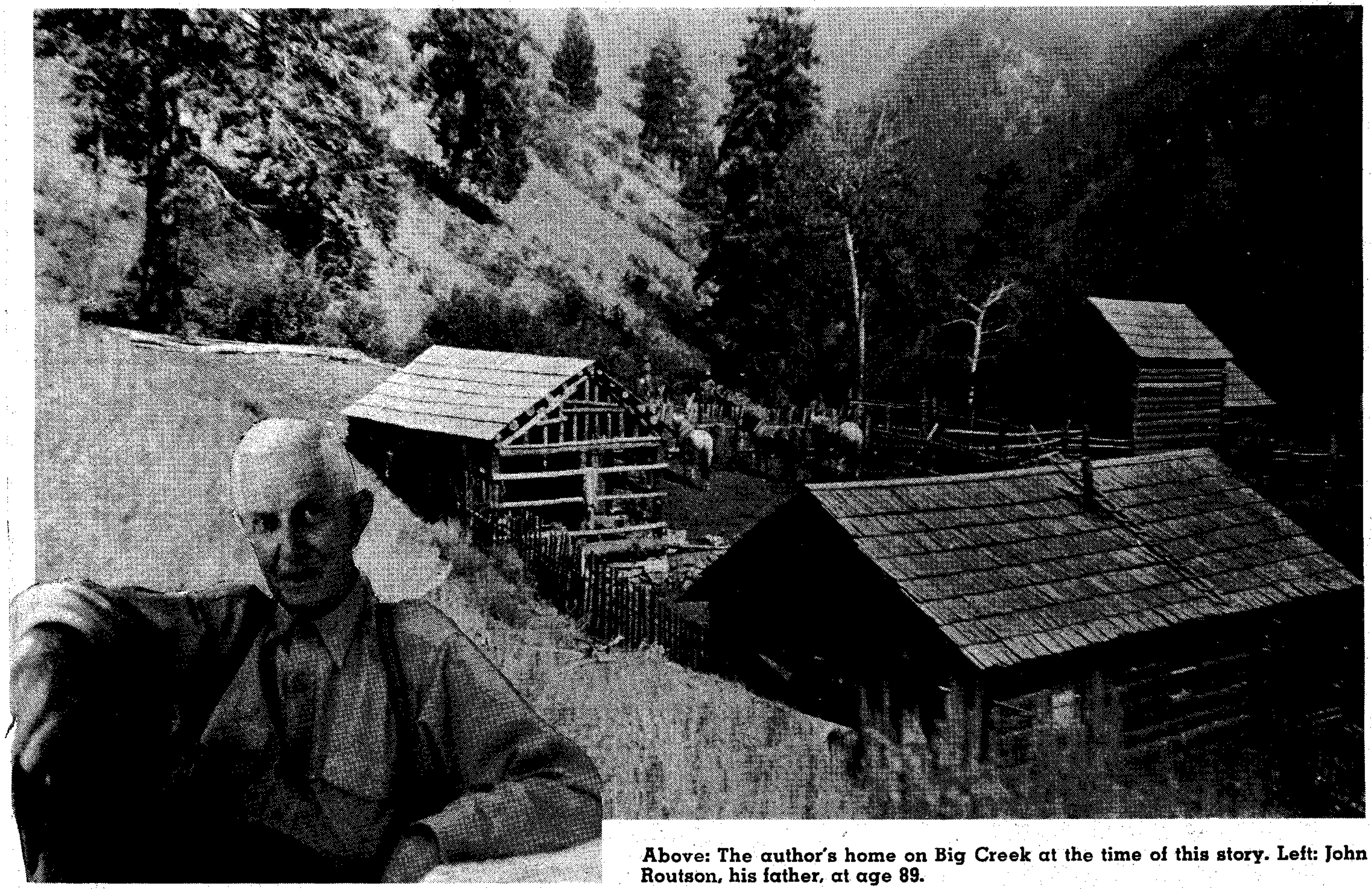
The gold quartz mine of Jake and Eric (Spider) was seven miles by narrow, steep trail, from our place.

MY FATHER, John Routson, was looked upon by our neighbors as being a country doctor. He had very little training as such but was always willing to help, and many times risked his life in order to do what he could.

In the back country at various times he had seen several of his friends suffering from toothaches with the nearest dentist over eighty miles distant by horse travel or snowshoe. So during a trip to Weiser, Idaho, Dad consulted with a dentist who gave him two forceps, one real heavy one for jaw teeth and a smaller one for front teeth. This dentist also spent some time showing him how they should be used.

Back in the mountains it wasn't long until the neighbors heard that Routson could pull teeth, and during the next few years several of them had their teeth pulled. Usually they would wait until the tooth was practically gone or abscessed before they came for help. There was nothing to ease the pain, except Dad kept a jug of whiskey on hand and usually they drank very freely before the extraction. No charge was ever made for any help that Dad could give; it was a matter of being a Good Samaritan.

There were six children in our family,



Above: The author's home on Big Creek at the time of this story. Left: John Routson, his father, at age 89.

and on these tooth-pulling occasions we were never far away. Dad wouldn't allow us to stay around, but we always managed to peek from a convenient vantage point. This was a big day, and well worth waiting for—to see the victim squirm with pain and try to shout to the high heavens. The operation usually took place in our yard. The patient, half drunk, would lie down on his back, with Dad holding his arms with his knees, left hand placed on the forehead and the forceps in his right hand. After the forceps were in place (deep down on the tooth), they never came out without it. Dad was strong in the wrists and knew just how to twist for leverage. It seemed that our sadistic tendencies had to be appeased for the many baby teeth that we had had pulled in the same way.

One day Spider Jensen came to our house with a very bad ulcerated jaw tooth. It was really painful. He asked to have it pulled. Dad gave him two water glasses full of whiskey and got everything in readiness. Soon the whiskey took over and Spider was very jovial, but not to the extent of overlooking the foreboding forceps. Spider soon announced to Dad that the "toot" was very much better. (He had quite a brogue.) Then he went on to say that his "brudder Yake" was a bleeder and that he himself might "bleed to det." Spider then started back home, singing a Russian song. We kids were robbed of our fun for that day.

A week went by and Spider showed up again, with no improvement in the tooth. This time he was begging to get it pulled. Again Dad gave him the whiskey to help deaden the pain, and again Spider tried to back out; but this time Dad said, "All you want is to drink my whiskey that I keep for medicinal purposes. Now this time the tooth is coming out!" And sure enough it did! Real quick! And Spider didn't "bleed to det" either!

IN DECEMBER of 1915, early one morning, the dogs were barking so we looked out of the window to see what was the matter. There came Spider Jensen on a trot toward our house, paying no heed to our dogs. (They would usually keep him bayed for a half-hour while we enjoyed the show.) However, the dogs wouldn't bite and would only bark at those who showed fear.

We could hear him holler a hundred feet away, "John! John! Come quick, my brudder Yake is dying!" Then, in his excitement, he turned at the door and started back up the trail.

Dad yelled, "Come back here and get ahold of yourself and tell me what has happened!"

After a lot of persuasion, Spider told us that his brother had not had a bowel movement for two weeks and was out of his mind and had a high temperature. John soon had castor oil and salts, along with an enema bag and other medicines, ready. Spider was like a quarter horse, fraunching at the bit and, when they started out, Dad soon found out that to stay up with him would be almost impossible. My father was a powerful hiker, had gained reputation of being one of the best, but to cope with a man full of love and desperation and charged with adrenalin was a different story. They made the seven-mile trip to the Jensen cabin in one and a half hours over a narrow, icy, steep mountain trail.

Upon entering the cabin, they found Jake in a critical condition—high fever, out of his mind, and his stomach was bloated. Right away Dad felt for evidence of appendicitis but it was hard to determine, with the man in this state. Yet something had to be tried or it would be too late. Dad finally was able to give an enema but it didn't bring results. Then they both got some castor oil down Jake and started to gently massage the stomach. After several hours Jake began to respond to treatment and it wasn't long until the fever broke.

About this time another neighbor, Jess Root, arrived and they were sitting around talking. Jake was apparently asleep and they still didn't know whether he had come back from the shadows. They were reminiscing about an engineer who had come through the country the summer before and stayed all night with the Jensens. Jake had been trying to weld a 2" steel shaft that supported his 650-pound stamp (on his quartz mill). Jake only had an old-fashioned bellows to furnish air, and charcoal instead of hard coal for heat. The engineer watched Jake work and soon told him that the job couldn't be done in that fashion. A big argument ensued.

To go back now to the conversation around Jake's bedside: Jess Root said, "I don't believe Jake should have argued with a full-fledged engineer, with all of

(Continued on page 49)

NUGGETS

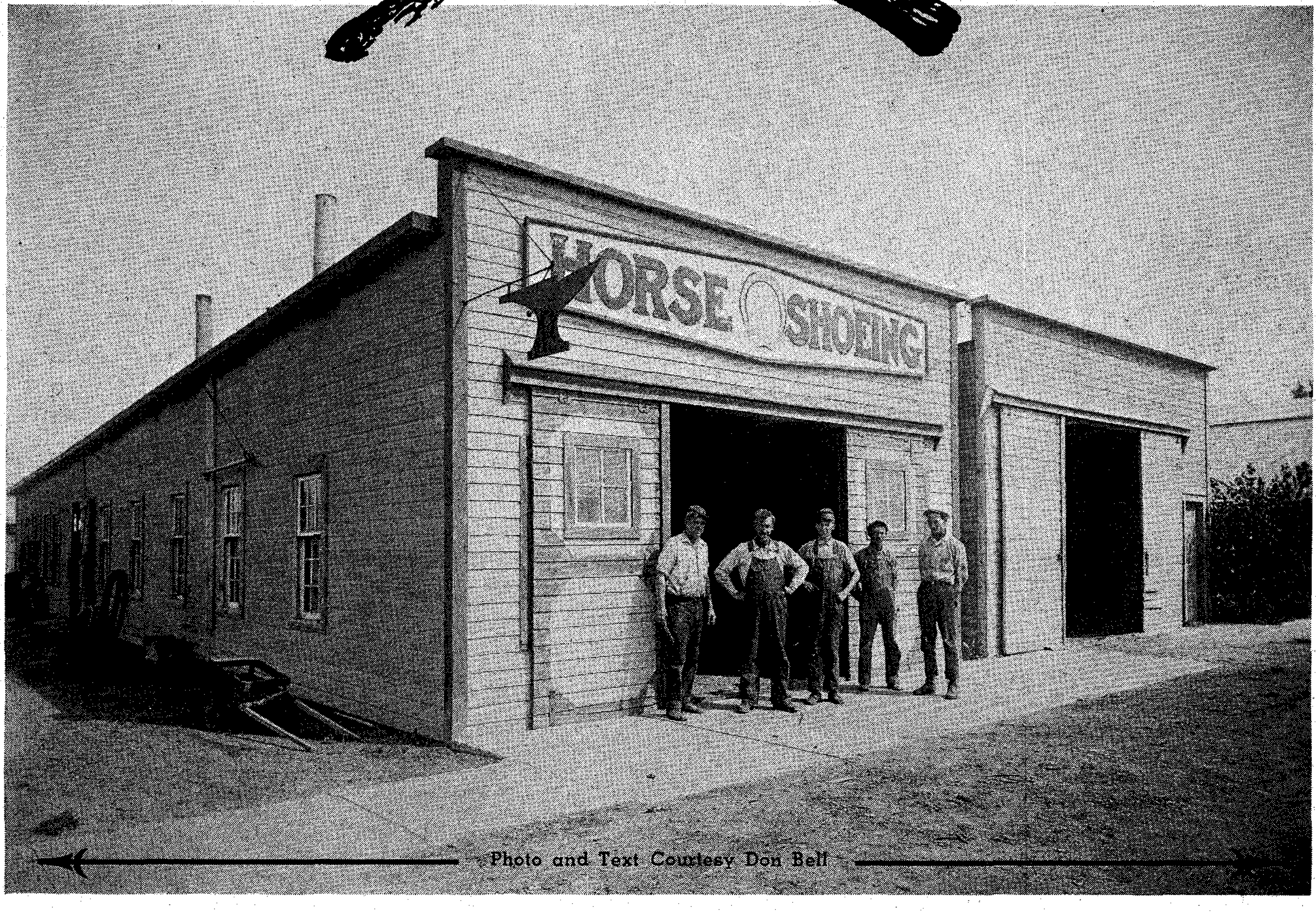


Photo and Text Courtesy Don Bell

Arthur Pifer was born in the State of Maine in 1882. He died in Powell, Wyoming in 1961. While a boy, serving his apprenticeship in a blacksmith shop, he learned all there was to know about metal. He was a forge welder, wagon- and wheelwright also.

One of his first jobs was making wagon wheels, today a lost art. He left Maine at an early age, and hired out as horseshoer for the Sells Floto Circus.

When Art joined the army he went into the cavalry as a horseshoer and saw service in Texas. At that time the cavalry was trying to capture Pancho Villa. After his discharge he came to Powell and married Lillian Mucklow.

Art built his pioneer blacksmith shop in Powell and shod horses for forty years in northern Wyoming. He was well liked by everyone, and his feats of strength are still talked about.

His speed record on horseshoeing may never be equaled by any other man. He shod twenty-three horses in a straight ten hours. That is hot shoeing.

During one Christmas week the town had a man dressed in a Santa Claus suit and driving eight head of caribou to a cutter sled in parades. His caribou all needed shoeing and Art shod all eight caribou in one day. On an ox or cloven-hoofed animal that's two shoes for each foot.

The photo above is of Art's shop in Powell about 1910. Art is on the left, with tongs in hand.

THE LITTLE BROWN HORSE

By W. L. Robinson

IN 1879 my grandfather, C. C. Durham, moved his family from Young County, Texas up into Baylor County on the Brazos River and settled at Cottonwood Hole about twenty miles west of the town of Seymour, Texas. The country was all open at that time and Millet Brothers' cattle range covered all the country from the Salt Fork of the Brazos south to the Clear Fork of the Brazos. Cottonwood Hole was in the western part of the Millet range.

On July 19, 1880 C. C. Durham died, leaving my Grandmother Durham with seven children ranging in age from twenty years down to an infant baby. Grandpa Durham had brought a little bunch of cattle and a few horses and turned them loose along the Brazos River.

While Grandma Durham was living with us about 1919, she told me about a little brown horse which was kind of a family pet. They kept him —for an all-purpose horse in the winter time. They fed him corn and kept him staked on grass where they could get him when he was needed. The rest of the horses ran out on the range and made it through the winter the best they could.

Along in December of the winter of 1880 a man rode up to her place one day on a give-out horse and told her he was working for the Millet cow outfit and wanted a fresh mount. He said he would return her horse and pick up his when he came back by her place a few days hence.

The Millet men had helped her in many ways after her husband's death and she wanted to help a Millet man, but the only horse available was the little brown horse staked near the house. She told the man to take him.

He hurriedly changed his gear to the brown horse and rode off. About two hours later the sheriff and a posse from Baylor County rode up. They were on the trail of a man who had stolen a horse in Seymour. The horse the stranger had claimed was a Millet horse was the horse they were after.

When Grandma told the sheriff that the man had been gone about two hours on a fresh grain-fed horse, he decided they could not catch him, so they took the horse he had left and went back to Seymour.

Grandma said that left her family a-foot, which was a serious business in those days and, worse than that, she had lost a pet. But she and Grandpa rustled around and caught another horse and made out.

ALONG in April 1881 they got up one morning and the little brown horse had come home. His feet were cracked and worn and he had a sore back but, after a few days of good feed and care, he was in good shape. Judge Joe Dickson of Seymour whose business in those days took him west to the New Mexico line told her that the horse thief had ridden her horse to Fort Sumner, New Mexico, a distance of about 250 miles.

The horse either got away or was turned loose and made his way back across the Plains to the Durham place on the Brazos River in Baylor County, Texas. Grandma Durham always thought the horse was coming back where he could get corn.

THE BRAVERY OF JANE HINMAN

By Ethel Bangert

ON the trail to California unexpected trouble of one kind or another was the daily fare of wagontrains. It was a dangerous and difficult journey and the fear of Indians was always with the travelers.

Jack Hinman and his wife Jane planned to build their home in the Valley of the Willamette in Oregon. In the spring of 1845, as soon as the weather permitted, they packed their stores and, with a single ox-team, started up the north fork of the Platte. They crossed the Red Buttes, went through Devil's Gate and on and across in the direction of the Snake River which was to guide them to the great Columbia.

At this stage of their trip, they consulted a crude map on which two routes were laid down, either of which could lead to the Snake. The Hinmans chose the shorter and more difficult trail.

Following its tortuous course in a northwesterly direction, they reached a point where the trail was barely wide enough for the wagon to pass. It was bounded on one side by a wall of rock and on the other by a ragged precipice that plummeted hundreds of feet into a dark ravine.

At this point Jane Hinman climbed down from her high wagon seat to help guide the team past a dangerous turn. Her husband was standng between the oxen and the terrible drop into the chasm when without warning the rear wheels of the wagon slipped on a stone and crashed over the side, pulling the oxen with it. The oxen, in turn, carried Jack down with them. He fell with a loud, terror-filled cry.

Jane, gazing with horror-stricken eyes, saw him bounce from rock to rock. He was preceded down the awful descent by the wagon and oxen which rolled over and over until they disappeared from view.

Frantic with fear the woman ran along the ledge, screamng for her husband and searching for any spot where she could hope to climb down. Praying that she'd find Jack alive she ran half a mile back from where the accident occurred before she discovered a more gradual descent into the ravine. Then, by swinging herself from one bush or sapling to another, she managed after a very long time and with terrible effort to reach the bottom.

Jane could find no trace of either Jack or the team until she scanned the precipice. There, a hundred feet above her head, she saw the wreck of their wagon. The bodies of the dead oxen lay on a ledge which projected out and over the chasm. Again with terrible effort, Jane succeeded in climbing up to the spot they had lodged. The oxen were crushed amid the remains of the wagon. Jane Hinman took note of the spots where the wagon had dug in during its wild descent, and by digging her fingernails into the crevices of rocks drew herself up in a zigzag course. Finally she reached a narrow ledge three hundred feet above the ravine and stopped to catch her breath.

A LOW MOAN directed Jane's eyes to a clump of bushes fifty feet above her head and there she caught sight of a limp arm hanging down among the stunted bushes. Climbing up to the spot she found her husband. Jack Hinman was badly bruised, unconscious, and bleeding from the mouth. He obviously had internal injuries but no bones seemed to have been broken. Jack's leather whiskey flask was still in his breast pocket. After Jane bathed his face with the whiskey she poured some of what was left down his throat. In a few moments Jack revived enough to understand what had happened and how serious the situation was.

"Don't leave me, Jane," he whispered. "I shan't keep you long."

This must have seemed an unnecessary request to make of a woman who had gone through what Jane had suffered but she told him quickly, "I'll bring you out safe or die here with you."

An axe and a coil of rope which had fallen from the wagon in its crazy descent were spotted a bit higher on the cliff. After climbing up to get them Jane passed the rope around her husband's body to form a sling and then cut a stout bush and trimmed it to make a stake which she firmly pounded into a crevice nearby. Finally with a display of strength she didn't know she had, Jane managed to get Jack Hinman into position. By laying the ends of the rope over the stake, she gently lowered him to the ledge. After that Jane rested for a long time.

Next, she descended to the spot where the oxen lay. She cut off pieces of meat, and ransacked the wagon until she found a pan and blanket. She kindled a brush fire, made her husband a bed of branches and then with the water she found in the hollow of a large rock, she made some meat broth.

The ledge on which the Hinmans were stranded was barely four feet wide and less than ten feet long. And there, on the face of that mountain, hundred of miles from the nearest settlement, the courageous young woman watched her husband all through the long hours of that first terrible night.

IN the morning, after feeding Jack more of the broth, she asked if he thought he could stay alone for a few hours. "I'm going to see if I can fetch someone who can help us out of this," she told him.

He was too badly hurt to answer.

Jane climbed up the trail and ran to the south. She knew that fifteen miles away was the fork of the road where the two trails on the map met. She hoped to find some immigrants or perhaps a party of hunters coming through the mountains.

Far sooner than Jane dared hope, she did meet six hunters, three of whom after hearing her story volunteered to go back with her and bring her husband to their cabin. This was a half a mile away. They lifted the weary Jane onto a horse and then rode rapidly to the scene of the accident.

Close to exhaustion by now, she led the men to her husband. Then they carried him carefully up the steep incline to the trail where he also was placed on one of their horses.

After a slow ride of four hours the man was safely resting in the hunters' cabin. Within a few weeks he was entirely recovered from his injuries.

After accepting a purse gathered for them by the hunters and after buying new equipment, the couple started out again and eventually reached their destination in Oregon.

Jane was only one out of dozens of brave pioneer women whose middle names must have been "bravery" and "fortitude."

PINAL ROUNDUP

By Dan Woods

THE old town of Pinal, three miles southwest of Superior, Arizona, was an army outpost around 1876 called Picket Post. From the towering summit of Picket Post Mountain, soldiers watched the plains below, flashing the news to Tucson with their heliographs whenever they saw Indians on the raid.

To get rid of these troops, the Tonto Apaches called all their warriors together, lighting hundreds of fires along a summit of a cliff that overlooked the post. But the bold army captain did not wait for the Indians to strike. As soon as night came, he rode forth with all his men and at dawn jumped their camp. A few fought, but most leaped to their death on the rocks below. The cliff is now called Apache Leap.

After the Indians were wiped out, the Silver King Mine was discovered. For years the great mill thundered away as it pounded out the rich ore at Pinal. Then the price of silver went down and the mill and mine were closed. The people moved away.

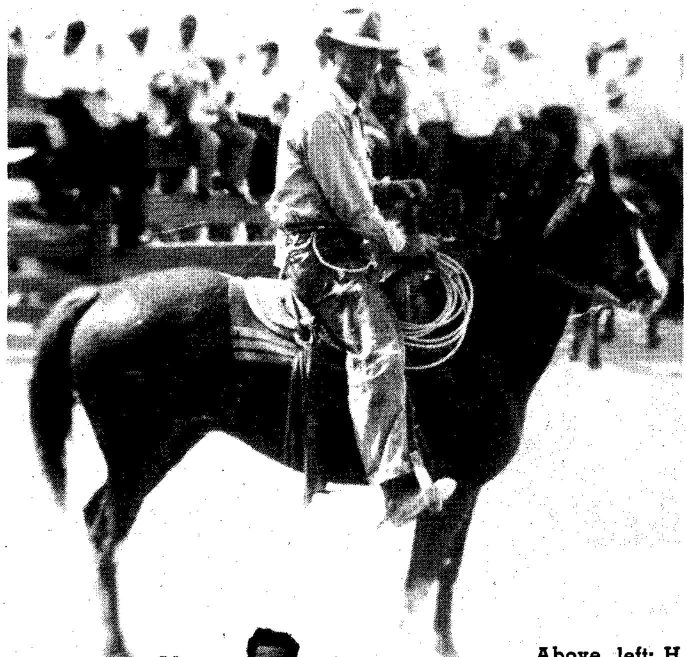
When the cattlemen from the Salt River Valley arrived for their annual roundup there were two men living in Pinal, Fatty Perkins and his partner in the cattle business, McGrew.

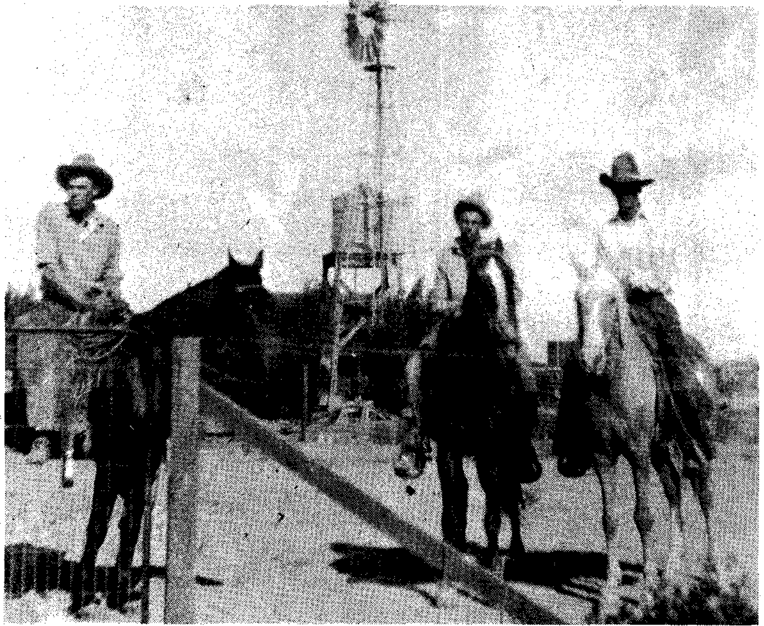
Perkins, known as the "Mayor of Pinal," lived in the old bank and corralled his horses within the walls of the old dance hall. In the gulch behind his residence, where once stood the saloon and red light district, were a pile of whiskey and champagne bottles big enough to fill a battleship. There were beer bottles beyond all count. Pinal had been a lively town while it lasted. But in the seventeen years since the boom had busted, Perkins and McGrew had hauled some of the town away. It was a hard country.

Fatty Perkins earned a living by just staying there. He and McGrew had a couple hundred cattle and branded their calves each year. When the cowboys came for their own roundup, Perkins cooked Dutch oven bread, beans, beef and triple extract of coffee for them.

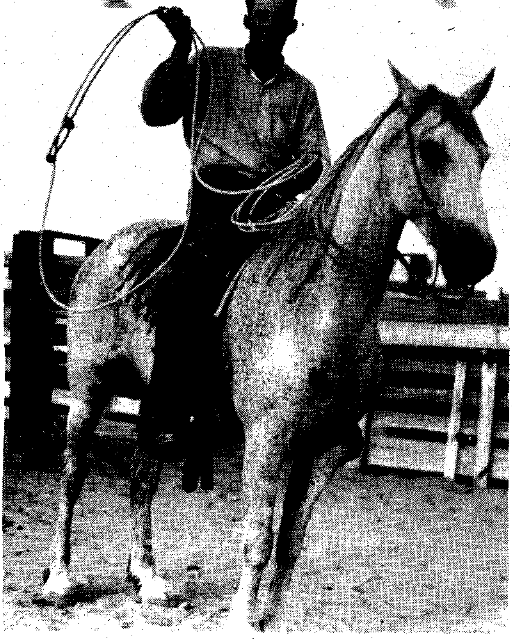
First came Dad Bellamy, who lived up Queen Creek at the foot of Apache Leap. He brought baled hay and camped within the walls of the store. Then came Stacy Penn and Charley and Cy Whitlow. If it had been a meeting of the sons of the American Revolution, you would not have found more aristocratic names.

There was old man Arthur, tall and green-eyed; there was Johnny Jones, son of Dr. Floyd Jones from Hampton Island, Virginia; and Mexico's Joe Reid who had spent a while in the land of mañana and big liars—he was never able to speak the truth again; and Ott Porter.





Above, left: H. O. (Polly) Pace, old-time cowpuncher. Above, right: Early-day Arizona cowpunchers heading for the Pinal roundup. Left: Darwin Parks at the corral. Below: Johnny Putman, Guy Cates, and Billy Byers (the little boy) ready to start for the Pinal Mountains.



Then drifted in the Mexican hands: Guilo; Guero, the blue-eyed one; Juan; and Conejo, the rabbit, all employed by Perkins and McGrew, who could not ride on the roundup. And at last, Josefo. He came to serve his master, a German merchant from Old Tucson, but he rode and roped with a wild joy all his own. He was the best vaquero of the bunch with a fast loop.

Out in the open street, and away from the ruins where no scorpions or centipedes would move in on them, the boys threw down their canvas-covered beds. They could also hear their horses from there.

The old time vaqueros lived very close to nature and to God. They could tell the time of the day by *el sol* (the sun) and at night by the formation of the stars. The Big Dipper was called *Reloj del Yaquis* (the Yaquis Watch). They knew all the stars—the Milky Way, "Job's Coffin," the Morning Star, Evening Star, and *Las Hermanitas* (the Little Sisters). They could tell you, within twenty minutes, the correct time. Some vaqueros considered it *mala suerte* (bad luck) to even own a watch.

THERE was a band of outlaw cattle that had escaped the general roundups for years and were as wild as deer. Whenever a valley steer wandered up to the peaks they taught him their fear of man. They were led by "Old Grandpaw," an enormous red bull and he was a fighter.

The cattle belonged to anyone who could catch them, and it was to prevent them from going back to nature that the cowboys rode forth into the wilds. It was a dangerous business running wild cattle above Apache Leap; the country was so rough even the outlaws shunned it—all except the red bull and his renegades. So the boys were out to catch them or kill them.

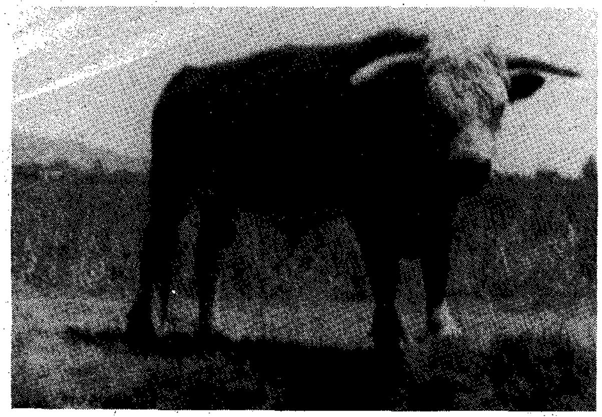
First, Johnny rode off over the mesa to the valley which his mare, Mag, used. It took a half a day to get a rope on her and another half to shoe her front feet. It took another half a day for four men to shoe her hind feet, and cinch a pack saddle on her back so it would stay.

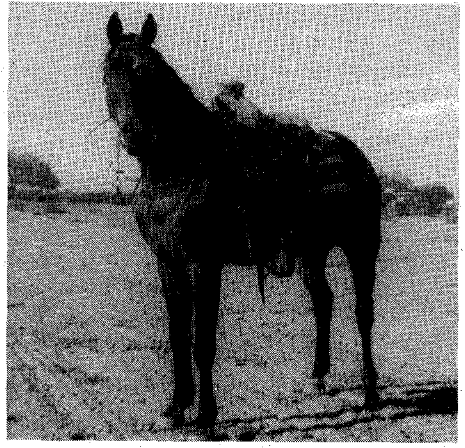
Then, tied to the tail of a soberer horse with a heavy pack to break her spirit, Johnny's Mag decided to trail along and they set out for Apache Leap.

A week later Mag walked thoughtfully into Pinal, back to camp, with three green cowhides and some loose skillets on her back. The smell of the fresh hides and the rattle of the hardware no longer disturbed her. There in the gathering darkness, the worn and gaunt men were bringing in the wild ones. Twenty-three sore-footed cattle and the red bull.

The bull crippled along toward the rear, still looking for his chance to escape, with his horns and hoofs festooned with the ropes of his captivity and a gunny sack over his eyes. Behind followed the "give out" cows and calves marked with the rope and the iron.

One of the boys was sick; another had burned his fingers to the bone on a rope. Behind them all limped Ott Porter's pet cow horse, holding his swollen foot above the rocky trail with agony in his eyes. Porter had poulticed the wound with cactus pulp and driven him twenty miles. It was rough going for a horse on three legs. But Porter said three was better than two.





Above: The red bull, unrelenting in captivity. Left: The mare, Mag. Below, left: Type of Mexican rope horse used by the vaqueros. Note the dally horn. Below: Cattle dogs assisted in brushy country.

Photos Courtesy Author

There is something devilish about certain critters. They will not even drive downhill, like the red bull with the spreading horns. He had not seen a man for over a year and despised them all. Soon Porter and Johnny had him stretched out and double bound. The sun had beat down on his head all day and the coyotes watched his struggle by night. But he was still on the prod. After being hog-tied for four days, he was put into the herd and their calm minds soothed him a little. So he plodded slowly back with them, his head blindfolded.

The fire in Perkins' fireplace burned blue that night, being built of planks from the old mill which were strongly impregnated with quicksilver. It added a sense of unreality to the tale of the Apache Leap drive.

For six days the boys had ridden the spiny ridges, holding their captives in a box canyon by building a wall across it and sleeping beside it at night. Their horses had lived on grain and short browse. The men had lived on bacon and bread. Each day at dawn they had begun a desperate chase which ended only with darkness.

The invincible spirit of man and horse had conquered these mountain outlaws and got them off the range; now there were three thousand more running wild in the Queen Creek basin, and the roundup had just begun. Like the Mexican vaqueros say—*Andale Pues* (let's-go-get-um).

TELEGRAPH-TELEPHONE LINEMEN

HAZARDS faced by linemen in climbing poles did not occur to pioneer merchant Augustus L. Moyer when he installed the first telephone in Crawford, Nebraska to connect his drug store and home. Requests for similar service from his fellow townsmen soon made it necessary for Moyer to install a switchboard and then, in 1910, to construct a building to house the telephone equipment. The first long distance lines linking Crawford with Alliance, Harrison, Ardmore and Fort Robinson were built by him. His son John Walter worked with him in the telephone business, and the following account of his experiences, here somewhat paraphrased, is in the J. Walter Moyer Papers at the Nebraska State Historical Society. At the time of the four-day storm, young Moyer was twenty-two years old:

On March 1, 1906, a blizzard in Nebraska's Panhandle swept between Alliance and Crawford, two busy stations on the main line of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad. Four passenger trains and ten to fifteen freight trains passed through Crawford daily, and Alliance itself was a division point.

The storm had begun the day before as a cold drizzle which turned to sleet, coating telegraph and telephone wires with ice up to three inches thick, and then to snow. The telegraph lines suffered great damage. Although the Burlington carried eight heavy galvanized iron wires on its poles, the slack had been pulled the previous summer and the wires were taut. The heavy ice combined with the cold caused them to contract still more, and when the sixty-mile-an-hour wind hit them the strain was too much and in some instances they snapped.

Telegraph communication was severed between Alliance, Crawford, and intermediate stations. To keep the trains running safely, the train dispatcher switched from the telegraph to our Alliance toll which was still operating. The toll line remained in operation until noon of March 3, when it went dead. Every test indicated the break was near the point where our telephone line crossed the Burlington tracks less than a mile south of Belmont. Roads leading to Belmont, ten miles south of Crawford, were blocked, but if my calculated location of the trouble was correct the break in the line could be reached by train.

I called the Burlington agent. A freight train was scheduled to leave the yards as soon as the helper engine could be coupled behind the main line engine, so I collected my equipment and headed for the depot to board the freight.

Looking forward from the cupola of the waycar it was frequently impossible to see the engines because of the blowing snow. The telegraph lines were in fair condition until we reached Horseshoe Curve just north of Belmont. It was telegraphic disaster from there on as the line crossed canyons, ravines, and other rough topographic features on its climb up the side of Pine Ridge.

We had set a forty-foot pole on each side of the tracks to carry our wires over the rails. The next two poles were somewhat shorter, and after that all poles were standard height. The wind was much worse on top of Pine Ridge, and to climb the highest poles in such weather would be virtually impossible. Carrying the heavy test set, I pushed through the snow to the second pole, pushed on down to the third, and there found the broken wire. I climbed the pole with difficulty, my back to the wind, and slipped the ends of the broken wire into a sleeve and made the splice.

My safety belt was still looped around the pole and cross-arm when a sudden gust of wind hit me. My knees buckled, my climber hooks pulled loose from the pole, and I dangled in mid-air but the safety belt held.

After connecting the top wire loosely to the telephone line wire so it could be pulled free from the ground later, I jammed my climber hooks into the pole, loosened my safety belt, and carefully descended. To test the line I connected the drop wire to one of the two terminals on the test set and hooked another wire to the second terminal. It was necessary to have a good ground connection since we were using a ground circuit, and although I had a short galvanized rod I had nothing heavy enough with which to pound it into the earth.

Fortunately there was a barbed-wire fence nearby. I connected one wire leading from the test set to the bottom wire of the fence as it was the most likely to be grounded, returned to the test set, gave the generator crank a quick short turn, and the bell rang out clear. The Crawford and Alliance operators answered simultaneously. The Alliance operator connected me with the train dispatcher so that he could give the order for a train to stop for me at Belmont.

Although it was difficult to plow through snow drifts to reach the tracks, the tracks were fairly clear and the mile walk to Belmont was not hard. When the train stopped at the station, I climbed into the caboose and stretched out on a cushion close to the stove. The next thing I knew the conductor was awakening me at Crawford. The telephone line continued to work throughout the storm.—*Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln.*

The Old Man's Dime

(Continued from page 15)

the other millions up to 1916, the last year for this type, when San Francisco alone minted 5,820,000. Somewhere down the line those two dozen 1894 dimes were mixed and put into circulation.

Any one of these coins is worth whatever a fellow could get some avid collector to pay him. What kind of jackpot had Rob Roy latched onto! Since he had traveled more than half-way around the world, where in those thousands of miles had he picked up the thing?

Answer: Manila. He got it from an old man. For those several days he had been in Manila he had chartered a taxi for his running around. The driver must have been what here in Texas, or in Mexico, would have been called a "coyote"—an arranger, a pimp, one who manages to get you anything for a price. If you have the cash, he will take it from there. The term also means thief, moocher, crook and almost any other kind of villain—one who is fairly loyal to his employer, but with his hand always out.

ROB ROY had several hours before his plane was to leave and asked the driver if he knew somebody who dealt in valuable coins. Yes, there was such a man. And close by, too. Through the old walled city they drove and on out to a barrio of nipa huts that had been well cobbled with tin cans which were now rusty. They stopped at a hut that was a curious mixture of nipa, cans and rubble that might have been salvaged from the bombing some thirty years ago. The driver entered and soon came out for Rob Roy.

An old man, sitting in a big, but rickety, rattan chair, arose with the aid of a cane. The Texas-type Spanish of Rob Roy was more than adequate for negotiations, as the old man's English was good. He had some coins, but nothing of any great moment; not the gold that Rob Roy was looking for. There were coins that were interesting items, but worth little more than bullion value.

The Chinese characters on some of them looked exotic at least, and they agreed on several Hindu-scribed pieces and a Spanish piece of eight that had many chop marks from Chinese merchants. The bill was now about $40, but did he have anything that was *really* valuable? He did have something he had been told was valuable, but he did not know for sure. He would take $50 for it. The man who had given it to him, however—an Anglo he knew only as Fred, had told him to guard it well, since one day he might find somebody who would give him good money for it.

In the civilian prison camp in 1943, the old man and Fred had been fellow prisoners. Fred had been captured at Corregidor, where the Japanese suspected that he might have had something to do with the sinking of the huge treasure of the Filipino Treasury in the bay at Bataan. The Japanese were rather severe with Fred since he had been one of the U. S. advisors in the Filipino Treasury at the outbreak of the war. Fred was elderly and their mistreatment had wrecked his health.

The old Filipino had tried to take care of Fred during their time in prison. One day Fred told the old man he appreciated his kindness, and if anything happened to him (Fred), to cut open the hem of the front of his shirt and take out the dime that was there. Fred said to guard it well, for it was worth money.

That was the story. The Anglo died and the old Filipino took out the dime and hid it until the end of the war. He returned to his trade of *coyoteando*, until he grew too decrepit. Now his family supported him, and let him indulge in a trade or two in coins. Rob Roy's coyote was the old man's son-in-law. All these years the old Filipino had been waiting to get "lots of money" for that dime. And to him, $50 was just that—lots of money. When they parted, he had a brand new American hundred-dollar bill, and Rob Roy had a few coins wrapped in a piece of rag in his outside breast pocket. (Who would suspect that anybody carried anything of value there?)

THE plane took off for Honolulu and San Francisco. The next day Rob Roy was sleeping off his jet-lag in San Antonio, Texas. Later, when he was going through his clothes, he recalled the coins he'd picked up in Manila. He phoned another town character with a like nature —Norman Brock—a coin dealer who also has a bookstore like Dickens' Old Curiosity Shop—more than a million and a half volumes. Norman is conservative and hard to fool—and more candid than most dealers.

"Hey, Norman, what is a 1894-S dime worth?"

"Why? You got one?"

"Well, yeah."

"Come on, now. Wanna sell it?"

"What do you think?"

"If you really have one, you're batting out of my league!"

Then the research really got rolling. It seems that the San Francisco Mint had expected to make plenty of dimes in the last half of 1894; but somehow the orders from Washington and Philadelphia willed otherwise, and except for the twenty-four

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no more were minted. More importantly, nobody realized at the time this scarcity would make each one extremely rare. Those twenty-four dimes were probably scattered all over the world.

The first notice of them appeared in 1928. By the end of that year, four of the prizes had been located by collectors and the hunt was *on*! The price was sky-rocketing. Almost thirty years later, in 1957, one coin was auctioned for $4,750, and most of the known ones were given names. For example: The Clapp specimen, sold to Mr. Eliasberg; the H. R. Lee specimen, sold in 1947; the Guggenheimer coin; a fifth specimen from the Great Empire Collection; and so on. By 1961, the price had risen considerably. One specimen was auctioned for $13,000.

WHAT has happened to the rest of the twenty-four? Nearly ten years ago the last recorded specimen was auctioned for $27,000.

Numismatists we contacted were all cagey, but agreed that if Rob Roy's coin were genuine, it could probably command $50,000. Perhaps even more.

Manila is a long way off, and the dime might be a forgery. In addition to dealers, it was submitted to three appraisal "experts" and the latter turned thumbs down. However, no two agreed on a single detail for pronouncing it a forgery. And here the matter stands.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

police to stay off the streets after sundown and if you must drive, keep windows rolled up and lock your car doors. I have been there.—C. Tom Holland, Box 6, Newcastle, Utah 84756

Those Old Place Names

I enjoy reading your magazines and now and then I find things not to be found anywhere else. I am ordering a book listed in your March issue and I got a great thrill from the feature, "We Used to Live Someplace." As you can see, I now live in Rising Star. I was born in Hall County, near Turkey, Texas.

I hope you will print more of these names. There are some about which I know that would make interesting reading. When I was growing up our post office was Flomot in northwest Motley County. It is a contraction of two county names and it was originally on the lines of Floyd and Motley Counties.

Near Lake Brownwood there used to be, according to the senior citizens hereabouts, a store by the name of Slapout as the operator was often out of items requested and would reply, "Nope. Slapout."—Carl A. Smith, P. O. Box 186, Rising Star, Texas 76471

Teaberry, Texas Ranger

A group of men were talking here about some lawmen and one man said he had read a story about a Texas Ranger named Teaberry who is supposed to have killed in the line of duty in excess of one hundred men.

Another man said, "I wonder if this is the same policeman who, in 1927, was a town policeman in Vernon. He was supposed to have killed two or three men in the line of duty there, etc."

I would appreciate any information on these two Misters Teaberry.—C. Smith, Box 741, 507 3rd Avenue, Seattle, Washington 98104

A Challenge to Farriers

For years I worked as a self-employed, commercial horseshoer. I did a good business during big game season as there are lots of outfitters here and lots of horses. One day I stopped by to see a neighbor friend whose wife owned a gentle little mare. The lady, Helen Schull, was a cook in a hunting camp at that time, and needed to have her horse shod. Helen and her husband are now ranchers on South Fork out of Cody, Wyoming.

On the day of my visit I really didn't have time to go unload my outfit from the truck just to shoe one horse. Just then a neighbor friend of ours named Bill rode up. He was also a horse shoer. Hohmer Schull, Helen's husband, said he sure wished we'd shoe Helen's horse.

Well, Bill and I both grabbed that old mare and we put shoes on her in just ten minutes time. While I had a hind foot, Bill took up a front foot on the opposite side. When either of us had to let a foot down we would let the other know it, so we balanced that horse between us. The mare wore a No. 0 shoe all around and had feet that needed but little paring. The shoes needed but a few taps to shape on the anvil.

I don't know if this ten minutes is a record or not but I can say no horse has ever been shod any quicker in Cody country, and it was a correct job of shoeing. So, farriers out there in reader land, top that one!—Don Bell, P. O. Box 61, Byron, Wyoming 82412

Marker on the site of the old Montana Cattle Trail on U. S. Highway 20, close to Lusk, Wyoming.

Whose Dishes?

This is something that has been bugging me since 1932, when I was driving a four-horse team hitched to a Fresno scraper. I was working for Martin and Norman Construction Company, working on U. S. Highway 20 east of Lusk, Wyoming. As we neared Lusk, about two or three miles east of town, our plow man unearthed a stack of oblong enamelware dishes. There must have been a dozen or more. We used to call this type of enamelware Swedish ware. It was a light avocado color and about 4½" by 8" by 1½" to 1¾" deep. It was just the thing for a hungry cowboy to eat his beans out of. There we also found the remains of an 8 to 10 gallon wooden keg, pretty much in pieces. We just threw it all out of the way and went on with road building, but over all these years I kept wondering if maybe the Indians had done away with some wandering traveler or how the dishes came to be buried there.

Last October, about the 12th, I was driving up to Lusk on U. S. 20 and noticed a Historical Marker so I pulled in to look it over. It marked the old Montana Cattle Trail, and that marker is almost at the place where the dishes and keg were plowed up. Perhaps Indians had destroyed a chuckwagon. I took a picture with my little 127 Kodak.

The last I knew, the VVV brand was located near Belle Fourche, South Dakota. They used to drive cattle from Ogallala, Nebraska to the mines in Montana. —Walter T. Prelle, 30620 Overholser Road, Cottage Grove, Oregon 97424

Tales of a Trail Driver

In recent years I have regretted having been too young to listen attentively or to take notes when I was a kid on the stories my Uncle Bob told me about his trail drives. I do remember his telling me of two drives he made, one going as far as the Black Hills in South Dakota. What outfit he rode for and what brand they used are two recollections I cannot bring up from memory. The drives were evidently made in the early '80s. Few details of the story stick in my mind but some of the events he related to me are vivid. He stated that when crossing Indian Territory it was the custom to give the local inhabitants a beef. When the trail boss selected a steer it was slaughtered on the spot and every part of it was used for something. The squaws did most of the work and the males supervised.

One underhanded bit of trickery the Indians pulled was trading a horse for a pistol. He said an Indian came to their camp one morning with a beautiful paint gelding and traded it to a young cowboy for his Colt .45. Within an hour the "owner" appeared and claimed the first Indian had stolen the horse. He was accompanied by Indian Police so there was little the cowboy could do but relinquish the pony. He continued the drive a sadder and wiser young man.

Uncle Bob said the electrical storms and lightning in Kansas were the worst he'd ever seen. During a thunderstorm lightning played around bridle bits, between the horses' ears and played across the horns of the cattle. The thing the cowboys feared most was a stampede (he always pronounced it "stompede"). He also believed a horse-hair rope around a bed-roll would keep rattlesnakes away.

He was a tall, husky man and completely fearless. A bachelor all his life, his record of trail driver, saloonkeeper, cafe owner and general laboror was unblemished by any deceit or dishonesty.

As a small boy, I admired his tailor-made clothes and also his ability to play a tune on a leaf cupped between his thumbs. He seemed to be the only one who could sing about "The Beaver Cap I Wore Before My Locks Were Turning!"

Uncle Bob always put his saddle in a sack and returned from the cattle drives by train. Reaching Killeen (the railroad had just been built before the last drive) he rented a horse at a livery stable so he could ride to his home in Youngsport, Texas.—Frank V. Hash, Box 136, Rogers, Texas 76569

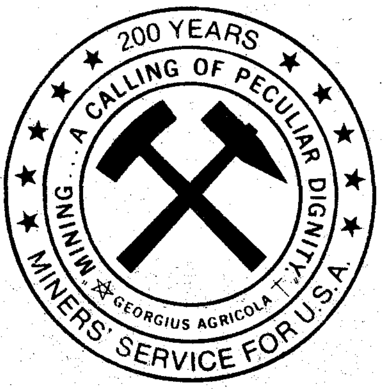
Wyandot Language

I'm currently trying to find someone who can speak the Wyandot Indian language. I am working on putting as much of the language as is left into book form. I am an enrolled member of the tribe and have been in contact with Mr. Aubrey Buser, Wyandot historian, concerning the project. He gave me the name, Mrs. Martha Wright, born 1878, who lived at one time in Merced, California, but I have been unable to locate her. I would appreciate any information concerning the whereabouts of Mrs. Wright, if she is still living, or any of her close relatives who have retained any of the Wyandot language. I would also like to reach any relatives of Mrs. Sadie Shawnee, who lived in California and has passed away. —Tom Keffer, Box 37126, 2605 State Street, Salem, Oregon 97310

Horseshoe Smith of Canada

In the November '75 *Frontier Times* you published an article on the big barn that Horseshoe Smith built at Leader, Saskatchewan, Canada. I was in a town about thirty-five miles east of there, and when the dance notice came out I caught the evening train for Leader. A young man working in the garage ran a taxi that evening and took four or five in the 1914 Ford the fourteen miles to the barn. Horseshoe was strolling about in high boots and waistcoat, talking with the old-timers.

In the early hours our taxi took us back to town and I caught the morning train home. I think this was in 1914. A letter in the May *Frontier Times* from Emil Stock of Leader prompted me to write.—Sam T. Miller, 801 Harvey Avenue, Kelowna, B. C. VIY 6E2, Canada



Miner's Badge

This year we celebrate the 200th anniversary of the United States of America. As the miner has fundamentally contributed to the welfare and technical greatness of our country by his pioneering and daring, risking life and limb to supply the wheels of industry with its raw materials— an enrichment to economy and comfortableness in every way, an almost forgotten fact—I feel we should have our own historical reminder.

Only too often the profession of mining has been underestimated, its true core distorted or misinterpreted. As a matter of truth, to this day not only the technical achievements of the miner, but also the "spirit of mining," the rich traditions and cultural elements in our field are generally unknown to the public. For this reason it seemed to me appropriate to bring out a memorial miner's badge on the occasion of our Bicentennial.

The emblem of my book, "Mining Lore . . .An Illustrated Composition and Documentary Compilation with Emphasis on the Spirit and History of Mining" served as basis for the badge. It consists of various signs and inscriptions: Hammer and gad crossed, the old, classical symbol of mining in the precisest form. Around this is the legend, "Mining . . . A Calling of Peculiar Dignity." Georgius Agricola ("Father of Mineralogy"—founder of scientific mining and metallurgy). The Pentagram is a very ancient sign of mankind, found in many places of the world. The Seal of Solomon, King of Israel, 1018-978 B.C., one of the greatest mining kings of all times, was also a pentagram. This was a five-, not a six-pointed star, as we can see today. The cross refers to the salvation in Jesus Christ, God's Son, the "Spiritual Rock," the only Saviour of the human race, the "Lord of Lords and King of Kings." Around the perimeter of the seal is the final legend: 200 Years . . . Miner's Service for U.S.A. (decorated with 10 American "flag stars").

May this memorial sign "speak" for itself! Gluck auf!—Good luck—God speed you!—Wolfgang Paul, 5217 SE 105th Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97266

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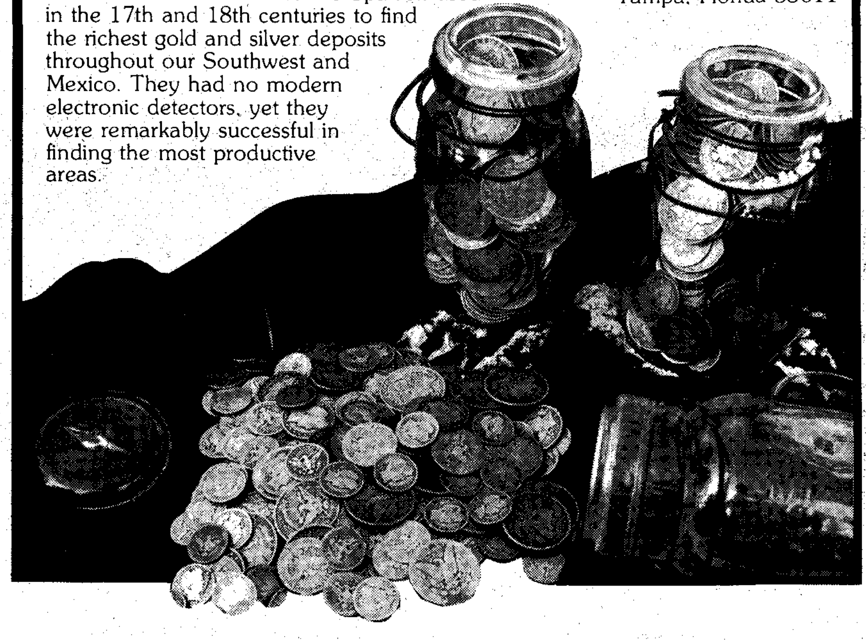

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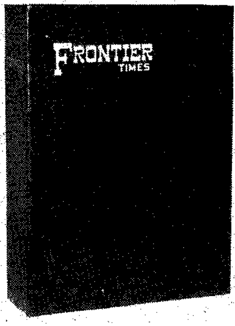

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THE CHEROKEE OUTLET ANTELOPE DISTRICT #16

BY STILLMAN GOUCHER

Photos Courtesy Author

It was a great place for roamin'—a guy could really get all skunked up!

OFTEN I return to the place where I was born, a farm three miles east of the little town of Avard, Oklahoma. Auntie Kahoe, an elderly midwife who could neither read nor write, was my mother's attendant.

On the upper banks of Eagle Chief Creek there is a hole in the side of a hill where my father built a dugout soon after the race for farms occurred on September 16, 1893 in the Cherokee Outlet.

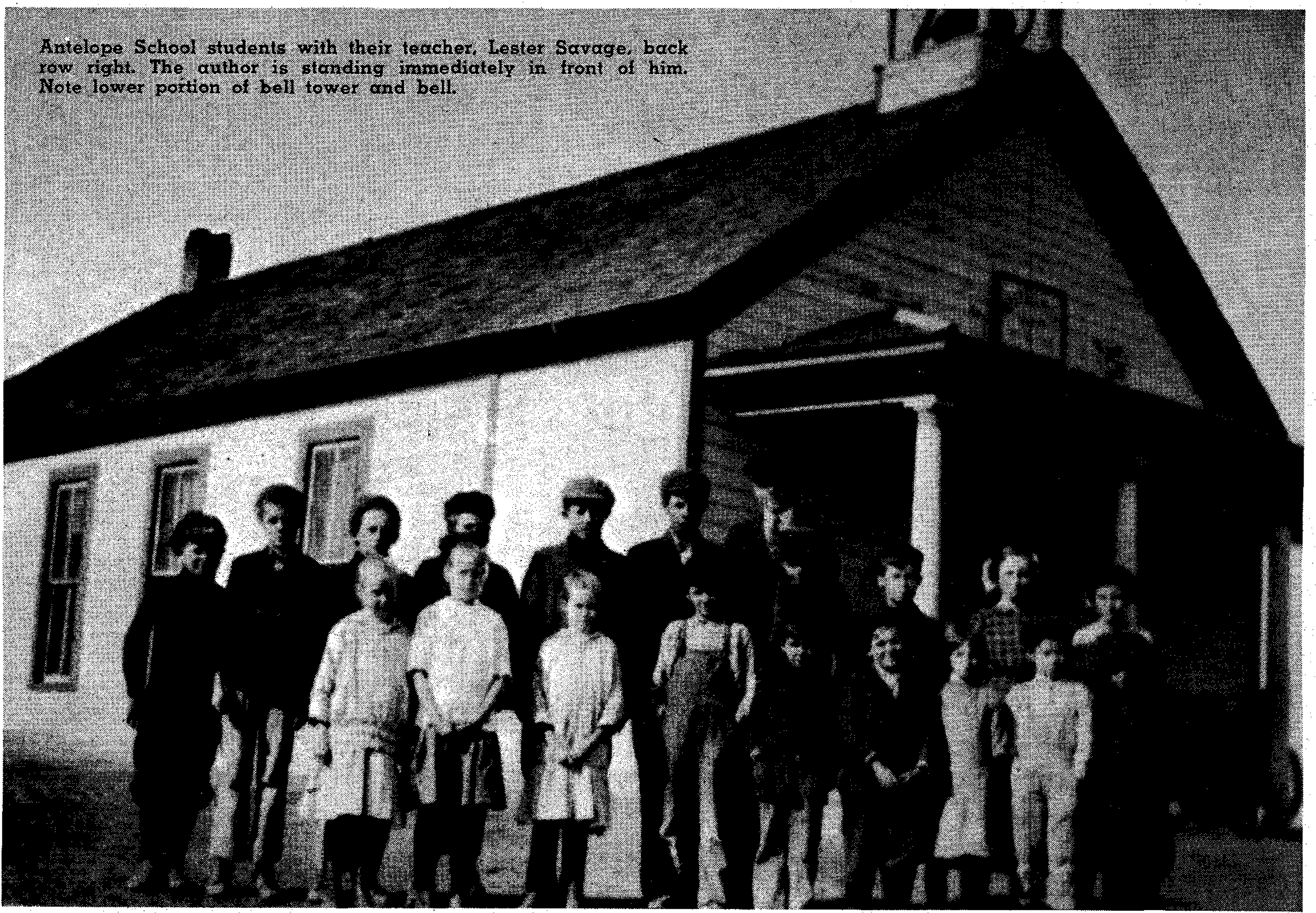
Eight children were born and raised on the farm. Some of the things I heard my mother say when she was sick, or tired, or washing clothes on the washboard, makes me feel that if the pill had been available at the right time I wouldn't be writing this article.

I sometimes sit by the old dugout for hours thinking of long ago. What's left of it is located in a grass pasture where stocker steers are grown to feeder size. Many cottonwood trees grow along the banks of the stream that never goes dry. The pasture is part of the Goucher estate. All of us hope it will stay in the family for many generations.

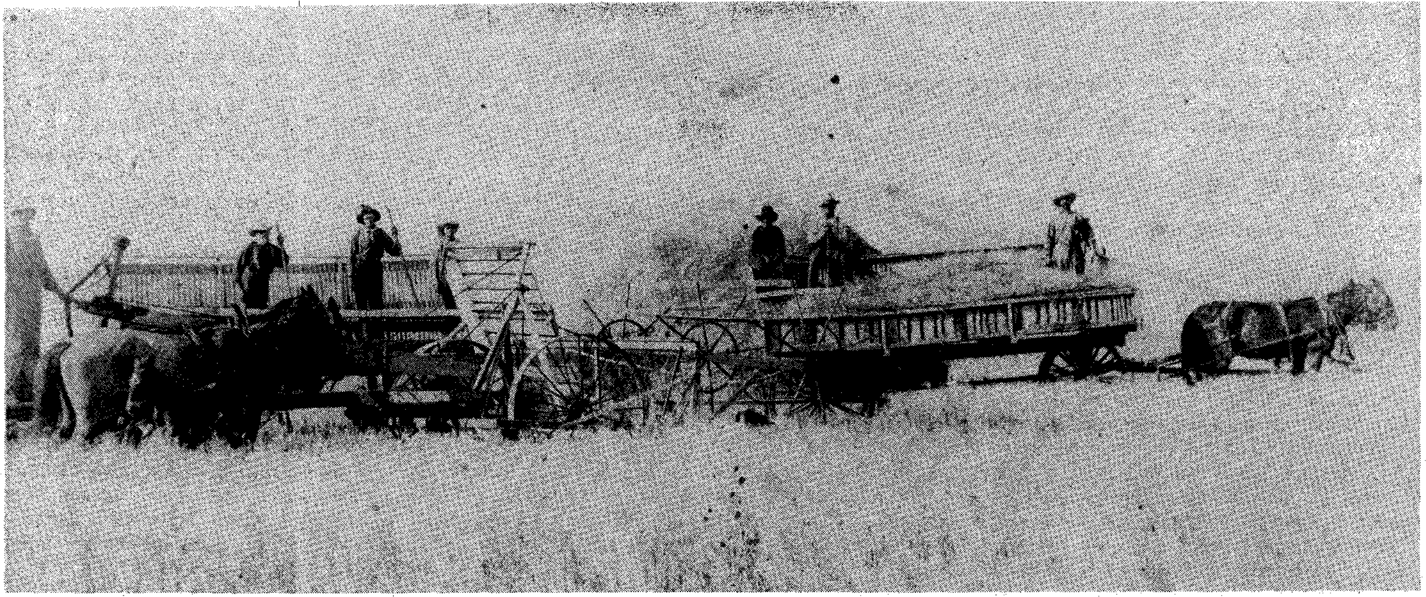
When I was born there was a family living on nearly every farm (most of which consisted of 160 acres). Now only a few houses and barns remain. Large operators own most of the land and live in Alva, the county seat. They drive out to their holdings in shiny new pickups and handle the land with scientific exactness. High quality seed, fertilizer, and big modern machinery put the land in perfect condition in a very short time. The average yield is two or three times more than it was when I was a boy.

Few farms are sold. When one is for sale, it is sold at auction and the bidding is brisk as the farmers strive to increase their holdings. Choice level farms all bring over $1,000 per acre. It's a wheat country. A lot of cattle are moved in during the winter months to graze the young wheat. It doesn't hurt the wheat and it adds to the profit.

Back when a homesteader filed his claim, it cost fourteen dollars. If he re-



Antelope School students with their teacher, Lester Savage, back row right. The author is standing immediately in front of him. Note lower portion of bell tower and bell.



This photo was taken on the M. E. Goucher farm, ten miles southwest of Alva, Oklahoma in June 1904. He was standing on the header (far left). A. E. Goucher, the man with a beard, nearest to him was his father.

mained on the farm and developed it, in five years it was his.

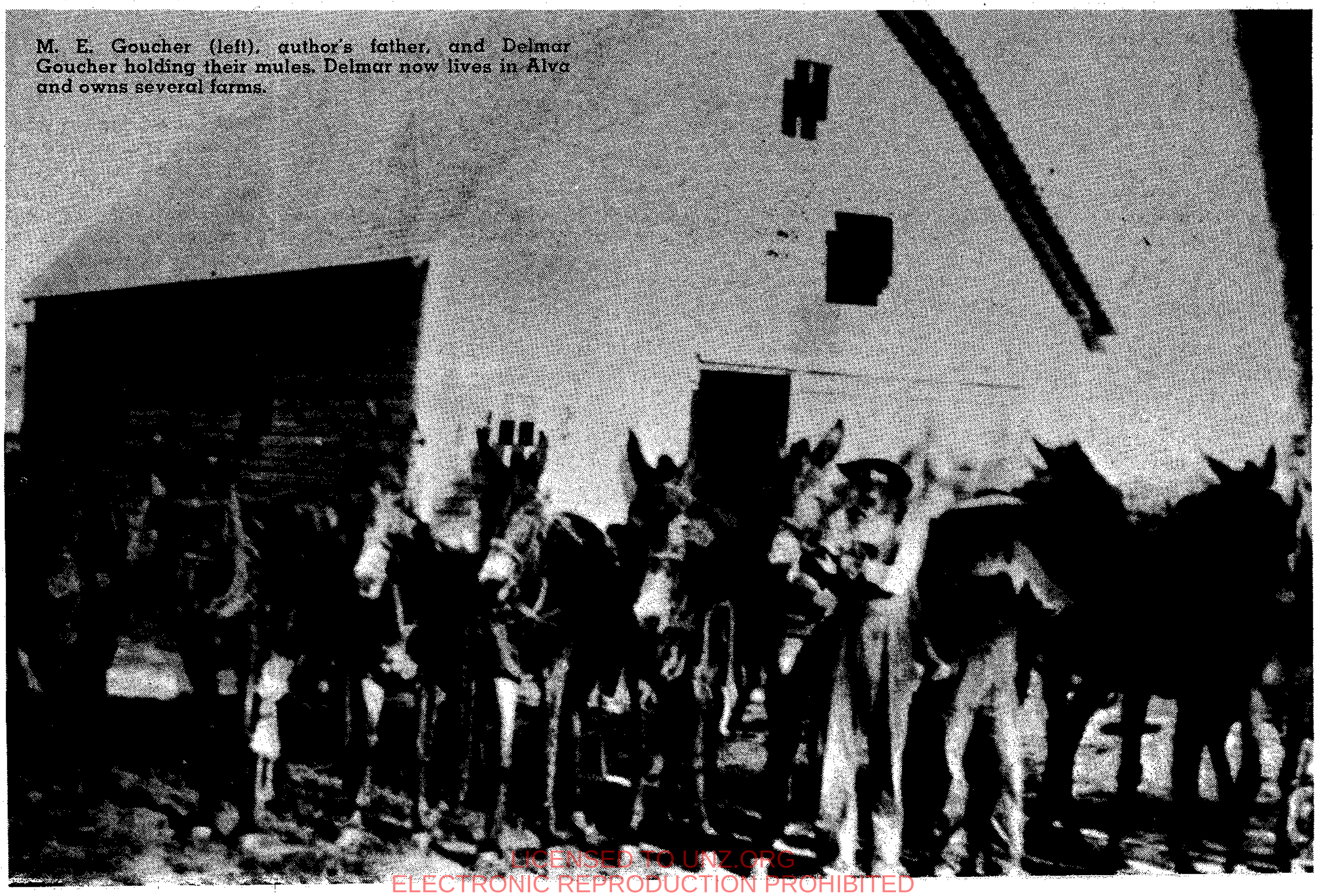
MY grandpa, A. E. Goucher, lived on the homestead east of ours. He and Father wanted farms with lots of wood and water. They were happy with the choice they made. Now we know it was a mistake. Level land is a lot more valuable. But I admired him greatly. Also the stories he told. It was an honor to shoot the Rebs in the Civil War, he boasted. The buffalo hunt he took down in the Outlet from Great Bend, Kansas was exciting. They were hard to kill and harder to skin. The second trip he made, the buffalo were gone; the hunters had finally killed them all. The trip was not a total loss, however, as he gathered a load of bones, which were plentiful. Grandpa lived in the dugout till 1908, and then built a nice house, where he died in 1913 at the age of sixty-seven.

My other grandfather, T. S. Benefiel, was an educated man with a family of eight grown children. He built a large dugout a mile north of the Goucher farms. He was familiar with all the political ramifications of the Outlet. He spent a lot of time in a covered wagon as head of a survey team, moving from east to west. They'd stake out a township of thirty-six sections, marking the corner of each section with a large rock. Four homesteads of 160 acres each were located in each section. When a mistake was made (and there often was), the last farm on the west side of the township gained or lost some acres, whichever way the mistake happened to be.

At the beginning most everyone saw Avard as one of the big cities of the Outlet. The Santa Fe Railroad had been built years before, and plans were being worked out for the Frisco Railroad to extend a line from St. Louis, connecting with the Santa Fe at Avard. Grandpa spent a lot of time surveying out a large city everyone thought was sure to come.

The railroad was slow getting started, however, with problems the people of

All photos Courtesy Delmar Goucher



M. E. Goucher (left), author's father, and Delmar Goucher holding their mules. Delmar now lives in Alva and owns several farms.

Avard knew little about. But it did come through. I can't remember the exact date it was completed, but I think it was in 1903. Grandpa retired to the farm after the Avard deal was completed and died in 1929 at the age of eighty-one.

Avard did grow. There was a big lake and park just west of the city for fishing and recreation, three hotels, four wheat elevators, a cotton gin, bank, livery stable and a lot of other stores, including Montie's Saloon. Big crowds gathered on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. Baseball and horse races were the thing. Under the table much money changed hands over the outcome of horse races.

Eventually the same thing happened to Avard that has happened to many rural towns. It died. As the farms grew larger, the people who were squeezed out of the farming industry left and the people of Avard left with them. An empty broken-down schoolhouse, a cafe, a small church, a large Farmers Cooperative Wheat Elevator, and a few houses are all that remain.

Shortly after the Outlet was settled, schoolhouses were built. We were in Antelope District 16. Our schoolhouse was built of wood. The farmers were very proud of it. One teacher was hired for a seven-month term and she taught the first through the eighth grade. I started to school in the fall of 1906. About thirty-five pupils were enrolled. The teacher's salary was around forty dollars per month.

I didn't care for school. Fishing, hunting, and trapping were more in my line. I loved to outsmart the coyote. My only regret was that there weren't enough coyotes. All of us boys got a thrill, too, out of skunks. They were plentiful and easy to catch. They were a double bonanza for the pelt was worth a dollar or more, plus the boys looked up to the boy that got the big one. Of course, the teacher was sore. All of them tried very hard to stop the skunk business, but our fathers on the school board just couldn't deprive us of the easy money. I feel there's a certain amount of cussedness in all boys and if the teachers with all their wisdom had ignored the issue, the schoolhouse would have been more in line with their thinking during the trapping season.

I got a lot of whippings at school. The worst one I ever got was on a cold winter day. We had a pot-bellied stove in the middle of the room. It was red hot and I was sitting near it. The boy in front of me started screaming. His long curly hair was on fire. Pandemonium broke loose. The teacher raced to the boy's desk and extinguished his hair in short order.

"Who did it?" she wanted to know.

A little girl back of me said. "Doc did! He used a rubber band and shot a match against the stove!"

"Did you?" she asked.

"No, ma'am," I answered.

She searched my pockets and found nothing, them moved my books from the desk and found a rubber band and two matches rolled up in a paper.

The schoolhouse was the center of everything. Lots of people lived nearby. The building never seemed large enough to hold everybody. Sunday morning we had Sunday School and preaching. Often we'd have a big dinner with singing all afternoon. Grandpa Goucher was the preacher. He also read the marriage vows for young couples. Also he handled the funerals, and always had some kind words that made everybody feel better. Neighbors came to the rescue when a death occurred. They built a pine coffin and dug the grave. They were wonderful —I know.

Every Thursday night we held a meeting known as Literary Night. The schoolhouse was always too small for the crowd. All types of entertainment were planned. Debating, spelling matches, box and pie auctions, and speeches on all sorts of subjects. Once they tried to get Mother to speak on how to raise children. She refused. "I don't know how," she answered. "All my time is spent cooking, cleaning house, and washing diapers."

THE best meetings were when the teacher had prepared a program with all the kids taking part. It was part of our education and the parents loved it. Some of us older boys got in trouble with the teacher on one of those programs. Bill, a tough little six-year-old, was not afraid of the teacher or anybody. Punishment never seemed to help. We had a lot of fun with him and decided on a bold adventure. We offered him fifty cents, if when he got up on the platform to speak the piece the teacher had taught him, he would substitute one we'd give him. He took us up at once and carried out the plan to perfection.

A girl can sing,
A girl can dance,
And a girl can play croquet.
But a girl can't light a match,
On the seat of her pants,
Cause she ain't built that way.

The old men roared with laughter and the teacher cried. Little Willie was the most popular person in school. In Avard he was known as the teacher's pet.

The schoolhouse was torn down in 1921 and the four pupils who lived in the district went to Avard in a bus.

Father was shrewd and industrious, one of the first to buy more land and say goodbye to the dugout. Raising cotton never appealed to him. "It's a wheat country," he said. "Even a fool should see that." He was right and he prospered. We used little wild mules for the hard work. For economy they beat horses from every angle. They were tough and mean, but they were pitted against six Goucher brothers who were also tough and mean. We conquered them and thought it was great sport; however, we did get a lot of bruises, tears, and minor injuries. Those battle scars are getting dimmer, though, as time goes on.

We were determined to ride all of them. When a mule tossed a boy off, the boy was jeered and another boy took his place. After a time the mule would decide, "What's the use? Too many boys."

In all the twelve to fifteen mules we kept, there was only one we never completely conquered: "Little Gin." She seemed dumb yet she outsmarted us constantly. She was gentle and easy to handle in the field and she never kicked us like the other mules did.

The grass pasture was a mile long. One of us early in the morning would round up the mules for some grain before the work began. I'd take a bridle along and ride Little Gin back. That was swell, but I got a lot of bruises from it. She'd be walking slowly and then, wham! In an instant she'd be out from under me and I'd hit the dirt. She'd then move away a little distance and watch me as I'd follow and mount her again. Then we'd drive the mules in. I think Little Gin got a lot of enjoyment showing us boys that we just weren't that great.

HARVESTING and threshing wheat was a big expensive job. A header with two header barges was used with ten horses and mules, and a crew of seven men. Two large stacks of straw were stacked rather close together. Later a thresher would be pulled between them. A steel rod emerged from it, and a short distance beyond the end of the wheat stacks, the rod went under a platform. Sixteen horses and mules went around and around, creating power for the thresher. There were big cogs via little cogs to produce the proper speed. A man on the platform with a whip kept the horses and mules moving at the right rate. A lot of men with pitchforks fed the straw to the thresher and removed the straw after the thresher had extracted the wheat. A wagon would be backed up to it to catch the wheat. It was crude and awkward, but it did the job. In 1904 Father discarded the horse power for a coal burning steamer; threshing wheat was made easy.

We were never short of food. Cows kept us supplied with milk, butter, and cheese. A large fruit orchard and vegetable garden meant a cellar full of canned food for winter. Chickens gave us eggs. The excess roosters were used for special Sunday dinners. In the winter there were hogs to butcher; hams, shoulders, and sides to salt down; lard to render and lye soap to make out of the cracklings.

Most of our meat came from our greatest sport, hunting and fishing. We also got opossums in our steel traps. Quails, ducks, and rabbits were plentiful in season. Somehow we never got so hungry for meat we'd eat old jackrabbits but young ones were delicious. Geese, cranes, curlews, and prairie chickens sometimes added variety to our menu.

In the summer we took to the water. Eagle Chief and the lakes were well stocked with fish, turtles, and frogs. It's only a sport now, but I love to go back and hunt and fish like I did long ago. I admire the beaver and the clever dams they build in Eagle Chief. Deer and turkey are coming back. I'd like to be a boy again and run a trap line, but I'm sure the teachers in Alva would not let me attend classes all skunked up.

We boys learned another trade while we were hunting and trapping. In the hidden spots we found barrels of mash. We never told our parents or anybody about it. We were sure they'd tell the sheriff and our favorite fishing and hunting ground would be put off limits. I know Mother felt that anybody who drank would die young and go to hell.

We boys were undecided. When we came in contact with moonshiners, we were always on their side. When at home we were on our parents' side. The moonshiners couldn't get us to drink much of their brew. Maybe our home environment had something to do with it.

Father loved the Outlet. When traveling over other parts of the country he always boasted of its merits. He lived a happy and contented life and died at the age of eighty-two in 1956.

We boys are old now, and two are dead. One by one most of us left the Outlet, and it was a mistake. I'm sure it was education that caused us to leave. It was common advice when we were growing up to "get an education and take it easy."

Delmar and Loren, two of my younger brothers, stayed on the farms. They bought land, and I think they'd like to buy more. Their big machinery makes it enticing. I think the Gouchers will be farming in the Outlet for a long time. Three of the youngsters are learning some of the lessons that are necessary to be a successful farmer.

As I look back to the long ago on the homestead, we were rich. We had something money couldn't buy—love, happiness, and contentment. When dinner was ready, we'd worked hard and were hungry. The large family bantered and joked a lot. We never hurried at the table. Hot biscuits and butter, milk or buttermilk, coffee or tea, new potatoes and fresh peas, peach cobbler fresh from the orchard, and best of all, a snapper turtle we'd caught in old Chief Eagle—how can a man forget these things? How lucky to have grown up in Antelope District 16 of the Cherokee Outlet!

The Saddle Stiff

(Continued from page 21)

With the first puff of the second cigaret the cowboy asked, "Don't you have an automobile around? No telephone?"

So! He had scouted the premises good before coming in and would know if I lied. (There was a good reason why he mentioned a telephone, as I later found.)

"Nary a talking wire," I replied. "Merchandise is trucked here from the main store at Houck. It hauls out sacked piñons on the return."

"This a one-man store? You all alone? Must get mighty lonesome."

"Hardly. I have Indian families around all the time. A white man who speaks their language is never without company. They do the rough work, sacking the piñons and wool, and baling the hides and pelts. Most of the time I have too many visitors."

Digesting that statement he seemed to consider that there might be other people in or around the building after all. Juniper timber closed in on one side of the post as big pines did on the other.

Finally he drawled, "Reckon I'll take six of them Bull Durhams up there."

Bull Durham came in paper cartons. We tore out one end and placed the carton on a shelf handy to reach for a sack when purchased. This carton happened to be directly behind me. When I turned to get the six packs my back would be turned toward him.

While speaking the cowboy dropped his right hand out of sight below the counter edge, as though reaching somewhere into a pocket for money. His movements were unhurried, but never in this world was he going to produce any money.

Turning slowly as if getting the smoking tobacco I came up and around fast, confronting him with an automatic .45 pointing at his pinched face. Even so, I sort of felt sorry for him. Apparently he didn't notice that the slide wasn't pulled back, necessary for firing.

As I suspected he was coming up with that short gun from his chaps pocket. His steely eyes stared at me a long moment before he drawled, "Well, feller, I guess you win," and replaced the gun in the pocket.

As he did so I took the opportunity to pull the slide back. The click caused his head to jerk upward at me. Realization that I couldn't have fired the automatic spread a foolish grin over his sallow mouth. He had been a little careless.

"I reckon a few sacks of smokin' ain't worth holding up a feller for, after all. Especially getting killed doing it," he said.

"You down on your luck, cowboy?"

"Yes, sir, mister. I sure reckon so. Times is kinda hard over in New Mexico."

Reaching backward with my left hand I got two sacks of Bull Durham and tossed them onto the counter before him.

"These will more than see you to Adamana—if that's where you're going."

"Thanky," he answered gruffly, picking them up. He already had plenty of matches filched from the cigar box.

"Got any grub?"

"Enough to see me through to Adamana where I can get a job. Worked there once before."

I motioned him towards the front door. When his back was turned the automatic was put away and a loaded Winchester carbine was picked off a lower shelf under the counter. Passing through the end gate of the counter, I followed him all the way to his horse. The cowboy did not glance around once.

As he forked up into the saddle, he stared down at me and his partly closed eyes were bright with pure hate. That was unexpected from a down-and-outer as he pretended to be.

"Okay," I said, "you can start riding."

His head inclined once.

"They grow up pretty tough in these parts, don't they?" he commented sarcastically. "Damned if I don't think you'd shoot a feller over a few measly nickel sacks of tobacco."

FIVE Navajos came through into the open, tying their horses out before the post. He looked in their direction as they started unloading sacks of piñon nuts from behind their saddles.

"Hit the trail south," I ordered him on his way again. "And don't get any ideas about sneaking back to try robbing the store. From now on there will be plenty of Indians around. They will be here past midnight and some outside guarding the post all the time.

"The Navajos are rough people when white-skin hardcases show up. Maybe they could use your scalp."

The cowboy rode off down the wagon and truck road, probably cursing me to

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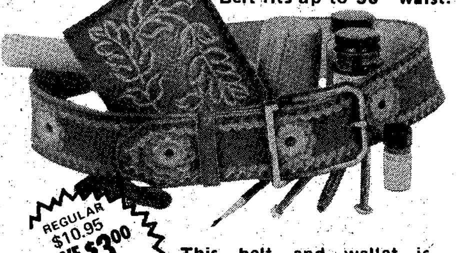

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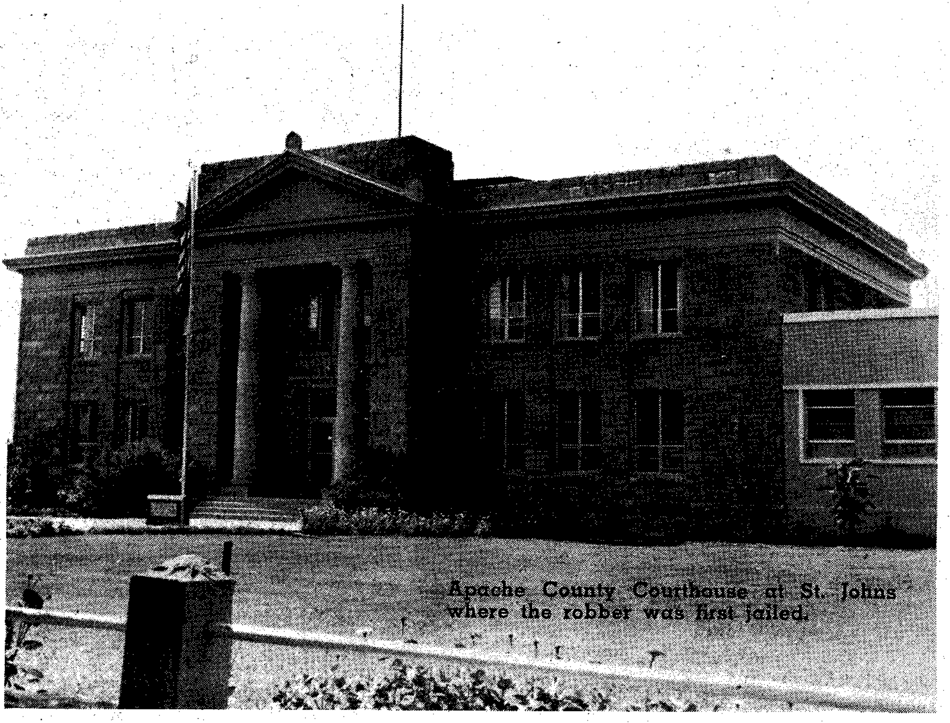

Apache County Courthouse at St. Johns where the robber was first jailed.

himself, but there wasn't anything he could do.

My Indian customers entered the store and, during the course of leisurely bartering their piñon nuts, were told about the drifter. Most had seen him riding away.

Black Horse, a medicine man and freighter for the Navajo Agency at Fort Defiance, listened carefully to the discussion. Then he turned to me and said solemnly, "That white man is an outlaw. For many years along this trail we had trouble with men like him. They traveled both ways over it. They were wild broncos and most would shoot at an Indian on sight.

"You had better watch out for he is likely to return shooting. Tonight my sons will be around in the timber. Should he come along again to rob this store they will tie him up."

All night long I fed the guards coffee and roast mutton, but the cowboy did not return. Black Horse's four sons remained with me several days. I'm sure they hoped there would be some excitement if and when he came back!

Two weeks after the cowboy's visit the trading post owner came up from Houck with a truckload of merchandise. He was told about the near holdup, but I didn't expect him to take it so seriously.

"You could have collected a $500 reward," my boss said, "if you had held and brought him down to the railroad. He is wanted for daylight robbery of a New Mexico bank."

News was always very late reaching the trading post, few of which had even a battery-operated radio. Even if I had known, how could I have taken him out? There were no county officers short of St. Johns, the seat of Apache County nearly ninety miles to the south. He had robbed a small country bank in Bernalillo County of $1,500 at gunpoint. Heading west in a run he crossed the Rio Grande into the mountains and rode on into Arizona. Pursuing officers lost his trail in the barren wastelands of northern McKinley County.

The cowboy, after he left the trading post, evidently crossed the trancontinental railroad and the Rio Puerco, avoiding Houck Station and never going near Adamana.

It was only after cattlemen Dick and Nat Greer got suspicious that he was picked up. The stolen money was found in his saddle roll, the bank's name on the wrappers banding the currency. He was taken to St. Johns where the sheriff already had a dodger on him.

I heard he was turned over to New Mexico officers, tried and sentenced to five to ten years in the state penitentiary. This spindly, inept cowboy must have just got too tired of a make-shift living, and pulled the bank robbery to escape his humdrum existence. He was just one of life's unfortunate aimless drifters.

I left Pine Springs not too long after that, and the trading post passed into other hands. It was enlarged with more and better buildings. Today it is one of the largest and most important posts on the Navajo Reservation.

Those J.P. Courts

(Continued from page 18)

fender, arrested for disturbing the peace, was firmly escorted by the constable, toward Justice George Brundage's two-room cabin, across the Big Goose, high with the spring run-off. There was no bridge but the constable could see Brundage digging in his garden. So he called across the creek and presented his prisoner and explained the offense. After the prisoner admitted his guilt, the justice shouted back, across the roar of the stream, the first legal decision of the Sheridan Municipal Court. "Men, the verdict of this court is that the prisoner pay into the hands of the constable five dollars and when it is paid, the prisoner is at liberty."

Casper, Wyoming realized early the need for a jail. It was clear from the start that many of its citizens weren't law-abiding. One ordinance banned the shooting of firearms within the town limits but it is a matter of record that the mayor beat his man to the draw in a personal feud on Main Street.

Anyway, the first public building of Casper was a jail. One guest the J. P. often sent there was Dr. Joseph Benson, imprisoned regularly for drunkenness. At last, on October 11, 1894, Dr. Benson burned down the jail, succeeding in cremating himself at the same time. Too bad—that building had cost the town $313.95.

One civic decree made it unlawful for any woman to "use vile, profane, or indecent language, or to act in a boisterous or lewd manner, or to smoke any cigar, cigarette, or pipe on Casper's streets." Another forbade any woman, on pain of fine, to "frequent or remain in the barroom of any saloon in the town of Casper between the hours of 7 A.M. and 10 P.M." For some time, the women of the town had complete emancipation from ten in the evening until seven in the morning. But in 1898 a reform government was voted in and the privilege was revoked. More than likely that added many cases to the docket of the justice of the peace.

Although dance hall girls frequently faced a stern and righteous judge, other women were seldom haled into court. But it could happen. In 1891 in Meagher County, Montana, a schoolteacher, Mrs. Belle Blazer, punished a pupil for misconduct. The boy's mother, a Mrs. Scott, took offense and proceeded to horsewhip the teacher. But the scales of justice took note—Mrs. Scott was fined five dollars. And local opinion evidently affirmed the decision of the judge, for the Meagher County *News* declared that "the boy is said to be a worthless youth, undoubtedly deserving the punishment." Popular verdicts by a justice were sure to pay off in future elections.

WHEN Esther Morris appeared, women were started on the way to equality with men. Mrs. Morris was the first woman in the world to be appointed justice of the peace. In South Pass, Wyoming in 1870 she presided over thirty-four cases, such wrongdoing as "intent to kill" or "assault and battery" or "theft."

Mrs. Morris' first case was against her immediate predecessor, James Stillman. It seems that he, in a great huff, had refused to turn over the justice of the peace records to Mrs. Morris. But she soon dismissed the case, explaining why. "I went to call on him and found his wife ill, his twin sons crying, and everything in disorder. Judge Stillman was in a foul mood. Besides his having been ousted by a woman, his household was in a distraught state. I had twin sons and knew something of what trouble was. I stayed and took care of his children and wife, and we became good friends."

Although performing marriage ceremonies was one of Mrs. Morris' duties, she married but one couple. However, she seems to have been one hundred percent successful in the permanence of the rites she performed. Years later she declared that, although the couple had been living together for two years before the ceremony, she hadn't heard of them separating since!

There were many disturbances in early-day work camps. At an irrigation project camp north of Cheyenne in 1884, the cook, George Metcalf, was killed by a young workman, William Maloney. So the boss had a body and a murderer on his hands, and no law closer than Cheyenne, eighty miles away. He started both for that place in the care of two men from the camp.

The corpse eventually arrived in Cheyenne but the murderer never made it, for he was unavoidably detained by a party of disguised men at a large cottonwood tree. Four days later his body was cut down and buried. Two inquests were held, one at the construction camp and one at the foot of the cottonwood tree, where the body was disinterred and viewed by the jury. On the court record the verdict reads that Maloney "came to his death from hanging at the hands of masked parties unknown to us." Opposite the verdict is the notation, "Body buried at the foot of the tree on which he was hung." That ended the case.

They meant well, those frontier justices, and when they erred it was more from ignorance than on purpose. On one occasion a well-known offender in Cowley, Wyoming asked that his trial be postponed so he could arrange for witnesses to testify in his behalf. The judge, either unaware of proper court deportment or past caring, was impatient. "You can bring all the witnesses you want," he snapped. "It don't make any difference. I've already got my mind made up."

When "Liver-Eating" Johnson was marshal of Coulson, Montana in 1880, there was no jail but they solved that problem. The marshal, a mighty man, simply gave the offender a beating that assured full regret for past errors, and must have been a real deterrent to future sins. This was agreeable to the justice of the peace for he was saved having to decide the length of imprisonment.

Such inventiveness was a common attribute of numerous frontier judges, and one of the classic stories concerns a justice of the Texas plains known only as "Old Necessity." He made do with what he had—an old mail-order catalog, bound in sheepskin. When a verdict was in order he donned his spectacles and opened the book—no matter where—and after seriously consulting the page, assessed a fine. To one defendant who had pleaded guilty to a minor offense he declared, "I fine you $4.88." The defendant leaped up to protest but his lawyer interfered. "Be thankful," he whispered to his client, "that he opened it at pants instead of pianos."

Probably the most publicized of frontier judges was Roy Bean. A bearded man with an appearance of great dignity, Bean had little book learning, and he wrote his "statoots" in a small book along with his poker rules. He held court in his ramshackle saloon in Langtry. Trials were never boring for they opened and closed with drinks at Bean's bar—and court would be recessed for drinks if the session became too long to endure without a boost.

It was said that Bean pocketed all fines, and that he even fined a dead man. After the body of Pat O'Brien, killed by a fall, was brought to him, Bean discovered that the deceased had forty dollars and a six-shooter. The judge confiscated the gun and fined O'Brien forty dollars for carrying a concealed weapon.

By the early 1900s, most towns were operating in a more orthodox manner. Their citizens were electing men reasonably well qualified for the post of justice of the peace. But those early day justices, qualified or not, had done pretty well. They probably averaged as many fair decisions as modern-day courts—much more quickly and under mighty adverse conditions.

What the Gold Camps Did to Edwin Booth

(Continued from page 28)

tragedy, even blackface, and gained priceless experience as a stock performer.

An agreeable man with many friends, Edwin was a volunteer fireman in his spare time, though he also took solitary walks for miles and miles by the sea. For a long while there were sorrowful moments when the loss of his father overwhelmed him and brought tears; but eventually Edwin spent most of his time living the dissolute life of a carefree bachelor in the raw San Francisco of the 1850s. He shared a flea-bitten shanty outside of town with another actor in a sort of poor man's theatrical colony.

Edwin Booth's first Hamlet, as young as he was, received very good reviews from local critics, and he was soon noted for his other Shakespearean specialties as well. Edwin played a quiet Hamlet, quite a new concept in an era of loud-voiced, arm-waving thespians, and even though the young star obviously needed a lot more seasoning, both the audiences and reviewers praised his handling of the role.

June was afraid that his brother was getting a swelled head, and told him bluntly, "Yes, you've had a wonderful success, but you still have a lot to learn." Accordingly he continued to cast Edwin in all sorts of parts, from Benedick in "Much Ado about Nothing" to Givemsum in an epic called "Buy-It-Dear! 'Tis Made of Cashmere."

EDWIN BOOTH had more than his share of the family wanderlust, and in October 1854 he sailed to Australia on a tour which turned out to be a big disappointment. On the way home, he and some friends joined forces with a couple of stranded actors in Honolulu to earn their way back to the States by staging a few performances.

Edwin put out his last $50 to rent the Royal Hawaiian Theatre, in which the company slept to save money. King Kamehameha IV, an amiable man who had been educated in England and had seen Junius Booth in "Richard III" in New York, patronized the show and helped attendance, but Booth had to post his own playbills because he discovered that local boys hired to do the job preferred to eat the paste!

In April of 1855, Edwin arrived back in San Francisco with about $10 in his pocket, a larger stock of humorous experiences to tell his friends about, and not much more to show for the previous six months. He played for awhile at the Metropolitan Theatre in San Francisco, and then began an engagement in Sacramento, but was fired for drinking. A

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local newspaper review explained why after one particularly disastrous performance:

"Mr. Booth, who was cast to sustain the principal character, could hardly sustain himself. . . . Speaking mildly, he was intoxicated."

Booth shrugged off everything—the bad reviews, the canceled engagements, the flops. Later he described himself ruefully as he was in those days: "Before I was eighteen I was a drunkard, at twenty a libertine. . . . I knew no better. I was allowed to roam at large, and at an early age and in a wild and almost barbarous country where boys became old men in vice very speedily. . . ."

He continued to drink and carouse, but he was able to land a job with another company touring the mines, this one managed by a sometime stagecoach driver and his stage-struck wife. Back to the gold camps they went. Hangtown, Georgetown, and Jackass Gulch all had a chance to see him, but sometimes there was a better show in the audience than on stage. In the wild town of Columbia a fight broke out during a play in which two miners were killed by gunfire and bullets whizzed all around the actors, who were luckily unhurt.

The tour was doing all right despite such unplanned thrills when a strange fatality brought it to an abrupt end. By some odd coincidence (or some unknown design), several towns the company played in burned to the ground either while the company was still there or just after it had left. The miners began to eye Booth askance and call him "The Fiery Star," suspecting him to be an arsonist. Ticket sales fell sharply, and after the manager and his wife skipped out to avoid some bad debts, the law confiscated everything that was left, including Edwin Booth's horse. Resigned and disgusted, the young actor shouldered his sleeping bag and trudged to Marysville, out of luck again.

California was beginning to discourage him; he was suddenly homesick and wanted to go back East. Edwin was encouraged in this notion by a friend who arranged two benefit performances for him in Sacramento, raising more than enough money to pay off all his debts. The departing actor was also presented with a typical Gold Rush gift, a gold pin shaped like a hand, holding a real diamond.

EDWIN left Sacramento with a fine send-off from his many admirers (particularly the ladies), and sailed back to San Francisco where a third benefit earned him passage home. For this performance he did King Lear for the first time. During a curtain call, he removed his white wig and amazed the delighted audience with his youthful face.

Edwin Booth left San Francisco in September 1856, but he returned twice, the first time twenty years and two unhappy marriages later, long after he had become one of the foremost actors in the world; long after his younger brother John's murder of President Lincoln had seared Edwin's soul and nearly wrecked his career.

Edwin Booth sent the following letter to a theatre manager on April 15, 1865:

"My dear Sir:

"With deepest sorrow and great agitation, I thank you for relieving me from my engagement with yourself and the public. The news of the morning has made me wretched indeed, not only because I have received the unhappy tidings of the suspicions of a brother's crime, but because a good man, and a most justly honored and patriotic ruler, has fallen in an hour of national joy, by the hand of an assassin. The memory of the thousands who have fallen in the field, in our country's defence, during this struggle, cannot be forgotten by me, even in this, the most distressing day of my life. And I most sincerely pray that the victories we have already won may stay the brand of war and the tide of loyal blood. While mourning in common with all other loyal hearts, the death of the President, I am oppressed by a private woe not to be expressed in words. But whatever calamity may befall me and mine, my country, one and indivisible, has my warmest devotion.—Edwin Booth."

After Lincoln's assassination, Edwin never mentioned his brother's name again outside of his family, although a fine portrait of John Wilkes Booth hung on the wall of his room at the Players in New York.

In the years following, he traveled through much of the world, had made and lost a fortune, and now, at the age of forty-two was back in the West to try to make some money and get on his feet again.

San Francisco had become a substantial city, which Booth toured nostalgically with old friends. More than any place else, it felt like home, and the people there really gave him an all-out welcome. He played to full houses for eight weeks and went back to New York $50,000 richer.

Edwin Booth returned to the West one last time in March 1887, traveling in a private railroad car by way of the Southwest. He played in Texas, Virginia City, and other random stops along the way, always to enthusiastic audiences. But the fine face was weary now, and the sad eyes had almost a lost look, reflecting the chronic melancholy of the man and his many private sorrows.

Booth's room in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco was filled with flowers when he arrived, gifts sent by many admirers, who noticed with regret the actor's grey hair and slow step. Edwin was only fifty-three, but he was not well. Unknown to his public he was having dizzy spells and sometimes he lost his footing and fell. But it was still a thrill for one of the young actresses in the company to play Desdemona to his Othello, to be taken in his arms and kissed. The old magic was still there. By the hundreds the ladies of San Francisco dragged their husbands to see the play and the engagement was a smashing success.

On the way back East, Booth sat quietly in his private car, watching the glorious scenery slip by him for the last time. There was a sadness in leaving, but his last Western tour had been a real triumph.

In New York on June 7, 1893 Edwin Booth died in his room at the Players Club, which he founded. Words of tribute were ringing in his ears to the very last, similar to this review written during his final visit to San Francisco:

"Like a breath of air from some intellectual dramatic world comes Edwin Booth in Hamlet, comes Edwin Booth in anything."

Exit, to great applause.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 19)

son who lived in Cordell, Oklahoma. Uncle Plez Ferguson moved to Cordell from Denton, Texas in 1897 and had a very large family. My mother was Susan Wiley Russell.

Please write. I will answer all letters. —Vivia Martin, 2445 S.W. 29 Street, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma 73119

Wall-Spring

It is thought that Edward George Wall was in Georgia before the Civil War. His place of birth is unknown. He lived in various parts of Texas from the early days and died in Cooke County about 1914. The town of Wall, Texas was named after him when he ran a sheep ranch near San Angelo after having a post office established there. He was known to have had two sisters, both of whom were married to a Dr. John Spring of San Antonio. I would like to hear from anyone knowing of this family or any relations.—Edward G. Wall, 2442 Homesite Drive, San Diego, California 92139

Andrus-Haight

I am trying to locate a son and daughter of Herbert Andrus; born in the 1850s. Andrus was an early Kaycee, Wyoming wolf hunter and taxidermist. The son, Ted, was in Billings, Montana. The daughter, Dorothy, married Paul Haight and lived in Portland, Oregon where he worked for Franz Bakery. Thank you for your help.—Mrs. Glenn Andrus Wiltse, 44 Church Street, Ashland, Oregon 97520

Russel Swanson

Russel Swanson, a cousin, lived in Klamath Falls, Oregon a long time. He had two daughters. His mother, Marie Bangs, married Helmer Swanson in 1905. My brother is Leroy Bangs.—Gladys Hinsley, 201 E. 17th Avenue, Ellensburg, Washington 89826

William Hurry

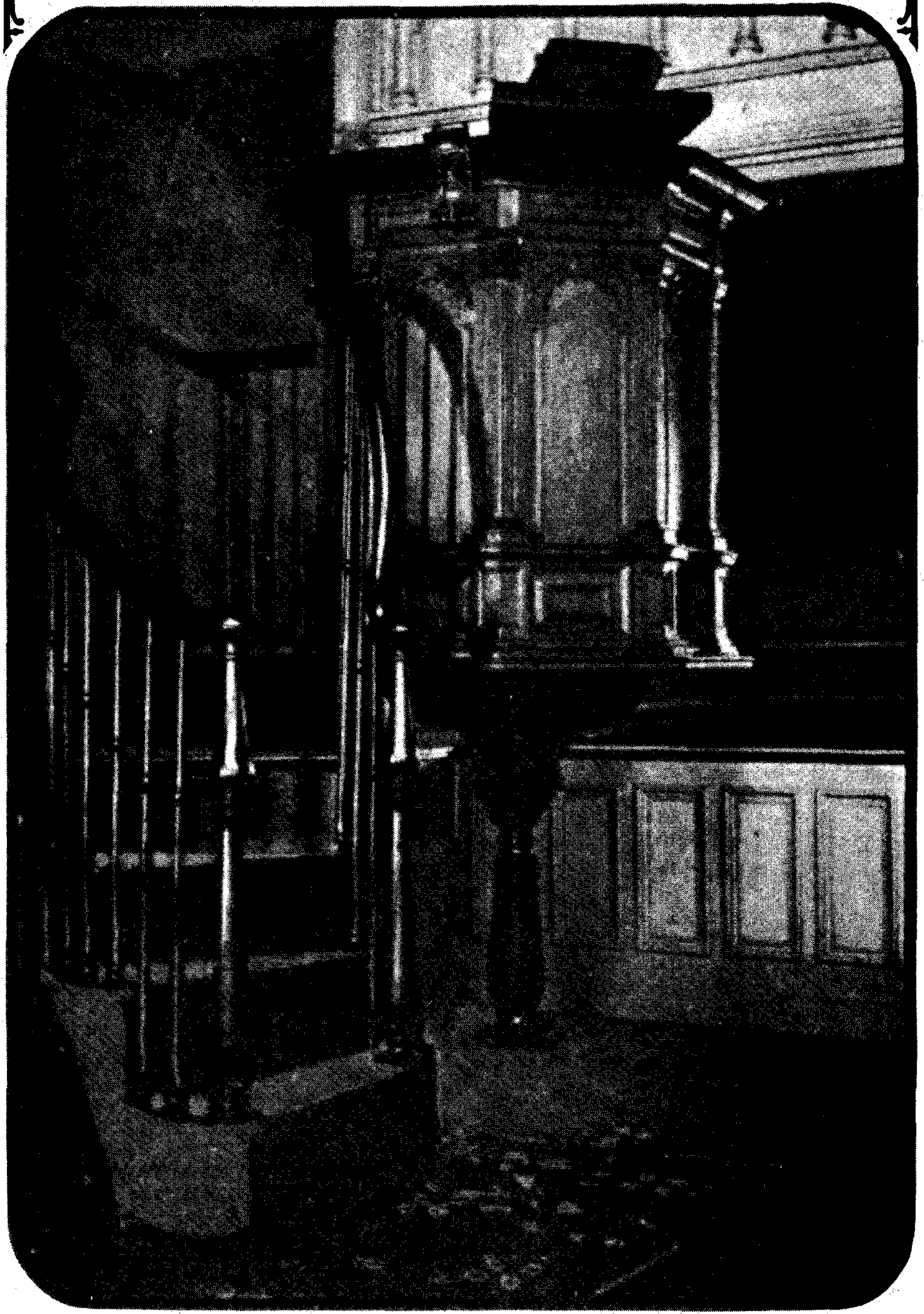
My family is descended from the man who rang the Liberty Bell on July 4, 1776. His name was William Hurry and he is buried at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania in the graveyard of the old Pine Street Presbyterian Church. He had a son and a daughter and I am able to trace our lineage through the daughter. I'm sure there are others who can trace their lineage to this man. Some years ago my grandmother was in contact with people in the same general area of Nebraska where we live who also claimed this descent, but the names of these people have been lost. I would like to get in touch with anyone who is a descendant of William Hurry.—Dean A. Thomson, R. R. 1, Palmyra, Nebraska 68418

Indiana-Michigan Folk

A genealogical column is published weekly in the Sunday edition of the South Bend, Indiana *Tribune*. Inquiries, news and notices are run free. The areas of interest are northern Indiana and southern Michigan. More than one inquiry may be included in an envelope if they are indicated as separate inquiries.—Michiana Roots, *South Bend Tribune*, 225 West Colfax, South Bend, Indiana 46626

(Continued on page 48)

AMERICA'S OLDEST PULPIT



In 1903, the then 247-year-old Dutch pulpit was preserved intact in the First Reformed Church of Albany, New York.

From **Leslie's Weekly**
September 24, 1903

Courtesy Bill Seymour

BESIDE the regular pulpit of the First Reformed Church in Albany, New York, stands another which is the only one of its kind in America. It is an old-fashioned Dutch pulpit, with the old Holland Bible and hourglass still on it. It dates back to 1656, when the people of Albany built a church where the government building now stands on Broadway, and in such a way that it commanded a view of three roads. The building was loop-holed, and mounted three cannon, which covered the roads in case the village was attacked.

While the church was building, the members sent twenty-five beaver skins to Holland in part payment for a pulpit and bell. The Dutch West India Company donated the bell; and when the skins arrived so damaged that they could not be sold, the company donated the pulpit also. In 1715 the old church was getting too small, so a larger one was built outside and around the old one. When it was nearly finished the old one was torn down.

In the first church built by this society preached the Rev. Dr. Johannes Megapolensis, the man who saved Father Jaques, the Jesuit missionary, from being murdered by the Mohawk Indians. He came from Holland in 1624, to serve six years for the sum of $400 a year and a yearly donation of twenty-two and a half bushels of wheat and two firkins of butter. The cornerstone of the present church was laid in 1797. Nothing on the pulpit has been altered since it left Holland. It is 247 years old, and is said to be the oldest pulpit in the United States.

Arkansas' Sealed Time Capsule

(Continued from page 25)

in 1841 with lumber, and the only sketch of it, drawn by E. S. Byington from verbal descriptions, shows it as a large two-story building. The county records do not describe this building but it is recorded that Ira Smoot, "the undertaker and contractor," was paid $319 for the construction of a courthouse. This included both labor and materials.

Paraclifta was named for a Choctaw Indian chief. A term of court was held in 1829, and a post office was established in 1830.

Along the south side of the square was a large hotel, the National House, featuring many well furnished rooms, delightful cuisine and also an up-to-the-minute livery stable. The block on the west side of the square was taken up by the imposing residence of L. H. Norwood, first occupied by R. C. Gilliam.

The house is still standing, but without its colonial columns and upstairs porch. It has the distinction of being the oldest remaining and the first large house in Sevier County. For years it was the showplace of this section of the state and the center of social and political activities. Many of the noted celebrities of the day were entertained here with all the hospitality which has made the Old South a synonym for the word.

The Paraclifta Seminary, for training young women in the arts of becoming elegant ladies, was located here. Reverend S. Stevenson was principal of the institution.

On the large plantations cotton was the money crop and it was hauled by mule or ox team to Hood's Landing on Little River and shipped by steamboat to New Orleans. On the return trip the wagons would bring merchandise for the businesses of the town that were clustered around the square. These supplies always included a wagonload of whiskey. The *Belle Crooks* was the last steamboat to ply the waters of Little River.

In a business and cultural way, Paraclifta served southwest Arkansas, including the communities of Falls Chapel, about one mile east, and Ben Lomond and Brownstown, five miles to the southeast.

Paraclifta fostered four newspapers: *The Cossatot Twister* founded in 1857 by Gorden and Gillespie; *The Times*, also founded in 1857, by James Penny; *The Red River Democrat* which succeeded *The Times*, first published in 1859 by Peques and Son; and the *Southwestern Democrat* founded in 1861 by Thomas Scott.

The primary function of a county seat is, of course, a seat of justice and there are many stories of the eloquence and wit of the members of the bar in those days. One such story was told by Judge James S. Steel of an occasion when the courtroom was crowded and a prominent attorney had risen to present a motion to the court. While attempting to read a decision pertinent to the case, he was having considerable difficulty keeping his glasses on his nose.

Turning to the judge in desperation he apologized, "I find it difficult, Your Honor, to keep my glasses on my nose this morning."

The judge replied, "Your trouble, sire, is that last evening you had too many glasses *under* your nose!"

Between 1844 and 1873 the Counties of Polk, Howard and Little River were taken from Sevier County. This placed Paraclifta within five miles of the county line and a demand arose for the county seat to be more centrally located.

Eventually the necessary legal steps were taken and a new site was selected. The 120 acres on which the county seat was to be located were donated by three brothers, James F., W. T., and Matt W. Locke, and the town was named Lockesburg in their honor.

A new brick courthouse was completed in 1871 and the records were moved in 1872. The people of Paraclifta moved almost in a body to Lockesburg.

Captain Lewis H. Norwood purchased the business houses and homes of the deserted town and he and his family remained there until 1885 when they also moved to Lockesburg.

Off the highway today, Paraclifta is wrapped in the quietude deserved by a ghost town—and although there are four cemeteries near (including a slave cemetery), there are no malicious ghosts. If any walk there, they are happy ghosts, perhaps a hoop-skirted Southern Belle with her refined Southern Gentleman and they tread softly, as Will Steel would probably put it, "in the dust of old Paraclifta," which still belongs to the Norwood family.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 47)

Bjorkman

I would appreciate any information about any of the Bjorkmans that were in Texas around 1900 or so.—Gordon C. Bjorkman, 1315-4A Street N.W., Calgary, Alberta, Canada T2M 3A8

Bushy-Berry

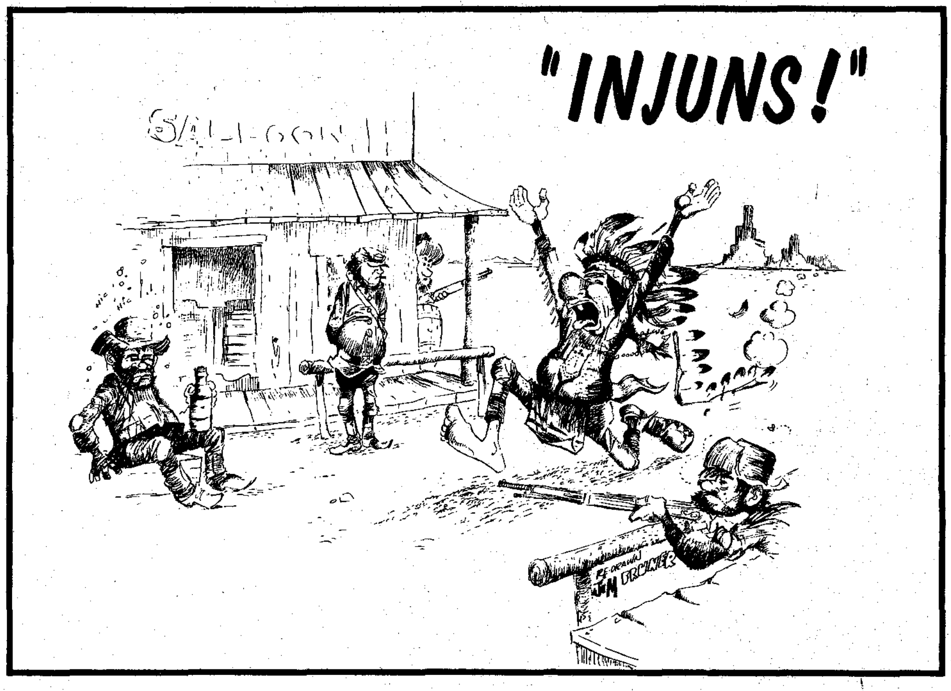
I would like to contact Dale Bushy or his sister, children of Wesley Bushy who lived on a farm just outside of Geary, Oklahoma in 1926. I doubt if Mrs. Bushy would still be alive. She had a sister, Kate Berry, and brothers Roscoe and Dwight Berry. She also had a younger brother. Any information from them would be appreciated. It is most important.—William C. Harting, 6514 N. Denver Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97217

Earl Henry Graham

Earl Henry Graham was born in Clearfield County, Pennsylvania about 1905 and joined the army in 1928. He was last heard from when he was mustered out of the service at Camp White, Oregon in 1945. Earl was also stationed at Fort Bliss and Fort Ringgold, Texas; may have had a wife and child there. I would like to contact any relatives or friends who might remember him from his army days.—Mrs. Janice McDonnell, 1003 Chestnut Avenue, Cottage Grove, Oregon 97424

Miller-Coble

My great-grandfather was Daniel Miller, born in Virginia in 1794. His wife was Elizabeth Musick, also born in Virginia and living in Edmondson County, Kentucky in 1850. I'd like to know both their parents' names and those of any brothers or sisters and where they were married. Elizabeth was supposed to have



had a wealthy brother in Knoxville, Tennessee who never married. I can not find any record of a Musick living in Knoxville in or near 1850 and will appreciate any information.

I would also like to know about John Coble who has been mentioned in the cattle and sheep men's war. I'd like to know where he came from, whom he married and to hear from any of his descendants or anyone having information.—Buddie Miller and Mrs. Edna Coble Miller, Route 3, Box 450, Leitchfield, Kentucky 42754

Abraham Smith

I would appreciate information of my great-great-grandfather, Abraham Smith, and his wife, Eliza Jane Smith, of Bloomfield, Davis County, Iowa. His will was signed on June 13, 1900 and the administrator signed the document of the deceased on September 5, 1900.— Elsie I. Stewart, P. O. Box 156, Bruneau, Idaho 83604

Barker-Duncan-Kin-Brown

I would like to hear from any descendants of Ira and Susan Muckleralph Barker and those descended from John Duncan and Raldolph Kin. They all lived in the early 1800s. Also of that time were Daniel and Martha Ward Harris and Hugh Brown and wife. There were Alie, Ephram and John Brown, and John was killed by Indians.

My parents were Abb and Ellie Harris Duncan.—Ora Dell Alexander, Route 6, Box 430, Jasper, Alabama 35501

Hasley-King

My husband's great-great-grandfather was John Hasley; his great-great- grandfather was David Hasley; and his great-grandfather was Ivy Hasley. Ivy had a sister Cynthia who was married to Larkin Hair. I believe the Hasleys were from Tennessee. My husband's grandfather, Hardie (Hardy) Hasley, married Mattie King, daughter of Isaac and Creasie Chain King. These Hasley families were living in or near Monroe, Ouachita Parish, Louisiana. The family at one time owned the Hasley Cemetery in West Monroe, Louisiana.

The Kings were from in or near Monticello, Mississippi. The Solomons were also related in some way. I would like to hear from anyone related to the Hasleys and Kings of Mississippi.—Mrs. Patsy C. Greer, Route 2, Box 45, Quitman, Louisiana 71268

Dean

Any information will be appreciated concerning the lost Dean Bible. Dr. Franklin Dean, of Coos Bay, Oregon, was the son of Robert Dean of Phelps County, Missouri. Dr. Dean borrowed the Bible about 1945. The grandfather was Aaron Dean, Sr. and other Dean first names were Moses, William, Probit, Prouit, and Proffit.—Mrs. William Wood, Box 204, RR 2, Godfrey, Illinois 62035

Jake and Spider Jensen

(Continued from page 31)

his education." Suddenly their attention was turned to Jake. He was sitting up in bed, shaking his finger at them and, in a loud voice, said, "By gosh, I still think I was right!"

It was a well known fact that Jake was stubborn, but to assert himself at a time like this just about took the cake. Later he proved his point by welding the shaft to perfection. Eric always said, "My brudder Yake is a yeenyus!"

THAT same winter, in February, we saw something coming down our trail that was hard to figure out. The dogs were barking up a storm. In the lead was Spider, in harness, pulling a queer-looking sled. Following behind was his brother Jake, steering the sled with handle bars. When they arrived and set their load in the house, it turned out to be an old-fashioned baby cradle, about 30″ wide and 5′ long, two big heavy wood rockers, with upright spaced wooden stays jointing a top railing. One side would slide up and down for easy access. The work was done to perfection and would make a lot of furniture makers jealous.

My mother was expecting a baby that coming summer. This cradle was made in appreciation for what our Dad had done for them by saving Jake's life.

On August 5 my brother, Robert G., was born and Dad was the doctor. Brother Bob is now a successful rancher at Weiser, Idaho.

Always when Spider came to visit our household, he would carry his violin in a case slung over his shoulder. He thought, without a doubt, that he was one of the great violinists of his time. We children were always glad to see him come, as it meant some good entertainment—but not from the standpoint of Spider's music, which was hard to take but great fun to watch. After the tune-up, Spider seemed to turn into a different person. First his eyelids would half-close and a dreamy, sick-calf look would come over his face. The music would start real slow, like the wind wailing in the pines, then ever so slowly the tempo would increase, along with a louder and louder noise.

With the increase in timing, his eyes would come wide open, roll back and forth faster and faster, at the same time his facial muscles would contort into lines of misery and his chin whiskers would tremble like a billy goat eating taffy. This was our cue to get out quickly so we could roll on the floor with laughter, in the bedroom, without hurting his feelings.

One Christmas Spider came to our place to celebrate by singing songs, dancing, etc. with the neighbors. Dad had given him a big glass of punch and he was really in the groove with his fiddle. He stepped back to let the dancers have more room, and fell backwards into the wood box. He continued playing, however, without missing a note, and when the tune was over my brother Emmitt (about ten years old) said, "Please play 'Turkey in the Straw'."

Spider turned around, very indignant, and said, "You fool, I just got through playing that!" Everyone in the house had a good laugh.

Just because we children had a lot of fun with the Jensen brothers didn't mean that we didn't love them. No one ever had better neighbors.

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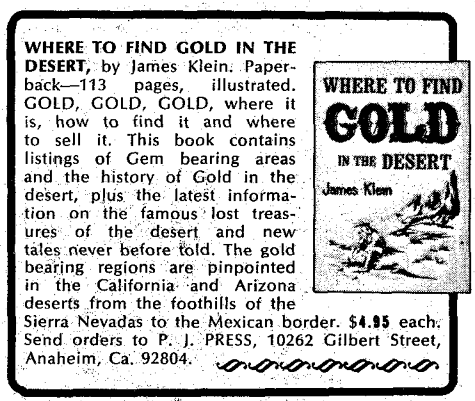
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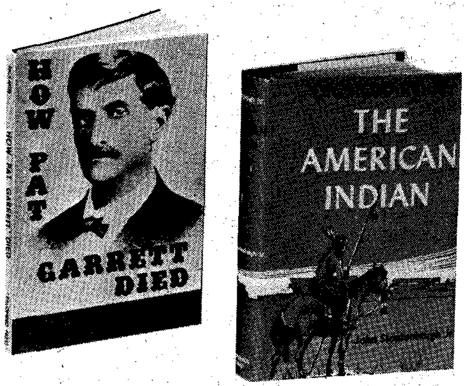

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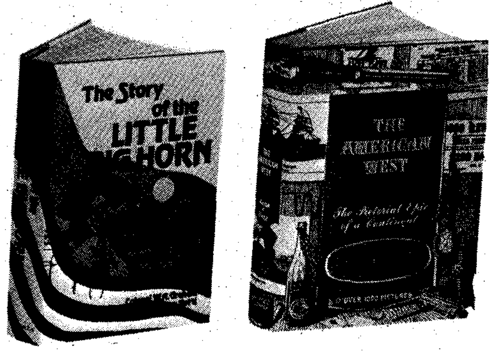
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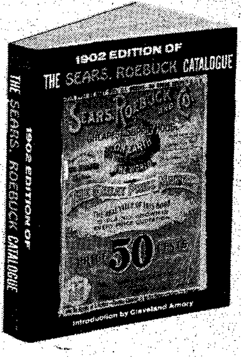
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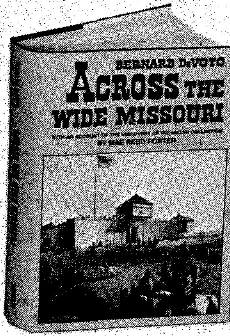

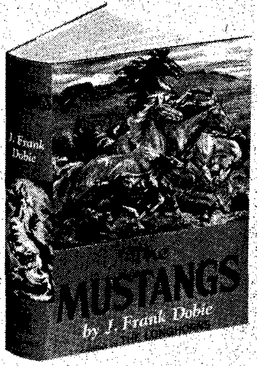

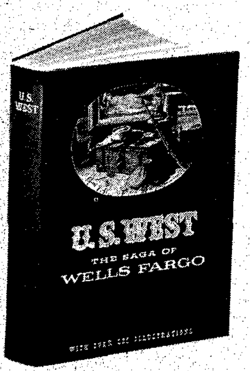

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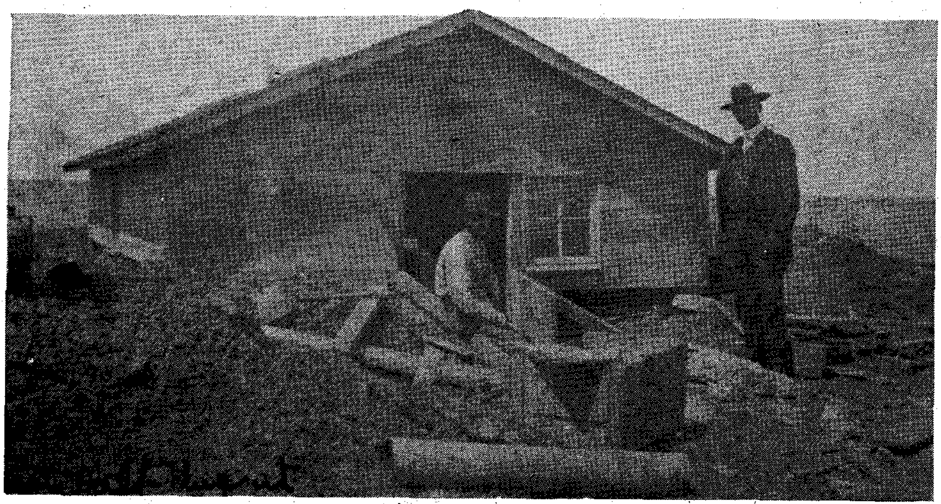
Will Roberts of the Panhandle

(Continued from page 23)

pegs placed in auger holes for legs. There were no backs to the seats. The schoolhouse floor was made of split logs also. For children who lived on farms or ranches or in small settlements school only lasted for three or four months each year.

Children had few toys. Marbles occupied the boys. There was also Bull Pen; Cat; Town Ball; Fox and Hounds; Puss, I Want your Corner; and a few other games. In the 1870s there were few books in the home except a Bible and the children's few school texts. No one near the Roberts family took the monthly paper printed in Waco. Will never read a newspaper till he was eighteen years old. It was a weekly, the Fort Worth *Gazette*.

Boys hunted or trapped rabbits, squirrels, turkeys, prairie chickens, deer, wolves, coons, and possums. Jesse Roberts would go with a neighbor or two and kill enough buffalo to last a year. Much of the meat was smoked or made into jerky. The rest was salted down in brine if barrels or other containers were at hand.



Charlie Christopher and Alfred Small building a half-dugout, circa 1901. With a scarcity of lumber on the plains, many early ranchers lived in this type of home.

The buffalo hides were brought to the Roberts farm, twenty or thirty at a time, where they were tanned and taken to Waco by ox cart. It took about a week to get there. The hides sold for $1 or $1.50 apiece. Although the farmers did not make as much use of buffalo hides as the Indians did, they found them useful. One time Ed Whitacre, Will's cousin, lost his hat and he cut a section of buffalo hide to wear atop his head. It worked fairly well.

As a very young boy Will saw hundreds of mustangs. There was a dappled grey stallion that caught Will's eye, a very fancy pacer. He was very beautiful with a long flowing mane and tail and a small head. Will saw the horse nearly every day as he ranged near the Roberts farm. The neighbors tried to catch and pen him several times but they couldn't run him down. Finally, someone conceived the idea of getting a pack of long-eared hounds after him.

The stallion ran around the range with the other horses for three or four hours then took a straight course west, crossed the Brazos River and continued west through Bosque County, into Erath and Eastland Counties. Two of the dogs were seen in the eastern edge of Eastland County, and they came home in about three weeks. Two years later, this dappled grey stallion was supposed to have been seen in Arizona near the Petrified Forest. Milt West's father owned the hounds that chased the horse. Milt later lived in Plainview in the Texas Panhandle.

Fields planted in wheat and corn were only ten acres or less so they could be guarded from birds. For several years wild burros were a problem. There was little ammunition to waste against these animals, for bullets were molded by each family.

Six miles from the Roberts farm there was a grist mill powered by a water wheel. Will remembered taking a sack of grain to the mill bareback when he was six years old. Going home he fell off the horse with his sack of flour. He could not get back on his horse and had to wait till a man came along to lift him and the sack back on his mount.

When Will was seven years old he drove two yoke of oxen while his uncle, Si Williams, held the plow. This was new ground. When the ground was broken up it was cross broken. Will took one yoke of oxen and dragged a large bush over the land to break up the clods. There was a hole of water near the field and when the heel flies would get after the oxen they would go to that pond and take Will with them. He had a line on the animals but was too little to hold them. After the oxen got in the water and the flies went away, they could be driven back to work.

IN 1873 there was a crop failure and Uncle Si Williams went to Oklahoma to see if he could find work. While he was gone, his little four-year-old daughter—"the prettiest and cutest little girl you ever did see"—caught typhoid fever. All hope was gone for her recovery and Dr. Harris sent for her father though he doubted if Si could get home before the child died.

Both the doctor and the child's mother were worn out with days and nights of constant watching. One day they just had to get some rest so they left Will with the little girl, telling him to call them if she stirred. In those days a lot of people thought it would kill a fever patient to be allowed a drink of water.

The little girl kept getting more restless and was begging for water. Will had heard the doctor say she was going to die anyway so he slipped out to the well in the yard and brought her a cup of water, taking care not to rouse her mother and the doctor. Will gave her a drink several times.

When Dr. Harris and Mrs. Williams awakened, the patient was sleeping naturally for the first time in days. It was only after the doctor said there had been a miracle and the child was going to live that Will confessed about the water. Dr. Harris was horrified, but Will thought then and later that he had saved his little cousin's life.

Home remedies were often very effective. Brown sugar and turpentine were used for cuts. Red clay moistened with vinegar was applied for a sprain. A red flannel rag with lard and turpentine was wrapped around a sore throat. There was never any blood poisoning recorded.

When Will was fourteen he had chills and fever during cotton picking time. One day he could hardly stand. This was after the family had moved to less than a mile from the town of Whitney. Will had once heard Dr. Harris tell a man that if a person with chills and fever would get real drunk it would act as a cure.

After Will quit work that day, he managed to get to the store and buy a half-pint of whiskey. Liquor was sold in bulk out of a keg. Will got home, sneaked around to the corner of the cow lot and drank the whole half pint. It was the first whiskey he had ever tasted and he got very sick. It burned all the way down. His mother came out of the house about that time and saw him. She asked why he had not told her how he felt, that she would have made him a toddy.

Will said later he would not advocate his remedy as a cure for chills and fever. However, prior to the time he drank the half-pint he had chills and fever every year. Afterwards he never was afflicted again.

There were no flies in the Towash and Whitney area, but when the Roberts family lived in Grimes County for three years there were ticks and mosquitoes galore. For the latter, smudge pots were burned in the house every night.

BY THIS TIME Jesse Roberts had begun working at Dyer's Mill for which he was paid $3.00 a day. Negroes carried lumber out of the building and another set of Negroes stacked it. Mr. Dyer would not saw a log with a knot in it.

There was little cash money around for years after the Civil War and Will retained a vivid memory of the time his Uncle Louis Simer decided to buy the quarter-section of land he had been leasing. As this was prime bottom land, he paid $10 an acre for it. For some reason the transaction was made on the homemade table in the Roberts kitchen. Uncle Louis brought the $1,600 in silver in a sack on his shoulder. The money was mostly in fifty-cent pieces and was stacked and counted in one hundred dollar piles. The deed was handwritten on the spot and witnessed by Jesse Roberts and one other man.

One other money deal Will never forgot occurred when he was fifteen years old. For some reason his father could not take a wagonload of cotton to Dallas, so Will drove to Hillsboro then to the Trinity River where several men, also with wagonloads of cotton, were camped.

When he got to Dallas, the buyers graded Will's cotton and made him an offer of $100. He sold the cotton and was given a receipt to take to the First National Bank. Checks were not in use then for transactions of this kind. Banks paid upon presentation of receipts.

Will went to the bank and got his money in $20 bills. He felt very proud and rich and fooled around town for the rest of the day taking in the sights. But back at the wagon that night he counted his money and was astonished to find the bank had given him six $20 bills instead of five.

The next morning he returned to the bank and told the cashier the bank had made a mistake. Thinking the young man was going to accuse them of short changing him, the cashier called the president who caught Will by the arm and began moving him toward the door, insisting that the bank never made mistakes. All the time Will was trying to explain.

When the president got Will to the door entrance, he gave the boy a push and told him to get out and stay out in such a loud tone of voice a policeman came to investigate. He said the policeman was a big 200-pound Irishman who told Will to get going before he took him along to jail. But when Will repeated his explanation and produced the six $20 bills and the bank president reached for the money, the policeman told the banker to leave the boy alone. The policeman said Will had been treated shabbily when he tried to return the money. The policeman even told Will to take the extra $20 and buy himself some new clothes, which he promptly did.

Will said later he never in his life got more money without working for it—this included the time he really thought he might unearth a fortune. Will and his two cousins, Steve Whitacre and Charles Hamm, were swimming at the mouth of Towash Creek. They visited with some people who were going through the country on their way south to Indianola, located on the Gulf of Mexico. After the people left, the three boys were wandering about the woods and noted a big cottonwood tree under which was a freshly dug hole. In the excavation was the rusty print of a pot with four feet. For days afterward the boys talked about nothing but buried treasure, but it didn't materialize.

BOYS in the 1870s and '80s wore trousers made of a kind of jeans cloth. The material cost fifty cents a yard for the best quality and twenty-five cents for the regular kind. Charley Hamm's mother would fold over the cloth, sew up the side, split the right distance up the middle and sew up the inside for the legs. She would put a band on the top for the belt then she would make suspenders to hold them up. Girls and women wore dresses of calico which cost five to eight cents per yard.

Bacon sold for ten cents a pound but most families cured their own. Sugar was six cents a pound and it was all brown sugar. Coffee beans were bought in bulk, parched in the oven and usually ground fresh each day in a small coffee mill. When Will's mother had no coffee she parched bran and made coffee of that.

Jesse Roberts' by-word was "by-doggies" and Will never heard him use any other. In later years Will got by with using "shuckins." Uncle Bill Whitacre, a once-famous Texas Ranger, used a whole rigamarole for a by-word: "Hello in a minute here, by thunder, ain't you got any sense?"

Will had four brothers and five sisters. Alice, Ennis, John and Martin were born before the family left Hill County. Eva, Callie, Nannie, and the twins, Stillie and Lillie, were born in Springtown.

Farm land in Hill and Grimes Counties began selling for $5 an acre which was considered very high. Jesse Roberts decided to move. Three miles from Springtown, a settlement of 300 inhabitants in Parker County, Jesse bought 480 acres of government land for $1 per acre. Included in the sale was a yoke of steers and a wagon. As the family had moved with three yoke of oxen and two wagons of household goods, they felt very well set up. There they lived until all the children were married except Ennis, who enlisted in the army, and Martin who died of typhoid at age twelve.

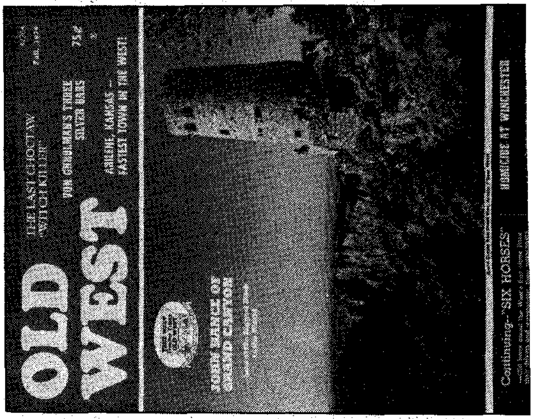
Will, taking examinations for a teacher's certificate, made 100 in every subject except one and 99 in that. The first school he taught was a one-room affair in which classes were held from the first reader to calculus.

By 1890 Springtown had 3,000 inhabitants and two colleges: The McCracken School (Methodist) and the Male and Female Institute (Baptist). From the latter Will took B.A. and M.A. degrees. He could read Latin, Greek, and some Sanskrit. After graduation he was employed as a professor at this school, and in 1894 married one of his students, Lula Northcutt.

Will and his wife moved to Era in Cooke County where he headed the public schools; then he was superintendent of schools at Miami in Roberts County. One summer he taught at the college founded by Colonel Charles Goodnight.

When Will quit teaching school, he went into the real estate business in Amarillo. There would be no more moves. His five children would grow up there; Lora, Leta, Lona, Jo Billie and Juanita. It was only after the Panhandle was "settled up" that Will moved to the area, but many of the old-timers were still around. For instance, Sul Ross, former Texas Ranger Captain who had retaken Cynthia Ann Parker from the Comanches, was a Roberts house guest. The frontier

LOOK!



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days were just not that far in the past. One day in the lobby of the Amarillo Hotel, Will—by then known by the more dignified appellation of W. S. Roberts—met J. W. Puckett whose family lived near the Brazos River at the time Will's family had resided there. The two men spoke of their boyhood days.

Will remembered when he and his cousins, the Simer boys, frequently fished in the river. The Pucketts seined and had a fish box where they preserved their catch until needed. Will was the only one of the boys who knew about this box as it was concealed in the water close to the bank. One day Will and the Simers fished and fished, but no luck. Since they had depended on catching fish for their supper, they were "mighty hungry." Will told the cousins he was going to try his luck up the river. He went off alone, looked into Puckett's fish box and found a catfish, a big one. He stole it and told his cousins he had caught it. After eating, the three boys went home.

The Pucketts were having a meeting at their church and the preacher was staying with them. They had intended serving that catfish for Sunday dinner. Will was accused of stealing the fish as he was the only one who knew where the fish box was, but Will positively denied it. The next day when he heard that the fish was to have been for the preacher's dinner, he felt so guilty he caught a mess of fish and put them in the fish box.

When J. W. Puckett told this story in Amarillo he declared he still believed that Will got the catfish, but after all those years Will still would not admit to the theft. That fish was probably the only thing in his entire life he ever took that did not honestly belong to him.

(Will always told his children that if they could not tell the "slap-dab" truth to keep their mouths shut.)

In later years Will Roberts was involved in many local activities—civic, educational, and religious. Numerous persons came to him for help and advice. For eight years Will served as president of the school board. It was said that he knew more school law than any lawyer in the state.

William Silas Roberts' life was not unusual for the area and the times. At first in the central part of the state pioneers lived on small holdings that were often not more than one hundred acres. In the '70s mustangs roamed and Indian scares were frequent. In the early 1900s after the Indians had been driven out of the Panhandle, a rancher with twelve sections of land (7,680 acres) had only "a small spread." Men who had been poor in their youth became very well to do in West Texas.

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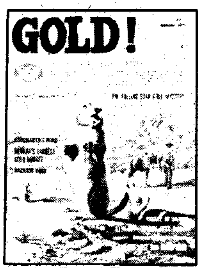
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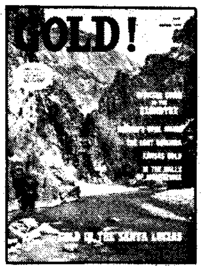
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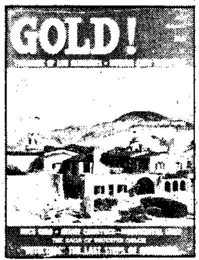
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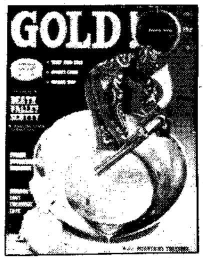
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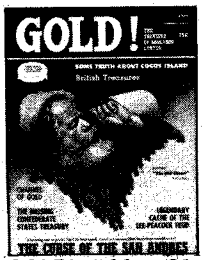
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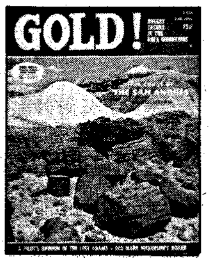
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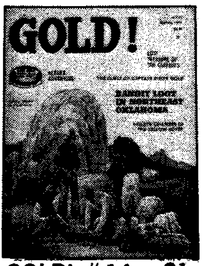
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Gradually many of the big ranches were cut into smaller holdings. Wheat began to be grown, especially on the South Plains. Will lived to see oil derricks scattered over the Panhandle.

William Silas Roberts, whose wife never called him anything but "Mr. Roberts," lived three quarters of a century in a changing Texas—from Indian times to oil boom days.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 29)

History faculty at City College of San Francisco—Comanches; Dr. Worcester—Teton Sioux (three chapters); Dr. R. Morris Day, Associate Professor of History at East Tennessee State University—Modocs and Nez Perces; Dr. Sandra L. Myres—Apaches; and Dr. Eugene B. McCluney, Adjunct Professor of History at TCU—Eastern Pueblos are the other contributors. They tell it like it was and is—it is not a pretty picture but every fair-minded American should read this book. A number of illustrations, maps, suggested reading lists (following each chapter) and an index supplement the text. Recommended.

TO THE BITTER END

Indian Leaders Who Helped Shape America 1600-1900 (Superior, $12.95) by Ralph W. Andrews, probably the most prolific of our present-day Northwest authors. Indian leaders throughout our history resisted white encroachment—many were willing to fight to protect their hunting ground and tribal homelands. The author briefly reviews such events almost tribe by tribe and features such leaders as Powhatan (and his daughter Pocahontas), Massasoit, King Philip, Pontiac, Thayendanegea (Joseph Brant), Shagore-Watha (Red Jacket), Tecumseh, Osceola, Black Hawk, Keokuk, Sequoya, Pushmataha, John Ross, Spotted Horse, Ouray, Lone Wolf, Satanta (White Bear), Kicking Bird, Crazy Horse, Red Cloud, Sitting Bull, Spotted Tail, Chief Gall, Seattle, Wovoka, Chief Joseph, Geronimo and Quanah Parker. The book is profusely illustrated with photos of the featured chiefs and many other Indian warriors. A few reproductions of paintings by Bodmer et al complement the photos and there is very brief bibliography plus an index.

COWBOY ART

Cowboy Artists of American 1975 Northland Press, $7.50) is the catalog of the tenth annual exhibition held at he Phoenix Art Museum. October 24-November 17, 1975. Don Hedgpeth pays ribute to the artists in his foreword and President Fred Fellow introduces the how. There are nineteen illustrations in olor and there is a photo of each of he artists accompanied by a brief autobiographical sketch. Handsomely printed y Northland and for the buffs there is hardbound limited edition of 150 copies igned by seventeen of the artists at 35.00.

MONTANA POLITICS

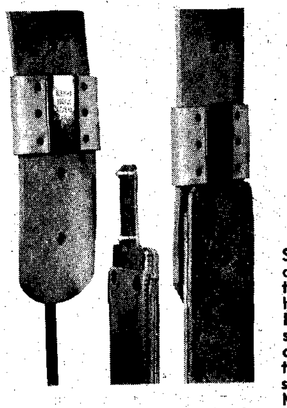
Dr. Clark C. Spence is professor of istory at the University of Illinois (Urbana-Champaign) and he did much research prior to writing *Territorial Politics and Government in Montana 1964-89* (University of Illinois Press $11.50). Dr. Spence follows closely the life and times of the Territory from the signing of the bill creating the Territory by President Lincoln. The first territorial officers were all non-residents and this became a major point of contention as the population increased. However, the Territory had non-resident governors for twenty-three of the twenty-five years—twelve under Benjamin Franklin Potts of Ohio, a brigadier general in the Union army during the Civil War and a protege of William T. Sherman. Residents of Montana fared somewhat better in filling the office of Secretary of the Territory and in appointments to the Supreme Court. With the Republicans in power for most of the life of the Territory it is interesting to note that the residents elected Democrats as their delegates to Congress for the twenty-three of the twenty-five years. Dr. Spence traces the growing power of the resident politicians—particularly Sam Hauser, William A. Clark, Marc Daly and Charles A. Broadwater, the big four of the Democrats. The chapter on "The Struggle for Admission" (as a State) is an interesting summary and analysis of a fight that started early in Territorial days. Photos of a number of Territorial officers, a bibliographic essay, tables, an index and numerous footnotes supplement the text. Recommended.

TEXAS CAPITOLS IN PICTURES

Sara Clark's *The Capitols of Texas: A Visual History* (Encino Press, $12.50) covers them all with photos and old prints from the original at Washington-on-the-Brazos to the present massive red granite structure at Austin. Photos of David G. Burnett, Lorenzode Zavala, Sam Houston, Mirabeau B. Lamar, Anson Jones, James Pinckney Henderson, Elisha M. Pease, Oran Roberts et al are included. The text is held to a minimum but the illustrations tell the story very well indeed. Rather naturally the present capitol gets the most space—Texas traded three million acres of Panhandle land for the building to a Chicago firm of contractors. The land became the famed XIT ranch that in its heyday maintained a herd of 150,000 cattle. Recommended.

BELLE'S NEPHEW

Glenn Shirley's *Last of the Real Badmen: Henry Starr* (University of Nebraska Press, $2.95) is again available—now as a first Bison Book printing. First issued in 1965, this account of the exploits of the nephew of Sam Starr (husband of the outlaw queen, Belle) who claimed to have robbed more banks than any man who ever lived, was long OP. Much of the material in the book is from *Thrilling Events, Life of Henry Starr* written by the outlaw while he was in the Colorado pen and published in 1914 and a series of newspaper articles by him published in the Wichita *Eagle* February 27—March 4, 1921. Shirley checked out Starr's accounts and supplemented them with material from the files of contemporary newspapers and court records. A good job and the price is right.



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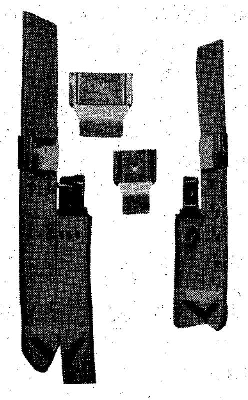

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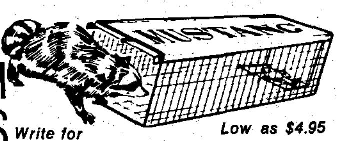

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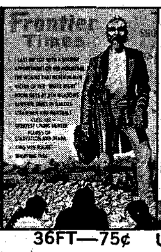
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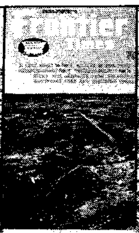
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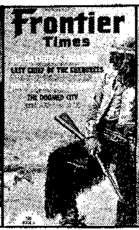
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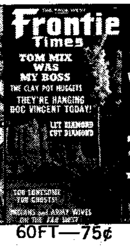
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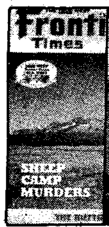
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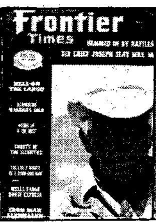
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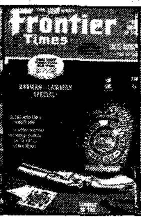
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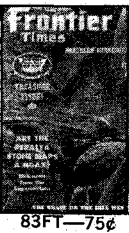
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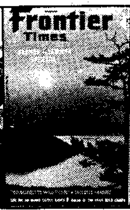
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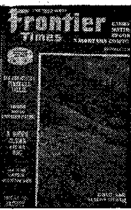
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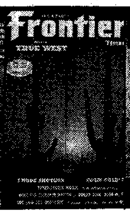
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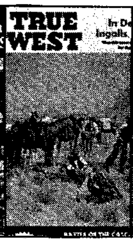
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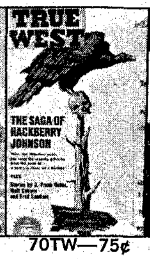
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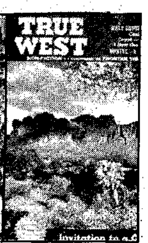
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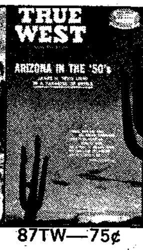
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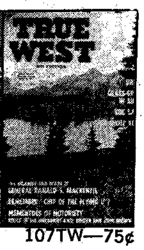
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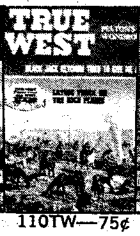
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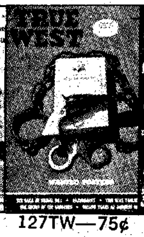
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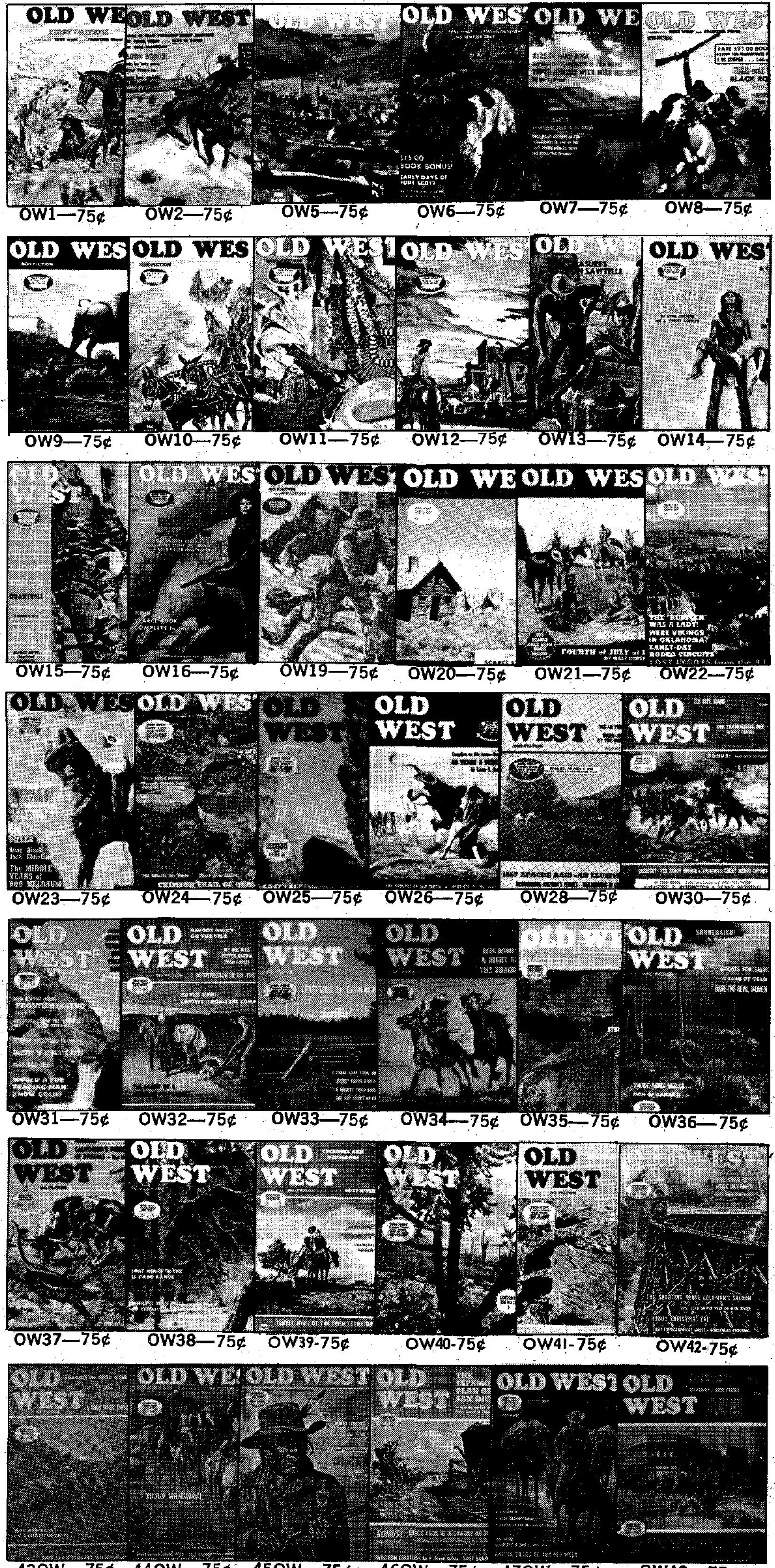


Ghost Rider of the Prairie

(Continued from page 13)

had settled in the bottom.

Next time the barrel was empty Buff sent me alone to get water. All went fine up to the point at which the horses were supposed to stop backing into the river. Both horses were pretty wild. As the wagon, made entirely of oak and iron, disappeared under the river's surface, both horses found themselves up to their ears in water. Muddy water swirled around my knees as the empty barrel floated inside the wagon box. The river current was carrying the whole outfit downstream, wagon tires scraping bottom. Suddenly the team went ashore, half swimming as they lunged forward.

Back at the ranch house, Buff, who could not tolerate failure, was pleased that I had filled the barrel before driving the muddy, soaking-wet outfit home.

On the gently sloping plain, where Scotty had started to build his big irrigation project, Buff and I plowed, harrowed and planted. We were the only paid workers at the Buffalo Pasture that summer of 1920. When we rode horses during working hours we were on Philip business. We had no idle time on work days to spend with the members and friends of the family who rode out from Fort Pierre.

Sometimes Buff and I relaxed and talked of horses, his favorite subject. In these talks he avoided melodrama and seldom mentioned the many crimes of which he had been accused. He recalled having ridden over a hundred miles without stopping, except to change horses The day following one of his "scrapes" he would be far away. Nobody believed that he could have been in the two places at what seemed to be the same time. Buff had one ace-in-the-hole. When pursui got too hot he hid in a little-known cave south of Bad River on the ranch of Bally Mathieson who had served as Scotty Philip's foreman.

Early in his rustling career, this loca item explained one of Buff's bulle wounds:

"Deputy Sheriff Paul Pitan was riding range when, coming over a ridge, he saw Buff George and a pal with a small bunc of horses. Paul tied a knot in his rein and hung them over the saddle so tha his hands would be free to use his .30-30 Pitan fired 3 or 4 times, one shot taking Buff in the fleshy part of his right hip Pitan's horse stepped in a prairie dog hole and went down. . . ." Buff got away It is apparent, in reading the press ac counts, that some law officers started t shoot to kill as soon as they jumped Buf George.

IN the 1890s and after the turn of th century, Buff gained the reputation fo being a tough and tireless rider. When h set out to move horses or cattle across country he worked on doggedly until th assignment was finished. Without far fare he crossed the main west-rive streams: White River, Bad River, th Cheyenne, Moreau, and Grande. It wa for Buff's proven ability to get result that Scotty Philip chose him in 1901 t bring down the Dupree buffalo herd.

John Dion was raised on Whetston

Creek near the old abandoned Whetstone Army Post below Chamberlain. Whetstone is one creek that flows directly into the Missouri. John recalls an incident involving Buff. A bronc that Buff was riding wouldn't take to the water to cross Whetstone which was "at the swim stage level." John stated that he saw Buff try to drown his horse by holding his head under water. George Porch recalled: "You had to duck the head of a horse that wouldn't swim."

Instinctive crossings by masses of buffalo, or the organized crossings by Texas trail herds, never lacked for drama. Scotty Philip, experienced on the Texas trails, "damn near drowned" while he and his trail crew were swimming a Texas herd across the Missouri. It was at the old Evarts crossing near the site of Mobridge. He became separated from his horse and was rescued by a man in a dory while drifting downriver alone.

Anyone who has had the experience of standing on the bank of Old Muddy at night and looking across the dark, turbulent waters at the far-away shore can sense the daring of a rider who would attempt a crossing alone.

When things got too hot for Buff on the "wrong" side of the river he would simply plunge his horse into the water and escape to safety on the wild west-bank. The aroused shotgun-carrying east-bank farmers were dangerous but lacked the heroic flair or training to follow.

To quote from Clara M. Blasingame, one of South Dakota's most interesting and legitimate native writers on pioneer days: "The men who worked the rivers were called 'rivermen' and the horses they rode were good in water, unexcitable and good swimmers. They were called 'riverhorses'."

Buff required his horse to be "good in water" and, like himself, "unexcitable."

ONE of the outstanding services performed by Buff George was the famous drive that brought the Dupree buffaloes from the Cheyenne River down to Scotty Philip's.

Doug Carlin's beautifully handwritten etter which promised delivery of the Dupree buffaloes to Scotty's newly fenced Fort Pierre Buffalo Pasture, as originally agreed upon in 1900, follows:

Leslie, S. D., Sept. 11, 1901

James Philip
Fort Pierre, S. D.
Dear Friend:

Your favor of recent date received a ew days ago and will say that I will have the Buffalo (full bloods) down there bout the 12th inst. I could have them here sooner but as I have to be there bout that time will wait until then.

Yours truly,
Douglas L. Carlin

How little did Pete Dupree's son-in-law, Doug, foresee the difficulty in moving he herd from its home range when this tter was written!

Scotty assembled a group of the best ders he knew, to attempt to bring the 7 head 100 miles cross-country from he Cheyenne River. It was unnatural to ove them away from the range up by eslie where most of them had been born.

Riding with Scotty on the drive were George Philip, his nephew and an expert rider; Doug Carlin, who knew the herd; and Buff George, one of the most tireless, doggedly determined and competent men around.

In the late fall of 1901 they showed up at the Buffalo Pasture with the buffaloes and some cattle which had been mixed with them for their civilizing influence. The citizens of Fort Pierre turned out to welcome them. When the big gate to the Buffalo Pasture was nailed shut on the captives, a feat had been accomplished which many old-timers thought impossible. Those who knew Buff George, however, would find it hard to imagine his ever showing up at all *without* them.

Scotty was happy. George Philip was proud of his uncle. Doug Carlin was relieved to be shut of the herd.

IT WAS near Oacoma, South Dakota and several other stations along the Milwaukee Railroad, where my friend, Buff George, had made rustling history. Buff's much publicized night rides took him through several counties but the most concentrated thieving was along the Milwaukee Railroad west of Chamberlain on its winding way to Rapid City.

From the archives of local papers we dug out some remembrances of Buff's misadventures. These articles confirm his birth in 1874 and his arrival in Lyman County "west-of-the-river." They tell of his younger brother, Bob, who served time in the Sioux Falls pen along with Buff. Most news dispatches embellished the details of Buff's crimes, his being chased by the sheriff and sometimes being wounded. They loved to report him wounded but still alive. The jailing and trial were made as sensational as possible. Very little was told of the other life of Buff George—of the honest and valuable services he had performed for the railroad, or on the ranches of Scotty Philip, J. Q. Anderson and others.

One news item mentioned a brother Carl.

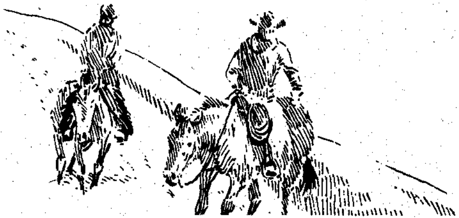
In retrospect Buff's successes seem too few, his years in prison too many. He often escaped capture in a region bristling with guns. Of all the many bullets fired at him none found a vital spot. (Results from his dangerous game could not have been predicted. At the end he died peacefully.)

Buff never denied to me that he had been guilty of any of the crimes for which he had been charged. His only protest was against the press which, in his opinion, had him accused, convicted and on the way to the pen even before he had been taken into custody. By the time he was led into the courtroom in handcuffs, he appeared in the eyes of the judge and jury to be a desperate criminal.

One incident involved cattle stealing along White River: "In 1905 Buff George had a camp on nearby Horse Creek. It was here that Deputy Sheriff Sam Sheldon of Lyman County went to get Buff.

"The latter was standing by a shed and started to run when he saw the officer, but Sam plugged him. . . . The patient recovered."

The reason he ran was that he feared the law would kill him on sight. Sam Sheldon may have been squeamish about



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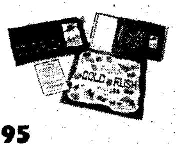

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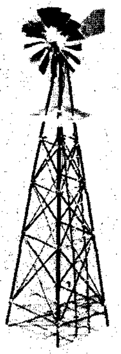

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finishing him off, or there may have been a witness. Buff had never harmed a law officer.

One day in 1920, while Buff and I were farming at the Buffalo Pasture north of Fort Pierre, we stopped to rest the horses. While resting, he told me about his most terrible ordeal, one that never appeared in print at all. Buff had been pinned down by rifle fire from cattlemen on higher ground.

He was mowing hay at the J. Q. Anderson cattle and sheep ranch near Presho. His six-shooter was harmless against the rifles of his attackers. After they had emptied their rifles and ridden away, he lay beside the mowing machine with four bullet wounds. He was carried to his remote cabin near White River by a friend who cared for him while the wounds healed without a doctor. Nobody who had been awed by his gaping bullet wounds could doubt that no doctor had sewed them up. None of the published accounts of other incidents ever exceeded this one for drama and miraculous survival. (He also told me that all of the haystacks he had put up that summer were burned before his wounds had healed!)

Bill Durkin was Buff's pal at this time and may have been the friend who nursed Buff. George Philip, Scotty's nephew who became South Dakota's State's Attorney wrote: "Bill Durkin not so long after got into some horse-stealing difficulty with Buff George and it seems to me, through the haze of years, that Bill decided to swell Canada's ever-increasing population."

George Philip wrote well. His writings show his fine sense of humor. "Bill Durkin" really sounds as an outlaw's name should.

The local press also continued to give its readers items about their favorite villain:

BUFFALO GEORGE IS FOUND GUILTY

"The grand larceny case against William 'Buffalo' George was begun Monday morning before Judge William Williamson of Oacoma. . . . The case went to the jury Wednesday before supper, and Thursday a verdict of conviction [was brought in]. George was immediately given a sentence of five years in the penitentiary by the court."

THOUGH never talkative, Buff's thoughts were on his prison life much of the time. Occasionally he would discuss some phase of his past. Most of his observations were philosophical and without vindictiveness. It seems that he started stealing right after each prison release. After being trapped in a prison cell for years, freedom offered a chance to catch up on lost time. Working for wages could surely never repay twenty-three long-gone years of free labor for the State. Had his attempt to steal those ninety horses, or in another case sixty cows, succeeded, he would have had a start.

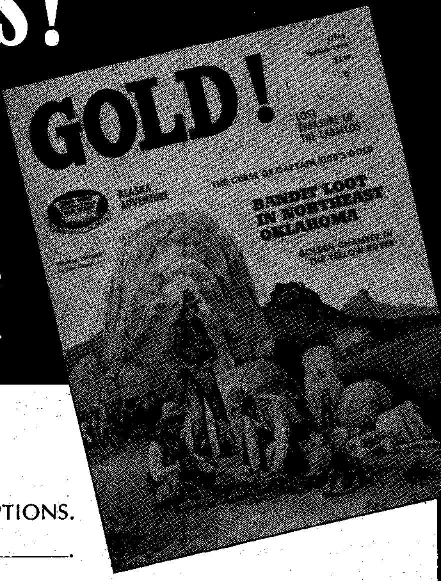
From the Sioux Falls *Argus-Leader:*

"BUFFALO" CONVICTED

Fairplay, Feb. 21, 1908—"Sheriff Samuel H. Sheldon of Lyman County was in Sioux Falls Monday and he was here on a mission which offered him unlimited pleasure. When Mr. Sheldon entered upon the duties of his office, he found a gang of horse thieves at work under the leadership of Bill George, better known as 'Buffalo'. Sheriff Sheldon bided his time, but finally made a raid on the bunch, which consisted of George, a brother named Bob, George William Adams and Clarence Colvin. Sheriff Sheldon has had the satisfaction of seeing every man of the quartette convicted, and three of them are now in the penitentiary doing time, and the fourth—Clarence Colvin—who is under a four years' sentence, is having his case appealed to the State Supreme Court."

Buff George had located in Lyman County, South Dakota in 1897, along the wildest part of White River. He was then twenty-three years of age. He rode with a lawless gang. It was suspected for many years that the George gang was doing a good deal of the cattle rustling which was taking place in the county but the members were able to cover up their tracks.

Finally a team of horses was stolen from a small rancher named Benson. Suspicion pointed to the George gang. Sheriff Sheldon was so firmly convinced that the George gang had done the trick he



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decided to make an arrest. He did so and not only captured four men, but also found evidence which fastened the guilt of the Benson robbery upon them as well as another case of cattle rustling.

"Bob George and William Adams were tried, convicted and sent up for three years each. Colvin was tried, convicted and sentenced to four years, but took an appeal to the Supreme Court.

"Buff George secured a change of venue from Lyman County to Hanson County and was tried at Alexandria, found guilty on the charge of stealing the Benson team and also of cattle rustling in another part of the county, and was convicted on each count, making ten years to serve. Sheriff Sheldon lost no time in getting George off his hands. He was brought to Sioux Falls Sunday and turned over to Warden Parmley.

"Deputy Sheriff McPherson of Hanson County accompanied Sheriff Sheldon to Sioux Falls with the prisoners."

Leslie White was arrested and incarcerated in Fort Pierre's jail for hiding Buff George while Buff was a fugitive from justice. He awaited a session of the Circuit Court under $3,000 bond. Buff was thought at the time to be still hiding near White River, charged with horse stealing. Leslie's father was charged with complicity but released because of his advanced age of seventy.

ONE JUNE DAY in 1920 a nondescript character appeared at the Buffalo Pasture, an undesirable named Elmer (Zig) Zigler. He just rode in, put his horse in the corral and made himself at home. He slept in the hayloft above the stable.

Next morning, while up in the mow putting down hay for the three horses, I noted the barrel of a revolver protruding from under the folded-up blanket which Zig used as a pillow. Removing the gun, a Frontier Model Colt .44-40, I examined it. It seemed too heavy, the barrel too long. I even considered stealing it by hiding it in the hay, but put it back in the place of discovery, fearful that I would be suspect. The barrel of this weapon was probably 7½ inches. The 44-40 cartridges could be used in both the revolver and Zig's saddle rifle carried in a scabbard.

At the time there was no way for me to know that Elmer Zigler had a criminal record, nor that he and Buff had been in horse-stealing scrapes together. Their minds both ran to horse stealing.

Much later some escapades of both Buff and Zig were learned. Dave Moore, Fort Pierre old-timer and lawman who had known Scotty Philip and all his friends, said: "Tom Barnes, Elmer Zigler and Harry Oakes stole mortgaged horses, and Dave Moore as Deputy Sheriff was ent to bring them into Gettysburg. The arrested men had the case transferred to Stanley County. Tom got a trip out of he deal. Zigler turned State's Evidence and Oakes skipped the country."

At about this time I had bought a Ford Model T. Soon after Zig's coming, Buff ook me aside to ask if I would drive hem forty miles south to the Lower Brule Reservation. It would be a long ide on their horses but not far with the Model T. We would pass Scotty Philip's Cedar Creek headquarters from which he had once directed his immense Lower Brule Reservation lease operations.

Buff, Zig and I crossed Cedar Creek just above Scotty's old Lower Brule ranch. The house there, resembling the structure that we were living in at the Buffalo Pasture, was unchanged since Scotty's time. The big corrals and artesian well were still much the same at both places.

Near the Agency we furtively skirted the Indian village by a back road and arrived at the homes of some Sioux who lived apart at the Big Bend of the Missouri. At first I didn't know that they were Zig's family. His Sioux wife, Laura, was about twenty-six years of age. There were several mixed-breed children and some Indians gathered around. Everyone welcomed us and for two carefree days we became a part of the families. We had brought no whiskey.

Our Indian hosts had moved out of their winter homes for the summer, eating around campfires and sleeping rolled up in blankets over tarps on the hard ground, or in tents. At supper a big kettle of stew simmering over the fire was food for all. No one asked what was in it but it tasted good. (Fifty years later, Zig's wife Laura said to me, "Zig always liked to build big fires.")

Never was I included in the powwowing. Buff, Zig and their renegade Brule friends drew apart so that I never heard their conniving.

After supper I walked along the river at the Big Bend. Dogs from the Indian village answered the coyotes. In the moonlight fresh winds blew the tall prairie grasses in waves as on water. It was a strangely wonderful aspect of nature, a world yet unspoiled by civilization. Once Scotty Philip's Lower Brule lease shared this reservation with the DZ Outfit. At their peak, Scotty's cattle numbered from 23,000 to 26,000 depending on which account is accepted.

THE YEAR 1920 was a fortunate one to come to the Buffalo Pasture when the herd was at its greatest size. If the number of 1,000 head, often used for publicity, was true, then each buffalo would have had sixteen acres to graze. The pasture, even at 900 head, had reached the limit of population in the dry-cycle.

Scotty's herd had been visited by many old-time buffalo hunters who acclaimed the specimens there equal, if not superior, to any seen among the countless thousands hunted on the plains. Looking through the corral fence at big bulls weighing up to 2,600 pounds gave the viewer the feeling that they were too massive to be real.

There was once an editorial in the Oacoma paper (1908): "If 'Buffalo', whose real name is William George, and who is now in jail at Oacoma on a charge of larceny, tells all he knows and the fellows he tells on can be induced to tell all they know, it will take the Gold Dust Twins and a can of concentrated lye to remove the spots from some of the spotless characters who have posed as leaders west of the Missouri."

One wonders just who the "spotless

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Buff George served his last sentence in the Montana State Penitentiary. Construction on this first territorial prison began in 1870. Buff was released shortly before his death.

characters" were. Scotty Philip and Buff were good friends, and Scotty did what he could to help Buff get out of the jails. In a January 25, 1907 case in the Oacoma court, Buff was represented by the firm of Johnson and Philip. Scotty's nephew George was the Johnson partner.

The next morning, after a stormy night, Buff's horse would show signs of having been rode. On these night rides he would slip out of his room, next to mine, with catlike silence. No loose floorboard creaked as he went out on a secret itinerary. Buff rode leaning forward slightly. Some riders sat straight up. Buff's powerful neck, shoulders and arms suggested the likeness to a badger. He and his horse were as one, invisible against the dark prairie background.

His trips were limited in scope. With the Buffalo Pasture to the north and the east cut off by the Missouri River, he had only the choice of riding in the Mission Ridge region or near the Deadwood Trail by Tex Hemphill Ranch where Calamity Jane had lived. Sometimes I think that Buff rode in the rain for the pure joy of it and was tempted to steal because owners protected their stock so poorly.

BUFF GEORGE IN BAD AGAIN
Love of Other People's Horses Causes Downfall of Paroled Prisoner

"Buffalo George is at this time a paroled prisoner from Sioux Falls Penitentiary, where he has for the past years served several terms for rustling."

Ninety head of horses were involved. The outcome must have been acquittal because Buff hardly had enough time to serve one more sentence in addition to all the others.

But Buff couldn't stay out of Fort Pierre's primitive jail: "William George, better known as 'Buffalo' who has been out of the pen less than two months heard the jail doors clang behind him. A familiar figure along White River for years, he was arrested Wednesday by Deputy Sheriff Jack Conway of Fort Pierre assisted by the Sheriff of Mellette County and the Deputy Sheriff of Lyman County. He will be given a preliminary hearing on Saturday."

The charge was stealing eighteen head of cattle from the pasture of Christ Martens near Meers. Mellette County is across White River to the south from Lyman County, and west of the Big Bend. He evidently beat that one. When Buff's choice was between freedom on the prairie he loved and confinement in hated prison cells, it is understandable that three sheriffs went out to bring him in!

USUALLY our best times in Fort Pierre were had just sitting around the Buffalo Cafe drinking coffee, talking and people-watching. Everyone, sooner or later, came to the Buffalo Cafe. It was run by Scotty Philip's daughters.

A feature of the cafe was a grey-enameled coffee pot always sitting at the back of the big cast-iron stove. It must have held two gallons of hot coffee. One night one of Buff's friends said to the waitress: "Watch Buff or he will have that coffeepot in his pocket." We all laughed and Buff seemed not to resent it. Those who consider themselves among the honest are a bit awed by notorious thieves. (At about this time the *Times* reported five tons of coal missing from the paper's coal bin; but Buff preferred to steal animals with four feet.)

Stories persist of Buff and Elmer Ziggler coming to grief crossing stolen horses eastward over the frozen Missouri the following winter. Many different accounts of this misadventure of Buff and Zig have been told. The main cause of their final accident was that the concentrated weight of the bunched stolen horses caused the Missouri ice to fail. Zig was said to have broken his leg and wound up in the hospital. Buff went to Montana.

Buff once confided to me that his family in Virginia was well off and he sometimes dreamed of going back. There was a rumor that he had inherited a fortune back home but the word had come after the fiasco when he and Zig had nearly drowned. As a fugitive, Buff could not have appeared to claim a legacy.

Among some of the Indians, Buff was looked upon as a hero. Horse stealing had long been glorified by tribes from Mexico to Canada. To excel as a horse thief gave tribal status nearly equal to that of a warrior who had proven himself in battle.

THOUGH I had come nine years too late to meet Scotty and know him personally, we both had enjoyed one special privilege—we had both known Buff George as a friend. It was a tragedy that such a gifted man should, because of some inner urge or mental quirk, turn to a life of crime. So many of the years that should have been his best were spent in jail.

Some evenings Buff and I would go up to the big west buffalo corral where Tex Crockett and Stanley Philip were holding their bucking horses awaiting the contest season. There were about two dozen outlaw broncs there, gathered from many ranches. Most of them were fat and full of fight.

A completely uncivilized bronc may go into the first jumps of his act making quite a racket. As he bucks toward the far end of a big corral, the whistling of violent breathing interspersed with squeals adds excitement. The sudden fury of these sounds does not disturb an old bronc-riding pro. An outlaw may run straight into the fence; try to scrape the rider off on the fence, or fall on him and roll. Once we saw Tex Crockett step calmly back on a bronc which had fallen over backwards trying to kill him. Both rose up together.

As the boys gathered around in the evening, sitting on the top rail or standing outside the fence, we needed heroes. Buff George had done his share of riding unbroken horses but never aspired to be a contest rider. Tex Crockett rode beautifully but had sense enough not to overdo the practice. Al (Shorty) Garrett was a skilled rider but lacked the graceful flair of a showman. Neither Stanley nor Rod Philip rode the wild ones though both were good horsemen who had spent much time in the saddle.

Sooner or later questioning eyes turned to each of us with an invitation to try our luck on one of the broncs. Most were men who rode horses every day of their lives. Then they roped a horse, eared him down, and beckoned me to climb on. As the bronc went through the first few jumps it felt fine high up in the air. We both seemed to be going the same way. Then, all of a sudden, we were going in two directions. Lying on several inches of horse manure in a corner of the corral, I looked up to see the horse's heels pass just over my head as he kicked out viciously.

A second attempt ended on a harder landing spot. Buff George silently approved.

Until it was found that the rider had not been hurt by his fall, everyone was concerned. This is contrary to pseudo-western stories that make a big joke of a greenhorn being bucked off. All of our rodeo riders lived constantly with the fear of being crippled or killed. Even most of the spectators had been hurt at some time and found no pleasure in seeing others hurt. It was good practice to be bucked off a few times. Many range horses would try to set their rider afoot far from a ranch.

Bucking-horse riders are heroic people who live for the applause from crowds and often suffer in hospitals as the price of seeking fame. Most ranchers, including Scotty and his two sons, preferred horses that were sensitive, easy riding and highly trained for ranch work. Cy Hiett, Scotty's foreman, rode anything and broke no bones at all. Those who follow annual events, now called rodeos,

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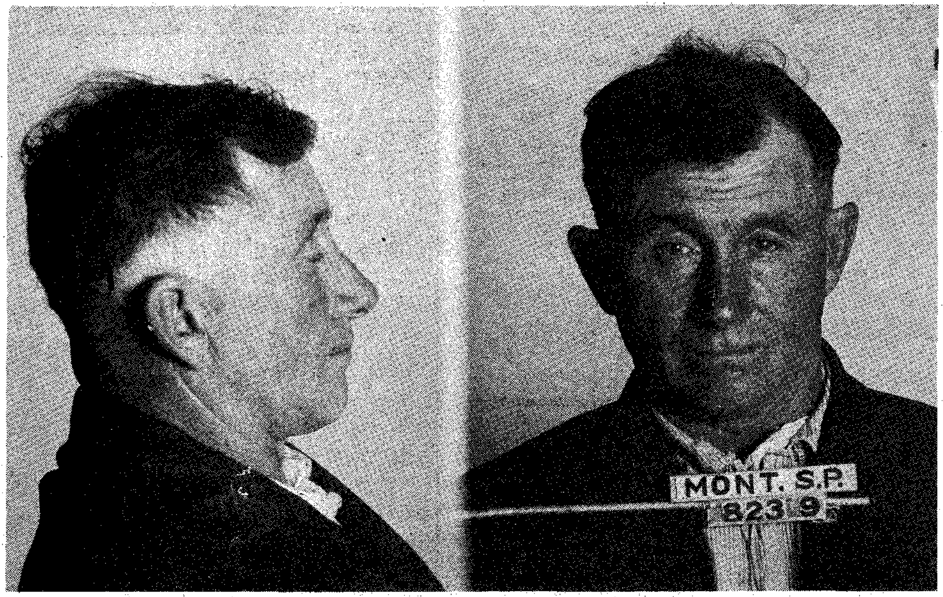

Cobb, Joe #8239 Received 1/7/26; paroled 7/6/27. Buff served 1½ years of this 3-6 year term under an alias. His parole was revoked 7/23/28 and he remained in prison until 6/22/30.

see riders hanging around who were crippled and then forgotten by the spectators who had once cheered them on. Glory is fickle and short-lived for all but a few with charmed lives.

When life at the Buffalo Pasture got unbearably dull after work, we would saddle up and ride six miles into Fort Pierre in search of some action. The Fort Pierre of that time was dimly lit. On the surface it was a quiet little Prohibition town. Kerosene, gas and small electric light plants tried to illuminate parts of the town, but the over-all results were poor. Plans were being talked up for a central lighting plant.

The dark Fort Pierre streets of 1920 had changed with the coming of Prohibition. Where once drinking and fighting had gone on openly in the saloons along Deadwood Street, life had now become furtive. The boys from the Buffalo Pasture joined others searching the dark streets for a bootlegger or one of the town's shared women. Little dramas were enacted as bootleggers, their customers and the law all watched each other. As a bootlegger passed his customer on the street a bottle and some money would magically change hands. Most of the lawmen and the local newspapers were on the side of the thirsty. "Wicked Fort Pierre" stayed wicked.

The big annual cowboy event was held at the arena by Bad River on the west side of Fort Pierre. It was a holiday. Buff and I rode in to watch. Drama, color and thrills were never lacking in these events. Hundreds of Indians in feathers and war paint sang and danced. Listening to the shrill cries of the dance sent chills up my spine. It was almost as if they were getting ready to tie a victim to a stake and burn him alive—as Buffalo Bill and Texas Jack had simulated on stage. In 1920 the Frontier Days at White River advertised: "5,000 warriors will attack at dawn." Copies of the Fort Pierre *Times* of those days confirm that the word "rodeo" had not yet become popular this far north.

HAD Scotty Philip still been living that summer of 1920, Buff George and I would have had better results from our farming. Born in 1858, Scotty would have been sixty-two that year. Even though Buff and I were both experienced farmers, the cards were stacked against us.

Farming equipment at the Buffalo Pasture was worn out. We patched it up. Though the Fort Pierre *Times* reported the 1920 farm yield "the biggest ever," our seed was planted too late and no timely rain followed the planting.

All around us was Scotty's ranch, a paradise worthy of a cattle King. Below the ranch house, a broad, green swath of fertile bottomland joined the beautiful timber belt along the river. On the benchlands above, where the buffalo grazed, grew tall grama grass and low-growing dense buffalo grass—the "finest cattle food anywhere."

The way of life on ranches in Stanley County had not changed much in the nine years since Scotty's death in 1911. From old-timers, especially Buff, I learned about how farming and stock handling were done on the "wrong side of the Missouri."

The real reward for a summer spent at hard work was in knowing Buff and Scotty's family and friends. Looking back to those days I wish that I could have really known his wife, Sarah, better. The ranch life among his buffaloes and horses made his life seem real. The snakes, bumblebees, owls, prairie dogs and prairie chickens were also a part of "west-river" life that Scotty and Buff had known so long and well.

The buffaloes had always crossed the Missouri when the urge was strong. They probably grazed where the grass was best. Scotty's massive fence had restricted their instinctive migrations. Back when they were completely free these migrations might lead them to any place in an area of a million square miles. Onward they went for hundreds of miles, driven by a force they could feel but not understand.

When I worked for Buff he dreamed of going back to White River. He claimed to know where we could find two quarter-sections still open to homesteading. He pictured the land there as covered with lush grass and its only handicap the lack of an access road. He imagined putting a cable across White River to ferry over our supplies. Perhaps it was only a dream. We never got around to going out there. In May of 1922 the Fort Pierre newspaper reported that 197 patents had been issued to local residents by the U.S. Land Office since January 1, each on 160 acres of land.

One evening at the ranch house Buff and I were alone. His thoughts went back to that time when he "heard the jail doors clang behind him." He claimed that the judge had sent a man to his cell to offer him a light sentence if he would plead guilty. Buff pled guilty. When he came before the judge for sentencing, His Honor said, "Mr. George, you are a menace to society. I sentence you to the maximum term allowed under South Dakota law—twenty years. I only wish I could make it longer."

The crowning irony of the whole struggle between Buff and the law, according to Buff, came after he had been incarcerated for many years and had been pardoned. On the main street of Fort Pierre he met the sentencing judge face to face. The judge smiled, called him by name and asked for his support in the upcoming election! Unbelievable?

The citizenry of Fort Pierre used to peer between the iron bars of the town's ancient jail at Buff George. To them he was like a wild, dangerous beast.

The legendary and mysterious disappearance of Buff George in Montana was explained through research by Walter Prahl of Murdo, South Dakota in 1976. The secret was that Buff took the name of Joe Cobb in Montana. For grand larceny (horse stealing) he was incarcerated in Deer Lodge Penitentiary on January 2, 1926, and again on July 23, 1928. Buff and his nephew, J. R. George, had been running the "44" horse ranch at Circle, Montana, sixty miles from Jordan.

William (Buffalo) George died at Jordan, Montana, where he is buried. His brother Bob was buried there a year later (1960). Buff died at age eighty-five.

Inez Philip, surviving wife of Stanley Philip, talked to Buff after his release from Montana's pen where he had served terms for horse stealing. He was quietly sitting in a rocking chair—a broken man

As a long-caged animal, Buff had only the dream of being free to keep him from absolute hopelessness and despair. The ultimate challenge was in escaping with his life while pursued by armed lawmen To "good" citizens who judge themselve to be "normal," Buff's quarter-century in prison seems too high a price to pay.

But who can evaluate priceless moments riding the prairie in nocturna pursuit of other people's horses? On hi Arabian-blooded spotted roan, or som other fine horse, Buff had enjoyed brie moments of wildly exhilarated life.

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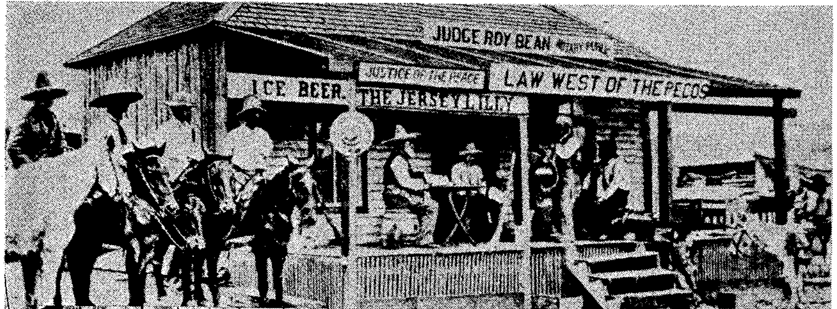
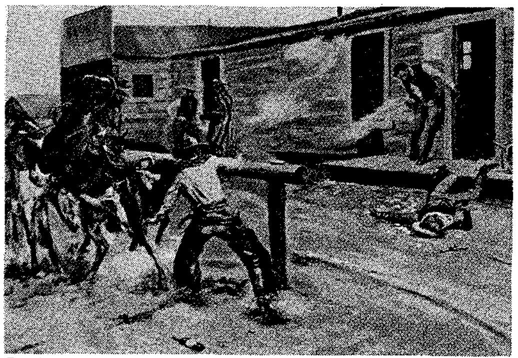


Beer and law receive equal billing at Roy Bean's saloon-courthouse in Langtry, Texas.



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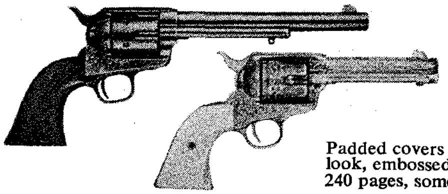

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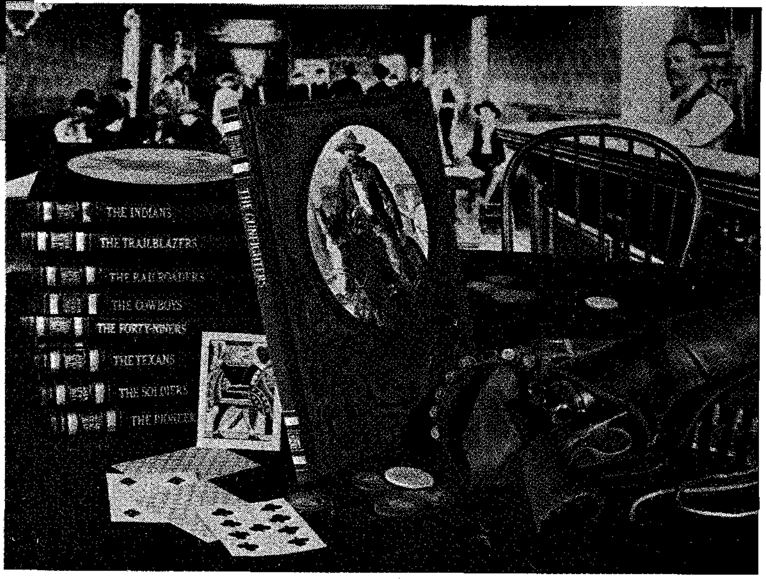

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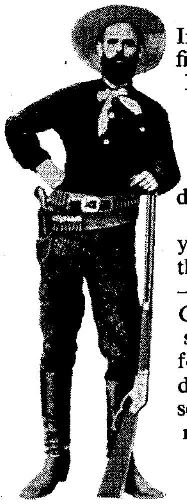

In the bad old days of "the great equalizer," a gunfighter would just as soon shoot a man as look at him. It was a time when a boy of 15 like Billy the Kid could casually whip out his six-shooter and kill a man for an idle insult. It was a time of impatient vigilantes, raw frontier justice and outlaws who burned down courthouses out of plain cussedness. It was the era, the heyday, the prime time of the gunfighter.

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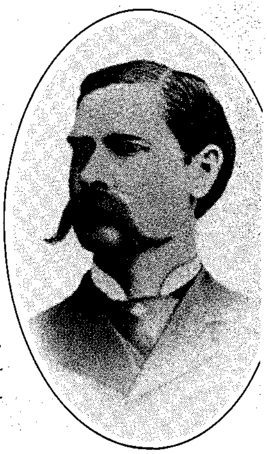

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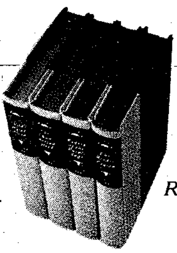

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